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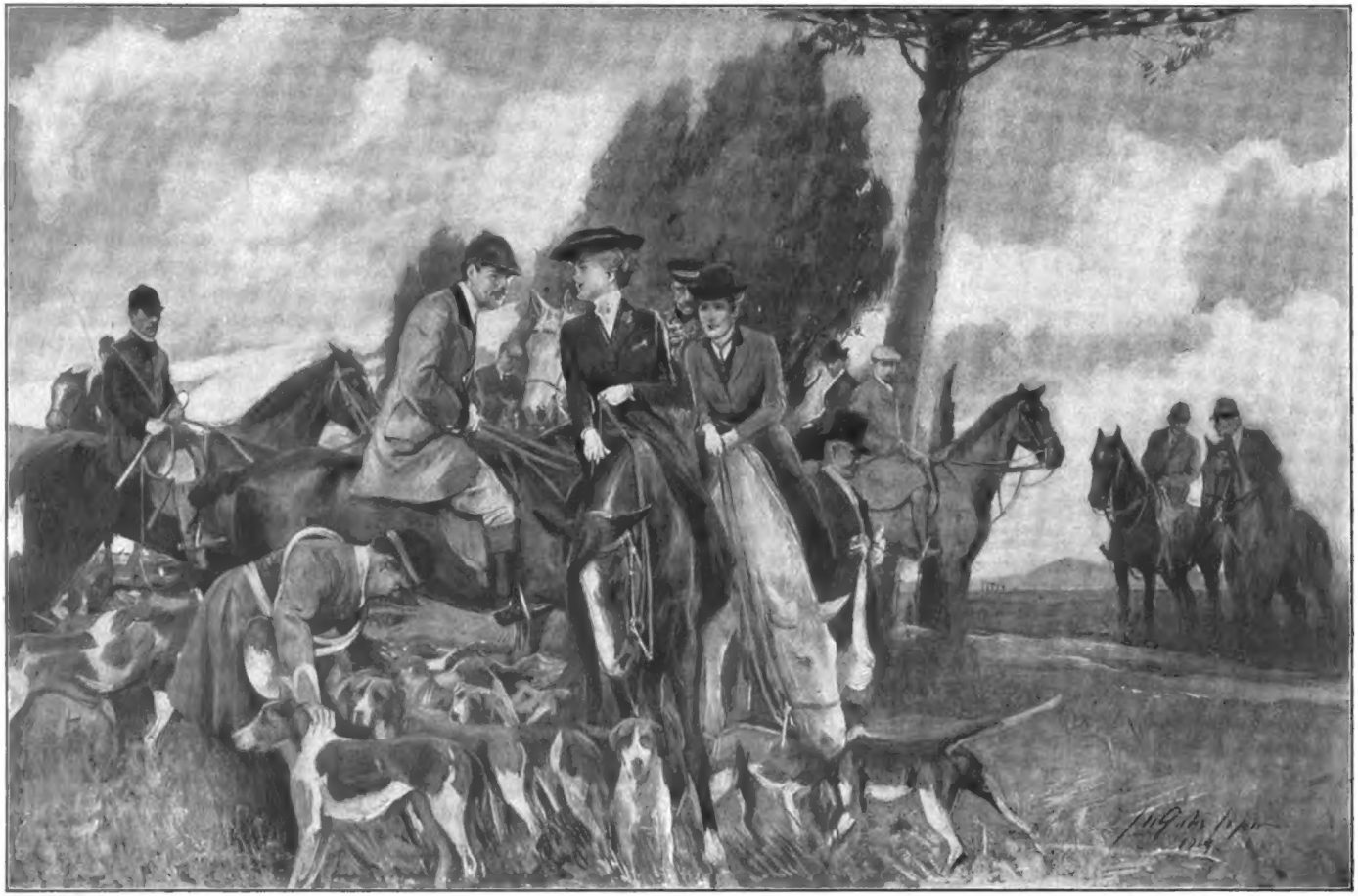

NINA LOOKED AT HIM—"I WONDER IF YOU WOULD BE AMUSED IF YOU KNEW WHY I LAUGHED."

—The Title Market. *Page* 667.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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P'U I, STANDING BY HIS FATHER THE PRINCE REGENT TSAI FENG, IS THE NEW RULER OF 432,000,000 PEOPLE.

THE NEW RÉGIME IN CHINA

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

DURING mid-November of last year, the Forbidden City of Peking was a blind stage, before which an expectant world sat as an audience. It soon learned that Her Imperial Majesty, the Great Empress Dowager of China, had taken "the fairy ride" in the immediate wake of her nephew-son, the Emperor Kuang Hsü, who only the day before had "ascended upon the Dragon to be a guest on high." She left behind her a breathless silence, an unwonted calm in the turbulent, monstrous capital of her empire, which filled the hearts of the foreign population and of the hopeful progressives among China's millions with a vague uneasiness.

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As the curtain rose, the world beheld an infant emperor, standing within the circle of a huge interrogation point, and succeeding to the vast responsibilities which the Empress Dowager alone for almost half a century had borne upon her capable shoulders; an infant Emperor, and a Regent Prince, with absolute power, about the extent of whose enlightened liberality and the accuracy of whose judgment nobody but the late Dowager had the faintest knowledge. There was no keynote to the situation unless Uncertainty can be called a keynote. Yet, if ever a country needed a great central figure capable of inspiring confidence and banishing uncertainty; if ever a country needed a strong, well-balanced, broad-minded, soundly educated, and self-abnegating chief executive, that country is China to-day.

The "Great Empress Dowager" undoubtedly deserved that distinguishing title, unanimously conferred upon her; but the history of the immediate future will reveal whether or not she succeeded in the one great task set by destiny for her to accomplish—the preparation of the mind of a worthy successor to meet openly and intelligently the problems which had been too vast, too new, and too complicated for her to solve. The possibility that the young Prince Regent may prove to be but ill equipped for the work of administering the tangled and disorganized affairs of his country is not only occupying the anxious thought of China to-day but is also holding the attention of every civilized government in the world.

It was on the thirteenth day of November, 1908, that the foreign diplomatic representatives in Peking received the following imperial edict:

"It is the excellent will of Tsu-hsi-kuan-yu-k'ang - i - chao - yu - chuang - ch'eng - shou - kung - ch'in - hsien - chung - hsi, the Great Empress Dowager, that Tsai Feng, Prince of Chün, be appointed Prince Regent (She Chang-wang)."

On the same morning, the American minister to Peking cabled to the State Department in Washington that it was impossible for him to say whether or not the Emperor of China was alive. This illustrates the state of uncertainty in which those in the front row before the stage began to live a few days previous to the death of the Empress Dowager.

The law in China provides that the emperor shall appoint his successor from the most worthy of his descendants or next of kin, but since the beginning of the last stage of the reign of the Great Empress Dowager—from 1898 until her death—the only law in China has been the Empress Dowager herself. She could have said with greater truth than the French Louis, "*L'état, c'est moi*"; and, so far as will ever be known, it was by the sole act of her "excellent will" that the brother of the late Emperor, Kuang Hsü, was made Prince Regent, an office which constitutes him absolute ruler of China during the minority of his son. This son, the baby Emperor, by a process of double adoption, was made successor to Tung Chih, the son of the Empress Dowager, who died in 1875, and "heir" to Kuang Hsü, who was himself the adopted son of Tung Chih's father. This eliminated Kuang Hsü from the imperial line on the ground that he was of the same generation as Tung Chih and hence could not worship him as ancestor. It was this that the Great Dowager tried to do in 1898, when she dethroned the Emperor and appointed the son of Prince Tuan successor to her son, Tung Chih; but the world objected, and she yielded. Now her wish has become a fact.

This is all very strange and complicated to the Western mind, but it was the "excellent will" of the Empress Dowager; and the power which her Imperial Majesty wielded, if one ignores the simple force of her own gigantic personality, is best explained by Mr. Ku Hung-ming, who, in a brave but mistaken defense of her position against attacks in the foreign press, says: "By the first fundamental law of state in China, resting upon the principle of absolute obedience of children to parents, the supreme authority in the Chinese body politic of H. I. M., the Empress Dowager, as Mother of the nation, or country, admits of absolutely no question or doubt." And that a majority of the people in China were in harmony with this opinion is also undeniable.

After the edict appointing Tsai Feng Prince Regent had reached the Powers, together with another edict of the same date pronouncing that P'u I, the son of Tsai Feng, should be reared in the Palace and taught in the "Upper" or Imperial schoolroom, diplomatic Peking spent an anxious twenty-four hours awaiting the inevitable momentous announcement. What was happening within the yellow-tiled walls of the Forbidden City? That the Emperor was dead or dying

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TSU-HSI-KUAN-YU-K'ANG-I-CHAO-YU-CHUANG-CH'ENG-SHOU-KUNG-CH'IN-HSIEN-CHUNG-HSI,
THE LATE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA.

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was a certainty; but nothing comes from the Forbidden City save by imperial pronouncement, so there was nothing to do but wait.

On the morning of the fourteenth, when the foreign ministers once more "reverently received" an imperial edict sealed with the imperial seal, it was supposed, of course, that its contents would be the announcement of the Emperor's death; but it proved to be a message from the Emperor himself! It read:

"From the beginning of August of last year, Our health has been poor. We formerly ordered the Tartar Generals, Viceroys, and Governors of every Province to recommend physicians of ability. Thereupon the Viceroys of Chihli, the Liang Kiang, Hu Kiang, Kiangsu and Chekiang recommended and sent forward Ch'en Ping-chun, Ts'ao Yuen-wang, Lu Yung-ping, Chow Ching-tao, Tu Chung-chun, Shih Huan, and Chang P'ang-nien, who came to Peking and treated Us. But their prescriptions have given no relief. Now the negative and positive elements (Yin-Yang) are both failing. There are ailments both external and internal, and the breath is stopped up, the stomach rebellious, the back and legs painful, appetite failing. On moving, the breath fails and there is coughing and panting. Besides, We have chills and fever, cannot sleep, and experience a general failure of bodily strength which is hard to bear.

Our heart is very impatient and now the Tartar Generals, Viceroys, and Governors of every Province are ordered to select capable physicians, regardless of the official rank, and to send them quickly to Peking to await summons to give medical aid. If any can show beneficial results he will receive extraordinary rewards, and the Tartar Generals, Viceroys, and Governors who recommend them will receive special grace. Let this be published."

THE PRINCE REGENT IN GERMANY AT THE TIME HE WAS SENT TO APOLOGIZE IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME FOR THE MURDER, DURING THE BOXER TROUBLES, OF THE GERMAN MINISTER TO PEKING.

Close upon this edict and under the same date line came the following (the italics are my own):

"Inasmuch as the Emperor Tung Chih had no issue, on the fifth day of the twelfth moon of that reign (January 12th, 1875) an Edict was promulgated to the effect that if the *late* Emperor Kuang Hsü should have a son, the said Prince should carry on the succession as the heir of Tung Chih. But now the *late* Emperor has ascended upon the Dragon to be a guest on high, leaving no son, and there is no course open but to appoint P'u I, the son of Tsai Feng, the Prince Regent, as the successor to Tung Chih and also as heir to the Emperor Kuang Hsü."

This important edict cleared the mystery-charged atmosphere of the capital of all uncertainty with regard to the Emperor, but even yet the direct official announcement of His Majesty's death was not forthcoming. It was well known that the "Great Event," as the Chinese express it, was not far off from the Empress Dowager herself. Was she really promulgating all these edicts?

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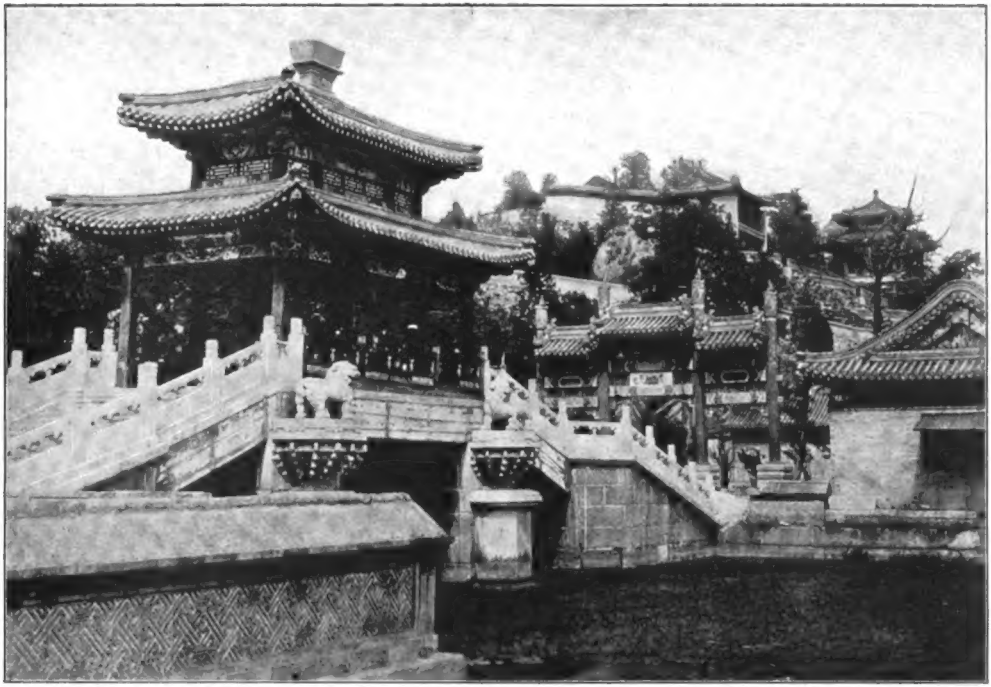

A DETAIL OF THE SUMMER PALACE OF THE LATE EMPRESS DOWAGER.

A STREET IN PEKING SHOWING THE WIDE OPEN SPACE AROUND THE LEGATION QUARTER

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HIS EXCELLENCY YÜAN SHIH-K'AI IN HIS MILITARY UNIFORM.

YANG SHIH-HSIANG, PRESENT VICEROY OF CHIHLI.

that the Emperor was dead, that she had made Tsai Feng Prince Regent and his infant son P'u I the Emperor, and that now she was about to die herself. But on the fifteenth day of November came an edict addressed to the diplomatic representatives, ostensibly from the infant Emperor himself but transcribed by Prince Ch'ing, the Manchu President of the Wai Wu Pu, or Board of Foreign Affairs. This imperial edict may not be at all extraordinary from a Chinese point of view, but I venture to believe that it is unique among modern state documents:

"I have the honor to inform Your Excellency that on the 21st day of the 10th moon [Nov. 14, 1908] at the Yuk'o[5:17 P.M.] the late Emperor ascended on the Dragon to be a guest on high. We have received the command of Tsu-hsi, etc., the Great Empress Dowager to enter on the succession as Emperor. We lamented to Earth and Heaven. We stretched out our hands, wailing our insufficiency. Prostrate we reflect on how the late Emperor occupied the Imperial Throne for thirty-four years, reverently following the customs of his Ancestors, receiving the gracious instruction of the Empress Dowager, exerting himself to the utmost, not failing one day to revere Heaven and observe the laws of his Ancestors, devoting himself with diligence to the affairs of government and loving the people, appointing the virtuous to office, changing the laws of the land to make the country powerful, considering new methods of

Was hers the mind behind all this calm adjustment of the affairs of state? The Powers that Be in China could tell, if they would, but they never will.

It may be the law in China for an Emperor, of whatever age, to announce his own succession—I do not know, but, if it is, it is the only law in China, of such a nature, that the Empress Dowager ever respected in all her fifty years of power. One would naturally have expected her to send forth a message proclaiming

LIANG TUN-YEN, SUCCESSOR TO YÜAN SHIH-K'AI IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

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government which arouse the admiration of both Chinese and foreigners. All who have blood and breath cannot but mourn and be moved to the extreme point. We weep tears of blood and beat upon our heart. How can we bear to express our feelings!

"But we think upon our heavy responsibility and our weakness, and we must depend upon the great and small civil and military officials of Peking and the Provinces to show public spirit and patriotism and aid in the government. The Viceroys and Governors should harmonize the people and arrange carefully methods of government to comfort the spirit of the late Emperor in Heaven. This is our earnest expectation."

While the grave historic events of mid-November were taking place within the Forbidden City, it was not likely that anybody in the foreign quarter would forget what had happened in 1900; but a certain sense of tranquillity followed the edict of the infant Emperor, since it was believed to be a roundabout expression of the sentiments of the Prince Regent himself.

The infant Emperor, of course, counts for nothing as yet, unless the sympathy and love which his pretty babyhood inspires may have an influence upon the trend of events. That he is a healthy young potentate is evidenced by an edict promulgated in his own name and under his own imperial seal which recently convulsed Peking society. In it he demanded that thirty-five nursing mothers should be immediately found and sent into the Palace to minister to his infant needs.

After the announcement of the death of Kuang Hsü, the anxious world had not long to wait for the really potent event which it had been anticipating. Nor did the world expect to wait very long. It was generally understood that the Emperor must die first, and it cannot be denied that if the Empress Dowager had left him to resume control of the Empire the situation would hardly have admitted of peaceful adjustment. It is not at all surprising that rumors to the effect that he had been quietly ushered out of life should have found their way over telegraph wires and cables to all parts of the civilized world, because, if he did die a natural death, the "Great Event" never before overtook a ruler of an empire at an hour so opportune and appropriate.

On the sixteenth day of November, just a day and a night after the announcement of the death of the Emperor, the diplomatic representatives received the following remarkable communication from Prince Ch'ing:

"Your Excellency:

"I have the honor to inform Your Excellency that we have reverently received the following testamentary statement of Her Imperial Majesty Tsu-hsi, etc., the Great Empress Dowager:

"Although of scanty merit, I received the command of His Majesty the Emperor Wen Tsung-hsien (the posthumous title of Hsien Feng) to occupy a Throne prepared for me in the Palace. When the Emperor Mu Tsung I (Tung Chih) as a child succeeded to the Throne, violence and confusion prevailed. It was a critical period of suppression by force. 'Long-hairs' (T'ai-p'ing rebels) and the 'Twisted Turbans' (Nien Fei) were in rebellion. The Mohammedans and the aborigines had commenced to make trouble. There were many disturbances along the sea-coast. The people were destitute. Ulcers and sores met the eye on every side. Cooperating with the Empress Dowager Hsiao Chen-hsien, I supported and taught the Emperor and toiled day and night. According to the instructions contained in the testamentary counsels of the Emperor Wen Tsung-hsien (Hsien Feng) I urged on the officials of Peking and the Provinces and all the military commanders, determining the policy to be followed, diligently searching the right way of governing, choosing the upright for official positions, rescuing from calamity and pitying the people, and so obtained the protection of Heaven, gaining peace and tranquillity instead of distress and danger. Then the Emperor Mu Tsung I (Tung Chih) departed this life and the late Emperor succeeded to the Throne. The times became still harder and the people in still greater straits, sorrow within and calamity without, confusion and noise; I had no recourse but to give instruction in government once more.

"The year before last the preparatory measures for the institution of Constitutional government were published. This year the time limits for the measures preparatory to Constitutional government have been promulgated. Attending to these myriad affairs the strength of my heart has been exhausted. Fortunately my constitution was originally strong and up to the present I have stood the strain. Unexpectedly from the summer and autumn of this year I have been ill and have not been able to assist in the multitudinous affairs of government with tranquillity. Appetite and the power to sleep have gone. This has continued for a long time until my strength is exhausted and I have not dared to rest for even a day. On the 21st of this moon (Nov. 14) came the sorrow at the death of the late Emperor, and I was unable to control myself, so that my illness increased till I was unable to rise from my bed. I look back upon our fifty years of sorrow and trouble. I have been continually in a state of high tension without a moment's respite. Now a reform in the method of government has been commenced and there begins to be a clue to follow. The Emperor now succeeding to the Throne is in his infancy. All depends upon his instruction and guidance. The Prince Regent and all the officials of Peking and the provinces should exert themselves to strengthen the foundations of our Empire. Let the Emperor now succeeding to the Throne make his country's affairs of first importance and moderate his sorrow, diligently attending to his studies so that he may in future illustrate the instruction which he has received. This is my

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devout hope. Let the mourning period be for twenty-seven days only. Let this be proclaimed to the Empire that all may know."

Although this was dated the sixteenth of November, the Dowager Empress of China had been dead twenty-four hours. It is inconceivable! A woman who had controlled the destinies of more than four hundred millions of people for nearly half a century to pass out of the world forever without the world's salute! It is not the way of Western civilization where minute guns and solemn bells and hourly bulletins to a waiting populace record the passing of a sovereign. But the Empress Dowager of China was not of the Western world and hers was the way of her people. On the day following the receipt of this remarkable farewell address, came the final edict, which seemed an afterword to as remarkable a life story as a woman ever lived. It also was addressed to the diplomatic representatives, and transcribed by Prince Ch'ing. It is as follows:

"I have the honor to inform Your Excellency that on the 22d of the moon (Nov. 15, 1908) I reverently received the following Edict:

"We received in Our early childhood the love and care of Tsu-hsi, etc., the Great Empress Dowager. Our gratitude is boundless. We have received the command to succeed to the Throne and we fully expected that the gentle Empress Dowager would be vigorous and reach a hundred years so that We might be cherished and made glad and reverently receive her instructions so that Our government might be established and the state made firm. But her toil by day and night gradually weakened her. Medicine was constantly administered in the hope that she might recover. Contrary to Our hopes, on the 21st day of the moon [Nov. 14] at the Wei-k'o [1:3 P.M.] she took the fairy ride and ascended to the far country. We cried out and mourned how frantically! We learn from her testamentary statement that the period of full mourning is to be limited to twenty-seven days. We certainly cannot be satisfied with this. Full mourning must be worn for one hundred days and half mourning for twenty-seven months, by which Our grief may be partly expressed. The order to restrain grief so that the affairs of the Empire may be of first importance We dare not disregard, as it is Her parting command. We will strive to be temperate so as to comfort the spirit of the late Empress in Heaven."

And so passed this most extraordinary woman while the world that knew her, and knew her not, braced itself against the anticipated shock of a sudden upheaval of the gigantic forces which she had so long controlled and so wisely checked. That most of China's millions went quietly into mourning in accordance with the imperial decree, that nothing unusual occurred to disturb the tranquillity of the national life, was quite contrary to general expectation. The foreign press in the treaty ports made it the subject of certain curious editorials, in some of which was assumed a tone of congratulation and lofty commendation that would have made sage old China smile had China been blessed with a saving sense of humor. Then came the freely expressed suspicion that China really was smiling and quietly "biding her time" until the period of mourning should be terminated and decisive action could be taken without outraging the common decencies of a death-respecting nation. There were enough elements of trouble in the wheels within wheels of the Peking government, said some who had reason to know and who refused to forget 1900, to precipitate a dozen insurrections. A strong anti-Chinese sentiment was expected to develop in the Manchu court; and many old scores to be settled by Tsai Feng, Prince of Chün, and his friends were discussed with lively interest.

"Who is this Prince Chün?" I inquired of one of the best-informed men in Peking.

"Prince Chün," he answered, "is the brother of the late Emperor Kuang Hsü, and the nephew of the Great Dowager, whom she has been educating during the past six years or more, for the position he now occupies."

"What do you mean by educating him?" I asked.

"For one thing," he replied, "whenever an opportunity offered to have him come in touch with foreigners, she appointed him as her own representative or the representative of the government."

"Do you regard him as a strong man?"

"Among the younger generation of princes there is none stronger, none better prepared to occupy the position."

"In what way?"

"In character, in mental ability, in his experience with the diplomatic body, in his contact with his own governmental educational institutions, as well as those of the missionaries which he has visited; in his knowledge of the system of railroads and mines which the Chinese have built and opened, and, finally, through his trip to Germany to apologize for the murder of the German minister, Baron von Ketteler. He is the first man China has ever had upon her throne who is well acquainted with the outside world."

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When the Great Empress Dowager died, she not only bequeathed the throne to a ruler of her own selection, but she also left in control of the various Boards of government, men of her own choice. Some of these were acknowledged to be among the most progressive of China's statesmen. The personnel of the Wai Wu Pu was especially satisfactory from a foreign standpoint, having as its active head a man who had proved himself to be a staunch friend of reform, and one upon whom China and the world could rely for sane and enlightened judgment in all governmental affairs. This man was His Excellency Yüan Shih-k'ai.

I asked one of the members of the diplomatic body in Peking for his opinion of the great viceroy.

He answered me indirectly. "Governor Yüan was of humble origin, you know," he began. "He was born in the province of Honan—that province south of the Yellow River which is almost annually flooded by that great muddy stream called 'China's Sorrow.' As a boy, he studied the Chinese classics and such foreign books as had been translated into the Chinese language, but he has never studied a foreign tongue nor visited a foreign country. And this, I think, is the first element of his greatness,—that, without any knowledge of foreign language, law, literature, science of government, or the history and progress of civilization, he has occupied the highest and most responsible positions in the gift of the empire, has steered the ship of state on a straight course between the shoals of conservatism on the one hand and radical reform on the other, until he has brought her near to the harbor of a safe, progressive policy."

To render this service to his country, Yüan Shih-k'ai was disobedient to the commands of both the Emperor and the Great Dowager—a disobedience on both occasions fraught with personal risk, but of immense significance to China. A sketch of the changing *régime* in that empire, however brief, can hardly omit the stories of these two occasions.

In 1898 Yüan Shih-k'ai was appointed to the post of Expectant Vice-President of a Board with control of an army corps. At this time the Emperor Kuang Hsü, acting under the influence of Kang Yu-wei and his ultra-progressive party, was issuing reform edicts with such impetuous and ill-advised rapidity that not only the conservative element in the central government, but officials and thoughtful men throughout the empire became alarmed, and His Majesty found himself facing the strong opposition of the Empress Dowager, who was then living in retirement at her Summer Palace some sixteen miles outside the walls of Peking. It was decided to place her under restraint, and Yüan Shih-k'ai was selected as the man to be trusted with the execution of His Majesty's order.

Another active enemy to hurried and radical reform, and a staunch friend of the Empress Dowager, was Jung Lu, the governor-general of Chihli, who subsequently became father-in-law to the present Prince Regent and grandfather to the infant Emperor. Yüan Shih-k'ai was ordered to proceed to Tientsin, near which city his 12,500 troops were quartered, and immediately to put to death the governor-general. He was then to return with all haste at the head of his troops, surround the Summer Palace, and, on guard against the ingress or egress of anybody, await the further orders of the Emperor.

Yüan Shih-k'ai bowed to the imperial command and made his way at once and alone out of the capital. Arriving at Tientsin, he immediately paid his respects to the governor-general, Jung Lu, and told his excellency that he had been honorably commanded to murder him; adding that he would be conferring a great favor if, at the end of three days, he should have completed his arrangements to die. It would require three days, said Yüan Shih-k'ai, to prepare his troops for their march upon the Summer Palace. If all this detail sounds too minute to be accurate, I can only say that I am indebted for the story to a foreigner who has been in the high employ of the Chinese government for the better part of his life and who has long enjoyed the confidence of many of the highest officials in Peking. He told it as it was told to him in Chinese in 1898.

As soon as Yüan Shih-k'ai left the governor-general in Tientsin, Jung Lu proceeded to do exactly what he was expected to do. He sent a swift and secret messenger straight to the Summer Palace to warn the Empress Dowager, depending upon her to act quickly enough to save him and others of her friends from the fate which had been decreed for them. She proved herself well worthy of his confidence. The messenger arrived in the night, and within a few hours she had armed all her Palace eunuchs and attendants, had marched upon Peking and

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into the heart of the Forbidden City before the break of day and while the Emperor, less ably served than she, rested in blissful ignorance of the fact that he had been betrayed. It is said that a few moments' earnest and private conversation with His Majesty sufficed, and he immediately issued an edict proclaiming his inability to administer alone the great affairs of his vast empire, and begging his august aunt-mother once more to resume the responsibility of "giving instruction in government." This is called in history "the *coup d'état* of 1898."

Yüan Shih-k'ai's disobedience to the Great Dowager's commands was equally marked. It is well-known that during the Boxer rebellion the Empress Dowager was so influenced by the promises of the Boxers to drive out all foreigners, that she issued some very unwise edicts, ordering that aliens should be massacred in the provinces. Yüan and his two *confrères*, Chang Chih-tung and Lin K'un-yi, viceroys in the region of the Yangtze, secretly stipulated that if the foreign men-of-war would keep away from the ports of their provinces, they would maintain peace and protect the foreigners, no matter what orders came from the throne.

So, when confidential instructions came from the Palace to massacre the foreigners, in order to gain time Yüan and the viceroys pretended to believe that the orders were forged, and could not have come from the throne. They therefore refused to execute them until they had sent their own special messenger all the way to Peking to get the order from the hands of Her Majesty and bring it to them direct. This messenger was also secretly instructed to find out what the contents of the edict were, and if they were contrary to the desires of the governor, he was to dillydally on the way home until the Boxer trouble was ended, or until the foreigners had all been removed from the territory.

During all this time Yüan's own life was in constant danger; a special guard of a thousand of his men—the best-drilled soldiers in China—had to be stationed at his *yamen* gates with machine guns to prevent an uprising on the part of the people.

It was not until many months later, when it was seen that only the foresight and firmness of Governor Yüan had protected Shantung from being overrun by foreign troops, as had been the fate of the adjacent province of Chihli, that there was any sign of gratitude on the part of the populace. The Empress herself, in the light of later events, was not slow to understand that Yüan and the other viceroys had saved China from being divided up among the Powers, and to reward their statesmanship.

Yüan Shih-k'ai first became Junior Vice-President of the Board of Works, then Governor of Shantung Province, in which position he won the lasting enmity of the Germans by his opposition to their high-handed method of settling themselves permanently upon the splendid Chinese territory of Kiao-chao. Subsequently he was promoted to the viceroyalty of Chihli Province and was made Junior Guardian of the Heir Apparent. This was in 1901. In 1902 he had conferred upon him the Yellow Jacket, was made Director General of the Northern Railway and Consulting Minister to the Government Council. In 1903 he was appointed Minister of the Army Regulation Council, and by September, 1907, he had risen to be President of the Wai Wu Pu and Grand Councilor.

That Yüan Shih-k'ai has been an able minister, a friend to sensible and conservative reform, and a power in the development of China's national defense and internal resources during these ten eventful years, cannot be denied; and that he was the strongest and most valuable man in the central government was thought to be an established fact. But very soon after the death of their late Majesties rumors began to find credence in all circles to the effect that Yüan's position was no longer secure. These rumors, from being at first mere whispers, came finally to be seriously discussed in, at least, the German and the Japanese press. Both of these countries, from having met the strong opposition of Yüan to their aggressions in China, felt that his influence was inimical to their interests, and secretly, at first, rejoiced in the possibility of his downfall. Needless to say that they were the only nations to applaud the final action of the Prince Regent. The *Far Eastern Review* of December 19, 1908, says editorially:

"We have been much amused to notice the persistent efforts of the German press in the Far East to discredit and to minimize the power and influence of His Excellency Yüan Shih-k'ai. . . . Within the last few days we have received advices from Peking, of an entirely impartial character, from which it is quite clear that His Excellency Yüan has not lost ground in the least. . . . The stories of his loss of prestige, of his decline in power, may be regarded entirely as being based on mis-

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apprehension, wilful or ignorant, of His Excellency's position as the youngest member of what may be styled the Cabinet. That he has lost nothing of his great power is clear from the latest telegrams to the London *Times*, in which he is described as the strong man of the moment. It is to be hoped for the sake of reform in China, not merely constitutional reform, but reform of every kind, that no diminution of Yüan Shih-k'ai's power and influence may take place, for His Excellency is one of the ablest of China's officials, thoroughly patriotic, free from foreign prejudice, theoretically convinced of the necessity for reform in every department, at the same time fully cognizant of the practical difficulties and dangers in the way, so that his proposals are marked by practicality; and above all, never a breath of suspicion of his absolute honesty and trustworthiness has ever been breathed. China can ill afford to set aside the advice and the services of such a man; and there is no reason to suppose that she is so doing."

This editorial really expressed the general feeling and opinion. Yüan Shih-k'ai was "the man of the hour" in China, and he was looked to by all the foreign interests in the country, with the exceptions of Germany and Japan, to guide the new commander of the ship of state into smooth and easy waters. What was the general consternation, then, when it was learned that, with the dawn of the New Year, Yüan Shih-k'ai had been removed from office and was presumably fleeing for his very life to Tientsin, in the immediate wake of many of his wives and children, whom he had sent hurriedly away to take refuge with friends in that city. Verily the atmosphere of Peking was charged with Uncertainty.

I arrived in Peking on the morning of Yüan's dismissal, and found his name upon every tongue. Everybody was wondering what was going to happen next. Some heads were sure to follow his. And there was a public to be reckoned with. What would the people do? No excuse for Yüan's removal from office was given, and the truth has not even yet been revealed. The natural supposition was that the Prince Regent took the earliest opportunity to make use of his power to avenge the supposed wrong done to his brother, the late Emperor. It is known, too, that Yüan Shih-k'ai refused to sign an order of amnesty for political outlaws, among whom were included Kang Yu-wei and his supporters, and it is true that this was made the excuse, though not publicly, for the edict which proclaimed that, because Yüan Shih-k'ai was suffering from a painful leg, it was deemed advisable for him to retire to his ancestral home.

Many far-reaching plans for reform have been arrested in their development by the loss to the government of the services of Yüan, but it will probably be proved that there are just as good men awaiting the opportunity to reveal themselves. The Prince Regent in his action in this matter, in the face of general opposition, showed himself to be a man possessed of, at least, plenty of nerve and decision, and it had the effect of making everybody feel that nothing in government affairs can be regarded as fixed and secure until he has had time to adjust matters to his own satisfaction.

The power of the Prince Regent is almost, if not quite, as absolute as was that of the Great Empress Dowager. In a set of laws governing the Regency, issued by the Grand Secretariat on December 13, 1908, appears the following: "The ordinances and ceremonies of the Regent are of the most august character, and an Imperial Edict should be requested setting a time and designating officials to make the announcement at the Temple of Ancestors. The Prince Regent, also, should reverently receive his commission and seal before the sacrificial table of the Great Empress Dowager. . . . The government of the nation, military and civil, the dismissal and appointment of officials and their promotion and degradation are all left to the determination and decision of the Prince Regent."

The power of the new Empress Dowager of China, widow of Kuang Hsü, will probably prove to be a negligible quantity. She is not an Empress Mother and could therefore never hope to take the place left vacant by her predecessor, even if she had the personal strength and mentality of that great woman. The only mention that has been made of her since the death of the Emperor was in one of the laws governing the Regency, in which the Regent is given permission to consult with her if he should ever have occasion to do so. But it is added: "Others shall not arrogate this privilege to themselves and ask instructions of the Empress Dowager, nor shall they presume to transmit the same on their own authority." This effectually annuls any power she might have hoped to wield and makes of her a mere relict living out her useless life in the narrow confines of the Palace and awaiting her turn to "take the fairy ride and ascend to the far country."

About the other ministers in the councils of the Prince Regent I have not the space

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to write. That there are some of them with decided reactionary tendencies is undoubtedly true, but there are others whose education has fitted them to wield a great influence for the good of China. I interviewed His Excellency Liang Tun-yen, the successor of Yüan Shih-k'ai in the Wai Wu Pu, and found him to be conservatively liberal, but filled with regret for the necessity of being so. Liang Tun-yen graduated from Yale in 1883, but with all his enlightenment he is not at all enthusiastic about the modernizing of ancient China. He will not accept motor cars and hopes that nobody will try to introduce street railways into Peking, though if ever a city needed street railways it is that vast and widely scattered capital, with its springless mule-carts, its 'rikshas, camels, and antiquated carriages.

Nor is Liang Tun-yen in favor of the adoption of constitutional government, declaring that China is not a country in which it will prove a practical experiment because of the extent of the empire and the dense ignorance of the mass of the population as to government in any form. There is much reason in his argument. "But," he added, "we have until 1917 in which to develop the plans for the attempt, and much can happen in nine years."

Yes, much can happen in less time than nine years, and much will happen in China, but as yet there is no ground upon which to base definite speculations. At this writing, the bodies of the Great Empress Dowager and His Majesty Kuang Hsü are still lying in state in the temple at the foot of Coal Hill in the Forbidden City, and it will be months before they are decently and decorously entombed and the world can begin to look to China for new developments in the Far Eastern situation.

THE UNKNOWN GOD

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I BUILT of dreams a temple cool and white—
I shut from human sight its halls untrod,
And kindled me a small, expectant light
Upon an altar to the unknown god.

But in my folly I was not content
To wait his coming by the perfumed flame;
Vainly to seek him in the world I went,
That in my worship I might speak his name.

When to my temple I crept home at last,
Marred was its beauty—soiled and smeared with clay
Where feet profane the unguarded door had passed,
And the untended fire in ashes lay.

Now to the Road the door stands open wide
And cuts the darkness with a sword of light,
That weary wayfarers may turn aside
And find within a lodging for the night.

The altar-fire glows generous and warm;
And even now a pilgrim, leaden-shod
With weariness, takes refuge from the storm.

. . . . . .

Lo, in his temple stands the unknown god.

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"HO! HO! CHEER UP!"

AS HE THINKETH

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cy Whittaker's Place," "Cap'n Eri," etc.

Illustrations by Martin Justice

WE called him "Daisy" amongst ourselves. "Lily" would have fitted him about as well, for, fur's we could see, he toiled not and spun nothin'—except yarns; and if Solomon in all his glory was ever arrayed like one of him, then thunder-storm vests and striped flannel suits have been in fashion longer'n I think they have. He come to the Old Home House early in July three years ago and stayed until the fust of September, arrivin' in the depot wagon and leavin' in a chariot of fame, so's to speak. His name, as entered on the hotel log, was Roderick Howard Hilliard. When we hinted as to the port he hailed from, he laughed and made proclamation that he was a "Cosmopolite," a "Citizen of the World."

"My dear feller," says he, fetchin' Peter T. Brown, our manager, a welt on the back that shook him from main truck to keelson, "my dear feller," he says, "I am a rollin' stone on the face of the earth, a globe trotter, a Wanderin' Jew."

"You don't say!" sings out Cap'n Jonadab, astonished. "You don't look it, and I'd never guessed it from your name, neither."

Hilliard put back his big head on his big shoulders and turned loose a "Ho, ho!" that rattled the windows. He had a chest like an air-tight stove and a pair of lungs like a steamboat's b'ilers. "Ho! ho!" he shouts; "my boy, you misunderstand me. I don't mean that I am actually a member of the lost tribes. No indeed! But no country or town or state is big enough to claim me. I float, I drift, I migrate. To-day I'm here and to-morrow there. When I like a particular spot on this footstool I stay until I feel the need of change; then, I'm off and away. Put me

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down as 'R. H. H., Citizen of the World.' That fills the bill. Ho! ho! Cheer up!"

Off he went and out of the office with a swing and slat that stirred things up like a March wind. When the dust had settled, Jonadab commenced to growl, as usual.

"Humph!" says he, "I'm old enough to be his dad—though I ain't hankerin' for the job—and I'd like to know what right he's got to call me 'boy.' Stay till he feels the need of change, will he? Want to know! *I* cal'late he'll stay till *we* feel the need of change—his change—and if there ain't enough of it to settle his bill, he'll drift and migrate in a hurry. 'Cheer up!' I won't neither—not unless I feel like it."

"Cheer up" was Brother Hilliard's favorite order. He was always givin' it out, mornin', noon, and night. Likewise he was always preachin' what he called "Optimism" and "Faith." "Faith" was his sheet anchor. If it rained, he'd tell us to smile and be happy; also to have faith and 'twould clear up. He wore a little pin in the buttonhole of his jacket, with "C. D." printed on it. "C. D." stood for "Cheerful Days" and he was a member of the "Cheerful Days Society"—a gang of critters with the same notions as he had. That's how Peter T. come to christen him "Daisy"; "Cheerful Days"—then "Days"—then "Daisy." See?

"Faith," accordin' to Daisy, was the whole thing in the world. If you had faith enough you could do anything or be anything. What was it made John D. so rich that he has to hire hands to cut cowpons? Why, faith, of course! He believed he would get rich, he thought of nothin' else, so he done it. "That's it!" bellers Daisy, the air-tight in his chest runnin' full draft, "that's it—think! think hard! 'As a man thinketh, so is he.' If you think you are, you *are*."

"I know a dum sight better!" Cap'n Jonadab would sputter, poundin' the arm of his chair. "Why, Obed Nickerson, over to Orham, thinks he can sing—he's dead sartin of it. But nobody that ever heard him try in meetin' Sundays thinks so. Why don't John D. think some hair on to his head? Bah!"

Peter T. Brown had another name for Daisy's "faith"—nerve, he called it. But so long as the board bills was paid prompt, we hadn't no real fault to find. There was times when the bigness of the critter and his loud voice and roarin' "Ho! ho's!" kind of set you on aidge, but that was all. You could hear him whoopin' for all hands to "Cheer up!" if you was a mile away from the Old Home House. He was better'n a steam whistle on foggy days.

Miss Emeline Adams made port with us the third week in July. She was a little, thin, single woman from up Boston way and didn't weigh one quarter what her bank account did, even if you pitchforked it on to the scales in thousand-dollar bills. She dressed in gray or black mainly, and had only one servant along, a maid that helped furl the hair back off her forehead and lace up the "common-sense" shoes she always wore. Emeline had a square little chin and a straight mouth, and the only thing that ever got her excited was the Adams family. She had a pedigree like a trottin' horse and could count back seventeen generations of senators and colonial gov'nors and lords and such, with one hand tied behind her. Peter T. said she was a "great acquisition," and that her name on the list of guests in the newspapers would mean money for us. Maybe so, but we didn't make no extra money out of *her*. She could smell out ten cents too much in addin' up her bill as fur as she could smell an Adams, and that was back to Noah's standin' on Ararat. I cal'lated she figgered that the name of Eve's husband, as put down in Scriptur', was a printer's mistake, that's all; there ought to been an *s* on the stern of it.

Her comin' made a tremendous stir amongst the boarders. All hands knew about her, for, though she was as retirin' as a ground mole and as quiet spoken as an undertaker, her dad had been old Shadrach Adams, the "Zinc King," and she was mixed up in dividends and foreign missions and office buildin's and philanthropy and woman's advancements and newsboys' homes and the stock market till you couldn't rest; and you couldn't pick up a paper scursely without seein' her name in it. So every old catamaran with a daughter anxious to cruise in society waters, and every widower and single antique of the male sect, made it a p'int to rub against her chair and purr whenever they got a chance. But she never paid no attention to 'em, and her little short "yes's" and "no's" could turn off a conversation as quick as the extinguishin' stringcan put out a patent lamp.

The only one she cared to talk to was Professor Ansel McWhirter, teacher of Greece and diceased language in a college out West. The professor, bein' thin and subdued and pedigreed same as herself, made consid-

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er'ble of a hit with Emeline. They could crack on all sail and tack back and forth amongst ancestry and the ancients for hours at a stretch and never hit a shoal.

The Adams arrival kind of put Daisy under a cloud for a spell. Afore that he'd been the star attraction at the Old Home, special amongst the women-folks. His big talk and his "Cheer up's" and his "faith" had sort of swept 'em off their pins, and they'd followed him around like a string of tows behind a tug. "He's so capable! Such an adequate man," says Maizie Bounderby, who was there with her ma, that season. "He carries things in such a masterful way. And his optimism braces one like a tonic. You feel certain that whatever he undertakes he will carry through. I think the Cheerful Days Society must be just too *dear* for anything, don't you?"

She wanted to jine the Cheerful gang; so did a lot more.

But Emeline didn't. In the dinin' room, meal times, it was fun to see her and McWhirter shiver and sort of shrivel when Daisy came swoopin' in, coat thrown back, air-tight chest out, takin' five foot at a stride and turnin' loose his "Cheer up" signals at every table he passed. Honest, you expected the napkins to blow on to the floor when he swept by. He was a hurricane on legs; I never see such a man.

It was only at the end of the first ten days that I begun to notice the course Daisy was layin'. He'd made it a p'int to be extry polite to Miss Adams, to bid her good mornin' and pass the time of day, to run and pick up her black yarn shawl when she dropped it, and set a chair for her, and so on. But that was nothin'; plenty of other folks would have done that, only he got there fust. Professor Ansel meant to, I presume likely, but he didn't come out of his usual walkin' trance till 'twas too late. He was absent-minded, and Daisy's mind was on deck twenty-six hours out of the twenty-four; that was one of the diff'rences between 'em.

But one rainy afternoon the talk in the hotel parlor was more gen'ral than usual. 'Twas on the purpose of life and its aims—which was where Emeline and the professor lived, as you might say. Therefore they come out of their shells a little and permitted other folks to set in the pews and listen to the sermon. And brother Ansel was moonin' on, his specs a-shinin' and his thin little voice quaverin', when there was an interruption.

"Good!" booms out Daisy, like a cannon firin' unexpected. "Good! I quite agree with you, Professor. Mere wealth is not the highest goal for us here below. Far from it."

He'd come in quiet, which wa'n't his reg'lar way by a big sight, and was standin' right behind Emeline's chair. She jumped and shivered, as usual, and McWhirter looked as if he'd run on to a rock where there'd ought to have been ten fathom of water.

"Good! I say," says Daisy, pushin' for'ard and takin' a seat plumb in the middle of the circle. "Wealth and riches, considered alone, are vulgar. Life has more than that for the capable man or woman. But, Professor, you will permit me to differ——"

"Pardon me, Professor McWhirter," broke in Miss Adams, frosty as a frozen cranberry; "you were sayin'——"

"I—I—" begun poor Ansel, all shook up, "I think I was about to——"

"A moment, if you please," says Daisy, no more snubbed than a hooked nose. "A moment only, Professor. I quite agree with

HE SINGS OUT FOR HIM TO "CHEER UP!"

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the gen'ral drift of the remarks to which we have had the pleasure of listenin'. But riches, though vulgar in the abstract, may be, in the hands of the person possessin' them—provided that person has, through a long and honored ancestry, inherited the ability, the honor, and the confident faith of his or her race—a boon to the world and to humanity. Let me make my point clear—Miss Adams permittin', of course."

Emeline didn't say whether she permitted or not. She didn't have no chance. Daisy had the floor, and inside of five minutes he'd turned loose a flood of language that swamped the crowd. 'Twas the most wonderful mess of talk I ever heard. About wealth and honor and confident mastery of everythin' under the sun, and little mites of flattery about the dead and gone Adamses, and hints about what the High Lammer of Thibet and the Grand Pamjandrum of Beersheby had said to him when he was stoppin' overnight in them places, and about faith and cheerin' up and risin' above worldly limits. And, all through it, little side remarks about his great-great-great granddad, the Lord Chancellor, and other buried relations.

And when Ansel would try to come back at him—which was like a young one's tin toy enjine tryin' to butt an express train off the track—he'd begin by agreein' with him and then tangle and twist him all up to ravellin's. And by and by Emeline got to answerin', in spite of herself, and it always turned out, accordin' to Daisy, that she was dead right and her view was exactly what his was, though you'd never have guessed it from what she said. He had 'em all in a reg'lar daze, and the next thing any of us knew the supper bell rung.

"Ah!" sings out Daisy, jumpin' up. "Thus do the material desires of our weak human bodies fetch us down out of the clouds. Miss Adams, this has been a great pleasure to me. To converse with a kindred spirit—two, for I cheerfully admit Professor McWhirter is a rare treat, even in my—if you will pardon the egotism—world-wide experience. I can't forego the hope of continuin' the discussion. You have a vacant chair at your table. May I not occupy it for this once? We three will talk durin' the meal. May I escort you to the dinin' room? Thanks, thanks!"

And I'm blessed if he didn't grab that Adams woman's arm and steer her out to supper, with Ansel taggin' on astern like a woolly lamb on a string. And down at their table he set, and all through supper his big voice was boomin' like a muffled drum at a milishy funeral.

He never left her till she went upstairs. Then I heard him say: "My dear lady, you'll find I am right. It is the cheerful view of life and the faith that goes with it that makes us master. 'Faith conquereth all.' 'As a man thinketh'—usin' the word man in the larger sense—'so is he.' Isn't it so?"

She pretty nigh staggered, seemed so, and rubbed her forehead. "I—I don't know," she managed to gasp. "I— Really, I . . . Good night."

He said good night and went breezin' out to the piazza. There he found McWhirter caved-in on a settee. He pounds him one on the back and sings out for him to "Cheer up!" He sartin beat *my* time, that feller!

He beat it more and more as the days passed. At breakfast he was back at the Adams table, all uninvited, but as much at home as a cat on the milk shelf. And he never lost a chance. Poor old Ansel done his best, I'll say that for him. That week he hired a horse and buggy and asked Emeline to go drivin' with him. Soon as ever the pair of 'em got into the carriage, the horse, which was feelin' fairly good 'count of bein' in the stable for a couple of days, shied at a newspaper blowin' and commenced to dance. The professor stood up and flapped the reins and hollered for it to stop and whoa, but 'twas like tootin' a tin whistle to stop an earthquake. Jonadab and me run down the steps to the rescue, but Daisy was ahead of us.

"Set still, Miss Adams!" he thunders, racin' alongside. Emeline had been settin' still, a little pale, but game, so she kept on settin'.

"Whoa!" says Daisy, grabbin' the horse by the bridle. "Whoa! my beauty. So! so!"

Whatever else the nag was, he wa'n't any beauty, but—whether 'twas the flattery or Daisy's two hundred and odd pounds swung to his bits I don't know—anyhow, he calmed down.

"Professor," orders Daisy, "get out, if you please."

Ansel done it, lookin' shook up. Emeline was for gettin' out likewise, but Daisy had diff'rent opinions.

"Set still, Miss Adams, I beg," says he. "I wish to demonstrate to this brute that I am master here. Set still."

Next thing we knew he'd shinned into that buggy and took up the reins.

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HE WAS UNINVITED, BUT AS MUCH AT HOME AS A CAT ON THE MILK SHELF.

"Get up!" says he.

"But, Mr. Hilliard," remarks Emeline, emphatic, "I wish to get out."

"Not yet, not yet. I can't permit it. You and I will show this beast that calm confidence and fixed determination will win, no matter . . . "

I didn't hear the rest, 'cause they was under way and headed for the gate. All I know is that they never showed up again till most six o'clock, and when Miss Adams did get out of that buggy she looked as if she didn't realize she *was* out. The female boarders crowded round her and sung psalms of praise concernin' Daisy. He was a hero, they said.

"Yes, yes," says poor Emeline, "I suppose he is. I scarcely know— Oh, *do* let me go up to my room! I must lie down."

"We had a very enjoyable drive," booms Daisy, to all hands in general. "The animal was inclined to be restive, but I easily controlled him. There was no cause for alarm. Cheer up!"

So they cheered up—after cheerin' him. The professor didn't cheer up none to speak of. He come moonin' around, later on, wipin' his forehead, distracted-like, and askin' how much he owed for the hire of the horse. If I hadn't pitied him I'd have asked how he liked his ride, but I didn't.

I says to Cap'n Jonadab that night: "Jonadab," says I, "you know what's goin' to happen afore this summer's over? Old Shadrach Adams's girl is goin' to take a cheerful Daisy into her family—that's what."

He flared up like a pan of hot fat. "Never in the wide world!" he sings out. "She's got too much sense. And that college teacher is——"

"Not much," says I. "He was, but he ain't now. A hero, chuckfull of faith and——"

"Hero nothin'! Only thing heroic about him is his cheek. Call him a hero 'cause he could drive old Peter! The idea! That horse wouldn't run away from nothin'—unless 'twas an empty manger."

"Aw, you infidel," says I. "You unbeliever! You might have been president by this time if you'd had faith."

He told me to shut up. He was down on Daisy like a number seven hat on a number six head.

"Emeline's got sense," he stuck to it. "She's kind of dazed now——"

"Daisyed, you mean," says I.

"But she'll think it over and then you'll see. Just you wait. She won't marry that windmill."

Well, for the next fortnit or so I snum if it didn't look as though she had been thinkin' it over. She steered clear of Daisy as much as

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she could, acted kind of frightened of him, and stayed by the professor whenever she come downstairs. Daisy never seemed to notice; he was as polite and talky as ever, ate at their table, and led the conversation. If he thought the wind was settin' against him, he didn't show it. 'Twas neck and neck between him and Ansel, and it looked as if neither would win. So up to the last week in August; then come the sailin' trip over to Wapatomac.

I didn't think they'd ought to go, when they started. And if Sol Pratt, who gen'rally skippered our sailin' parties in his boat, the Dora Bassett, had been in charge, I don't believe they would have gone—not that day. 'Twas good enough weather, too—to look at—but I had a notion there was a storm comin'. Don't ask me *why* I had the notion, 'cause I can't tell you; if you've been brought up on salt water, same as me, you'll understand; if you ain't, you won't—that's all."

But Sol and his sloop was away coddin', and Darius Baker's boy Caleb—a long-legged, eighteen-year-old youngster who could handle his dad's catboat well enough—was to take the crowd on the Wapatomac trip. There was ten passengers altogether, Miss Adams and her maid, and Professor Ansel and Daisy, and six women boarders. Males was scurse just about then.

The plan was that they'd sail over to Wapatomac, have dinner, and put up at the big hotel overnight and start back next mornin'. So bright and early they hove anchor and got under way. Me and Jonadab and Peter T. was down at the dock, with the few boarders we had left, to see 'em off.

About eleven o'clock the big, dust-colored clouds come pilin' and rollin' up over the sky line to west'ard, and I knew my weather notion had been the right one. All that afternoon it blew great guns. We tried telephonin' to Wapatomac to find out if the picnic had made port, but there was a wire blowed down somewheres, and we couldn't connect. Next mornin' it faired off fine and we telephoned again and had better luck. But the answer we got scared us. The catboat hadn't reached Wapatomac and nobody around there had seen any signs of her. This was bad enough, but there was worse on the road. At half past nine word come that the boat, with sails down but nobody aboard, had been found stranded over on the Bayport flats.

Then there was doin's, I tell you! Flyin' around and hitchin' up horses and telephonin' and all. Right in the middle of it word come that everything was all right. The picnickers was safe and sound at Wellmouth Center depot, havin' just arrived on the up train. Would we send the barge wagon for 'em? Would we? I should say we would! And I went along.

There they was—six of 'em, all women—happy as clams at high water and bubblin' over with excitement. They'd had *such* a time! Such an adventure! The most romantic thing! Just like a chapter in a book! Oh, you never . . .

"Hold on!" says I, anxious. "Belay! Heave to a minute, won't you? Where's Miss Adams and her hired girl? And the professor? And young Baker? And where's Da—I mean Mr. Hilliard?"

Oh, they was all right! They had stopped over in North Trumet. They were goin' to drive over. You see, Miss Adams and the professor *had* to have dry clothes and . . .

Well, six females, all gabblin' to once, was too various for *my* understandin'. All I could make out was "shipwrecked," and "on a real desert island!" and "Mr. Hilliard was *so* cool and brave!" and "stood guard all night," and "buildin' a raft" and "saved both their lives." All through 'twas "Mr. Hilliard!" "Mr. Hilliard!" "Mr. Hilliard!" He was "splendid" and "magnificent" and a "hero." Land sakes, yes! he was every kind of a hero there was.

Finally I calmed 'em down enough to get some sort of straight story. And 'twas a most amazin' yarn. This was it:

Seems the catboat was about halfway to Wapatomac when the squall clouds showed up. Young Baker see trouble ahead and decided to put back rather than risk the trip across the bay. So about he come and started to run for home. But the squall struck 'em, and the wind got fiercer and fiercer. They reefed her 'way down—or ruther young Caleb done it; nobody else knew a reef pint from a belayin' pin—but even at that they shipped consider'ble water, and I cal'late all hands was scart blue. At last Baker decided not to try for home, but to head for Trumet harbor. He didn't quite make that neither, but run aground on the end of Crab Island, a little sand-heap half a mile from the mainland off the North Trumet shore. The old salt works used to be there in the days when sea salt was wuth makin'; some of the old buildin's are still standin'.

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They all got ashore, the men folks takin' the women, and then Caleb started to look out for his boat, somethin' a grown man would have done in the fust place. He had had sense enough to lower the canvas, but hadn't hove anchor, cal'latin', I suppose, that she was so hard and fast she couldn't get loose. But unloadin' all the passengers lightened her and, next thing he knew, there she was driftin' out into the bay. And they had to let her drift.

THE PROFESSOR FLAPPED THE REINS AND HOLLERED FOR IT TO STOP AND WHOA.

And here's where Daisy began to shine in all his glory. Most of the gang was so everlastin' thankful to find somethin' under their feet that wa'n't pitchin' up and down that they never thought of much else, I guess likely. But old "Cheerful Days" see his time had come and he was there to meet it. He took charge of the castaways. He portioned out the remains of the lunch they'd fetched ashore with 'em, puttin' 'em on short rations, as per instructions laid down in every shipwreck story ever was printed. "We may have to stay here a good while," says he, "so we must be frugal. However, 'twill all come out right. Cheer up!" Faith workin' overtime, as usual.

Then he paraded 'em to the salt works, bu'st in the doors of a couple of shanties, rigged up shakedowns of beach-grass and wet seaweed, and made proclamations that the same was their sleepin' quarters for the night; women in one shanty, men in t'other, all accordin' to proprieties and books. As for him, he'd cheerfully stand guard while the rest turned in.

"Stand guard!" says I, when the Robinson Crusoe fairy tale had got as fur as this. "Stand guard! For love of mercy sakes! What *for?*"

"Why, to look out for passin' vessels, of course!"

"Passin' vessels off North Trumet in the nighttime! Passin' lobster pots, more likely. I suppose he figgered to locate 'em by the sense of smell—'twas so black dark he

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couldn't have seen nothin'. Never mind!" I ordered 'em to heave ahead with the next chapter.

Well, they didn't sleep much, 'twas so wild and dreadful. But they knew they was safe, with all that chest and faith on guard, so they did doze a little. And in the mornin' they each had two sody crackers and an olive and a couple of spoonfuls of ginger ale for breakfast—castaway portions, you see—and then Daisy gives out that he's got a plan for rescue. They must build a raft out of salt-works lumber and be ferried over to home and mother, meanin' the Trumet clam flats. So 'twas "Hurray, boys!" for the raft. And they built it.

"Hold on!" I cuts in again. "How'd you stick them salt-works planks together? With faith?"

Why no! they said they done it with nails from the old buildin's.

"But how'd you pound 'em in? Not with stones, 'cause there ain't a stone in Crab Island big enough to heave at a dog."

"With the hatchet, of course."

"*Hatchet!* Why, there wa'n't . . . Hum! Well, go on."

Anyhow, the raft was built, under Admiral Daisy's superintendin', and then the ferryin' begun, with boards for paddles. Him and the Baker boy sailed every trip, takin' three boarders at a lick. On the very last excursion, with Professor McWhirter and Miss Adams and another female aboard, a piece of the clipper broke loose from the rusty nails, and there was Emeline and Ansel in the drink. *Then* Daisy bu'st out in a typhoon of grandeur.

"He was splendid!" crows the lady who was t'other fare on the transport. "He was perfectly wonderful! *So* self-possessed and brave! He called to 'em to keep cool——"

"They could do that all right," says I.

THE CLIPPER BROKE LOOSE AND THERE WAS EMELINE AND ANSEL IN THE DRINK.

"Keepin' cool is easier than keepin' warm in that water."

She looked disgusted, but went on. "And then," says she, "he threw off his coat and plunged after them. And he saved both their lives."

"Did he?" says I. "Want to know! Did he hook 'em both together, one in each hand, and swim with faith and his feet?"

"No; that was as brave and cool as anythin' about it. He brought Miss Adams to the raft first and then went after the poor professor."

That was about all. She and the others with her, bein' fairly dry, had gone on up to the North Trumet depot and took the train. The wet three, and Baker's boy and the maid, was to hire teams and drive. Wouldn't it be splendid to welcome 'em when they came! I thought 'twould—especially Baker's boy. I wanted to talk to *him*.

Another thing I gathered from the gabble in the barge. That was that this settled it. After the heroics and the life-savin', poor old McWhirter was a gone goose. Daisy had cooked him.

"From now on," says one of the gabblers, "I shall cultivate faith and optimism. Mr. Hilliard's perfect serene confidence carried him and us through all this safely. 'As we think, so we are'—that's my motto for life."

The carriages from Trumet arrived in about

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an hour. Caleb Baker and the professor and the maid was jammed on to the seat of the first one. In t'other—which was a good ways astern—set Emeline and Daisy. What a cheer the gang on the Old Home piazza give 'em!

"HE CALLED TO 'EM TO KEEP COOL—AND HE SAVED BOTH THEIR LIVES."

Daisy was as balmy and breezy as ever. He bowed and smiled and helped Miss Adams out of the buggy.

"Thanks!" he thunders, cheerful. "'Home again from a foreign shore.'" Then he turns to the lady and says he, "Emeline, my dear," he says, "you had better go to your room and lie down. I fear this experience may have some ill effects unless you do. Go; I must insist upon it."

She went, lookin' more dazed than ever, and rubbin' her forehead, same as she'd done so much lately. Everybody looked at everybody else. "Emeline, dear," hey? Well, poor old Ansel!

The professor left on that afternoon train. As he was climbin' into the depot wagon, Daisy grabbed him by the hand.

"Good-by, old man," says he. "Glad to have made your acquaintance. Hope we shall meet again. Cheer up!"

And he hit him one of those bangs of his on the back. As Peter T. Brown would put it, "*What* do you think of that?"

Baker's boy and me had our interview the next forenoon, when he got back from Bayport where he'd been to get the catboat.

"See, here, Caleb," says I; "there's one or two things I want to ask you. I say nothin' about your forgettin' to anchor; you and your dad can settle that. But do you mean to tell me you didn't know that that half mile of water between Crab Island and the main ain't over four foot deep at any place, when it's low tide?"

"Course I know it, Mr. Wingate," he says.

"Then what in time did you build a raft for? You could have waded easy."

He acted kind of nervous. "Why," he says, "I just couldn't help it. I told Mr. Hilliard 'twas shoal, but he said we must have a raft, and the way he said it made me forget everything. I never see such a man! He just kind of carries you off your feet. He just—"

"All right, I understand. What I don't understand is where that hatchet come from. There wa'n't any aboard the boat, sure and sartin."

He acted more foolish than ever. "Well—well, you see," he stammers, "Mr. Hilliard he made it so plain we'd got to have a raft that I begun to think how we could put it together. And so in the mornin', afore the folks was up, I waded over to the main and borrowed a axe off a wood-pile by one of the houses. I fetched it back and never said nothin'—except to Mr. Hilliard."

I begun to laugh.

"He, he!" he observes, pretty sick. "It *does* seem sort of ridic'lous, don't it?"

"'Tain't altogether that I was laughin' at," I told him. "I was thinking of that brave life-savin' business."

I was spinnin' this yarn to some fellers this fall and Jonadab and Peter T. was with us.

"Say, Barzilla," says Peter, "you don't

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want to forget the second installment of that story."

"No," says I, "there is a—what is it they call them things at the end of books? Not preface, but ep—epi— . . . "

"Epitaph," suggests Cap'n Jonadab.

"No," I says, "that ain't it. Epilogue, that's what I mean."

So here's the epilogue. 'Tain't a very long one.

Daisy and Emeline went up to Boston together. Pretty soon we see an account of their weddin' in the papers. Jonadab was a sore man when he read it, and fumed and growled for over a month, off and on. Then we forgot 'em completely until this last summer, when they come to the Old Home House again.

But 'twas a changed Daisy this time. His loud clothes and loud voice was all gone, and nothin' was left but plain black and ordinary tones. Likewise he never ordered a soul to cheer up, and the "C. D." button wa'n't displayed at the main truck of his jacket lapel. Emeline seemed about the same as she always had.

There was goin' to be what Brown called a "stag" picnic over to Gull Head the second day after the Hilliards landed, and Peter says, "Let's ask Daisy to go. He'll keep the sails filled with hot air, if the breeze gives out."

So that night we asked him. He didn't say yes right off. Said he'd think it over. A few minutes later we was in the office with the window open and we heard voices out on the piazza close to that window. 'Twas Daisy and Emeline talkin'. He was tellin' her about the stag picnic.

"Hum!" says she, mighty chilly and brisk, "what will it cost?"

Well, he cal'lated he'd ought to have five dollars along.

"I see," she says. "Have you got five dollars?"

Well, no, he hadn't; but he thought maybe——

"*I* know what you thought. I shall give you no more this week. You've had your allowance and that should be enough for you. Besides, I don't approve of such affairs."

"But consider, my dear—" he went on, pleadin', but mild as a glass of skim-milk, "consider——"

"I don't care to consider. I am tired now and I'm goin' to my room. I wish you to go to yours. Consider! I have considered. And when I consider *you* . . . !"

B-r-r-r! 'Twas so icy I felt like turnin' up my coat collar. But all Daisy said was, "Very well, my dear." A minute afterward he stopped in to say that he guessed he wouldn't take in the picnic; he was kind of tired of such things, havin' been to so many. They bored him. He thought he'd go to bed now. And he went.

The three of us set thinkin'. Then Jonadab spoke up, half to himself.

"Humph!" he grunts. "Faith! Seems to me I've read in the good book some'eres that 'faith without works is dead.'"

"Yes," says Peter; "or at any rate, it dies soon after you get well acquainted with it."

"Say, fellers," says I, "don't it seem to you that that old motto of the late lamented Daisy needs overhaulin'? Seems to me it ought to be, 'As a man's *wife* thinketh, so is he.' Hey?"

Now Jonadab's a widower and Peter T.'s a married man. Neither of 'em answered, but they looked sort of solemn.

"Yes," says I. "I ain't never had no personal experience, but that's my judgment. Well, anyhow—Cheer up!"

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A STORM SCENE IN WASHINGTON ON INAUGURATION DAY, 1909.
THE PREDICTION WAS "CLEAR AND COLDER."

Does the Weather Bureau Make Good?

A Study of the Day-to-day Performance of Our Million-and-a-half Dollar Weather Bureau

By EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "54-40 Or Fight," etc.

This story is about the Delphic Oracle at Washington. We have better opportunities than any other country in the world for a perfect weather service. We spend far more money on our weather service than does any other country in the world. We have reports daily from all the corners of the earth, covering the weather conditions as they arise. We ought to have the best and most scientific service in the world. Instead, we have the most bureaucratic Bureau in the world. In short, in this land of the free, not even the weather is really free, and one of our greatest national trusts is the weather trust.

WERE you at Washington for the presidential inauguration early last March? Were any of your friends there? Have they returned home as yet? A number of persons died because of unpreparedness for the weather which was experienced. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost for the same reason. When did you learn that it was snowing in Washington

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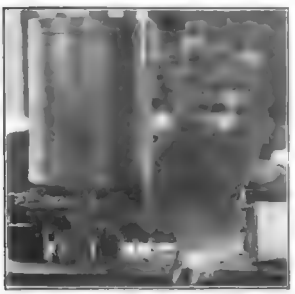
INSTRUMENTS SENT UP WITH WEATHER KITES TO RECORD WIND CURRENTS AND TEMPERATURES.

A DEVICE BY WHICH THE SUN IS MADE TO TAKE ITS OWN PHOTOGRAPH.



THIS INSTRUMENT NOTES AND RECORDS THE FALL OF RAIN, SNOW, OR SLEET.

A MACHINE WHICH RECORDS THE SPEED AND DIRECTION OF THE WIND, THE STATE OF THE BAROMETER, AND WHETHER THE DAY IS CLEAR OR STORMY.

on the morning of March 4? Probably late that afternoon, possibly not until the next morning.

There were more disconcerted newspaper correspondents in Washington on March 4 than were ever before assembled in the history of the world.

The inauguration of Mr. Taft never was reported and it never will be. Correspondents wrote such stories as they could on the infrequent railway trains as they journeyed to reach a different sort of weather. Twenty thousand persons crowded to the railway trains of Washington one afternoon, a hundred thousand suffered unspeakable discomfort, all because of weather of which they had no warning.

On March 3 the weather reports for Washington said that inauguration day would be "clear and colder." Until midnight, the chief of the Weather Bureau telephoned the President-elect that he might be assured of clear skies on that eventful day. . . . . You know what happened at Washington on the fourth of March!

Since then, the Weather Bureau has been busy explaining. Their explanations cost us last year a million and a half dollars, not to mention many lives, not to mention many hundreds of thousands of dollars unrecorded.

On the day preceding Mr. McKinley's second inauguration, the chief of the Weather Bureau said that he would "stake his reputation" that inauguration day would be fair and pleasant. It rained, that time! There were some deaths of public men, attendant upon the fact that they were not prepared for the weather which they experienced.

What about the weather, anyhow? The original question of the Sphinx was, "Is it going to rain?" All the world has always talked about the weather more than any other topic in the universe. Yet there is more ignorance on that subject than on any other that ever was or will be in the world. And this ignorance is general in its distribution. It exists even in Washington, even at the headquarters of the weather trust.

For our Weather Bureau is a trust. One by one, it has absorbed the state services and the hydrographic office reports, until to-day it is one of the most beautifully bureaucratic bureaus known in this land of the free. It is a trust; but, contrary to the practice of our most benevolent trusts, it does not hand us out a better article for less money. It hands us out the same article for more money. If we could prove even this much, we should have a story worth the writing; and we can prove not only this, but very much more.

By way of indictment of our Delphic oracle at Washington, we may make the following specific and definite charges:

1. That it is unduly expensive.
2. That it does not progress.

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THE WEATHER BUREAU STATION IN NEW YORK CITY.

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3. That it is excessively explanatory and excessively self-defensive.

4. That its service is general and not specific, whereas specific service is the only sort which can possibly be of value to the average individual man.

5. That it is evasive and intentionally ambiguous.

6. That it offers no well-founded hope of improvement in local forecasting.

As to the expense of this service, we paid last year more than a million, six hundred thousand dollars for it; more than any other nation in the world has ever thought of expending. Yet our Bureau does not serve a greater population nor a wider range of interests and industries than are served in other civilized countries. Our institution is like other things American: It is bigger and costs more than anything of its kind in the world; also, like other things American, it is cursed with politics.

E. H. EMERY, HEAD OF THE WEATHER BUREAU IN NEW YORK.

Most things American, however, are progressive. The serious and humiliating truth is that our Weather Bureau does not progress. *Twenty years of costly experiment by the Weather Bureau have failed to develop one decided improvement in weather prediction.* Yet in thirty-eight years the cost of the service has risen from $15,000 to $1,662,260 a year. And during the past twelve years, under the directorship of Willis L. Moore, Chief of the United States Weather Bureau, there have been made, in steadily advancing totals, *the largest appropriations ever made for any scientific purpose whatever in the history of the world.* There has been arrested development, but not arrested expenditure. There has been progress in the monopolizing and centralizing of the service, in shrouding it in mystery, in defending it through expensive literature; but there has been no other progress; and the lack of progress has been paid for by the American people. Usually the people pay for the prosecution. In this case the people pay for the defense. They not only pocket their loss, but they pay the expense of the explanation of that loss.

This last charge would be self-explanatory if the general public knew how continuous is the issue of Weather Bureau pamphlets and bulletins, quite apart from the map service and the forecast service. The *Monthly Weather Review* is a bulky and expensive periodical, for which the public pays and of whose existence it is ignorant. It tells what the Bureau has done, but it does the public no good whatever. As much may be said of the annual report of the Chief, necessary though department reports are in Washington routine. The report does the public little good.

Besides these, there are frequent bulletins on special subjects. The bulletins of the Mount Weather Observatory, largely explanatory of a bureau autocracy so startling that once it was investigated by the Department of Agriculture, sometimes run to a hundred pages or so—pages explaining how an appropriation of a quarter of a million of dollars was all expended on one station. Occasionally, too, it is necessary to print a bulletin exploding the heresy of long-range forecasting when done by anybody excepting a member of the Bureau. Thousands of elaborate rainfall charts, snowfall charts, and storm charts, all superbly lithographed, are sent out monthly to men who have no use for them. Continually in this literature there appears the defensive, the explanatory, the argumentative note.

How does the Bureau spend the rest of its appropriation? This is a desirable thing for us to know if we are to make a fair-minded estimate of what we get for our money. To

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WILLIS L. MOORE, CHIEF OF THE WEATHER BUREAU AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

be exact, and to quote the words of the Chief of the Bureau we may thus describe the distribution of the appropriation:

"(1) The total appropriation for the Weather Bureau for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1908, is $1,662,260.

"(2) The United States is divided into eight forecasting districts, as shown on the accompanying chart. A district forecaster, with headquarters as shown thereon, is charged with the duty of issuing forecasts and warnings for his territory as outlined. In addition, the local officials in charge of as many stations have authority to issue forecasts for their own cities. There are about 200 meteorological stations in the United States fully equipped with meteorological instruments, at each of which from one to twelve trained employees are on duty. The commissioned force on duty at these stations and in Washington numbers about 725 persons. In addition, there are about 925 non-commissioned employees engaged in displaying warnings or in the taking of special observations in connection with the climatological and flood services of the Bureau.

"(3) The appropriation for the Central Office in Washington is $253,510, which includes the maintenance of a Weather Bureau printing-office in Washington.

"(4) The appropriation for the work of the Bureau outside of Washington is $1,408,750."

We come now to another count of our indictment, and the question of what the people get for the foregoing expenditure of their money. According to the Chief, the Bureau sends out a million telephonic messages every day to a million farmhouses, reaches a million more by mail carriers, and sends out 90,000 printed forecasts as early in the day as it can get them out. Now what does the farmer *get* when he gets a forecast? How much may he depend upon it? How definite is it? Of how much reliable service to him is it in furthering or saving his crops? What per cent. of the lives of his family will it save in case of some sudden and disastrous storm? Let us endeavor logically and fairly to discover these things.

Suppose that my name is John Smith, and that I live at Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, and that I get a bulletin of the weather by act of Professor Moore. In the first place, this bulletin *was not meant for me at all. It did not even come from my state.* It came from Chicago; which is to say, in this case, from the North Central Forecasting Station. Either I get this district forecast, or I get a national forecast made by wire from Washington. Every night there is a forecast made up at Washington which is sent all over the country. Every morning there are sent out district forecasts; which is to say, *state* forecasts made up at *district* stations. These bulletins, printed about eleven A.M., sometimes reach their des-

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tination the same day, but more often twenty-four hours after the date of the weather prediction.

But there are only *seven* of these district forecast offices in all our many thousand miles of territory: Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, Louisville, Denver, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon. The Chicago office, from which I get my Sleepy Eye service, is obliged to cover fourteen states and also one or two special regions, such as the Upper Lakes, etc. I do not get any local forecasts at all.

Such large cities as Milwaukee and Cleveland are allowed to publish local forecasts provided that the local observer for at least two years has "shown himself qualified" to make such forecasts. But these local forecasts for large cities are good for only twenty miles! Where does that leave me at Sleepy Eye? What I really get at Sleepy Eye is a remote and general prediction, handed out to my state from a district office some hundreds of miles away; and my prediction is always hedged with the statement that the Bureau *does not claim to predict "local conditions!"* The obvious answer is that I ought to move my farm to Chicago, Cleveland, or some other large city.

The Bureau explains that many telegraphic reports must be digested before a forecast can be made even for a district. Very good. But what does John Smith of Sleepy Eye *get?* John Smith gets a guess, or he gets nothing; that is what he gets.

Realizing the necessity for supporting facts in any charges it might make in this intended article, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE some time ago started an extensive series of letters in the undertaking of checking up the accuracy of the Weather Bureau at Washington.

By taking a series of notable storms reported from various parts of the country and writing to many editors whose papers customarily printed the weather forecasts, EVERYBODY'S amateur bureau was able to do something that the Washington bureau has never undertaken: to make a *comparison of predictions and results* over a wide extent of the country. The Washington bureau's word you must take blindly; it will give you no support of that word. It issues both monthly and annual summaries showing average direction and velocity of the wind, amount of rainfall, maximum and minimum temperature, amount of sunshine, average humidity, times of frost, etc.; but nothing is said about local percentage of accuracy of forecast—the most important item of all. Here is some correspondence between the Bureau and an eager seeker after knowledge:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 9, 1907.
"Replying to your letter of August 29th, I have to inform you that it will be impracticable to furnish you with the percentage of verifications of forecasts requested.
"Very respectfully,
"WILLIS L. MOORE,
"Chief U. S. Weather Bureau."

In answer to a polite letter of inquiry as to why it was "impracticable," the following letter was received:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 4, 1907.
"In answer to your letter of Sept. 30th, I have to say that the Weather Bureau has not the information requested by you. Our forecasts are published for the benefit of all concerned, and you or any other citizen can keep a record of the verifications of the predictions for the purpose of determining their usefulness to your people.
"Very respectfully,
"WILLIS L. MOORE,
"Chief U. S Weather Bureau."

Suppose as a first instance of the deadly parallel columns—the Bureau at Washington never gives but one column—we take some great national event still fresh in the minds of all. Apply the law of practical results to what is generally known as the *Portland* storm of Boston. On November 28, 1900, the Steamer *Portland* was lost, with the cost of a hundred and fifty lives. Before the Committee on Appropriations of the Department of Agriculture, Chief Willis L. Moore made the following statement: "We saw the storm lying over the Lake region. I remember looking at it originally myself, and I said to the forecast officer: 'You must bear in mind that this storm is not only going to bring a tremendous wind, but is going to give a blinding snow with it. Now we must make our warning specific, and we must protest against anything leaving port.' The result was that nothing left port except the *Portland*, and one hundred and fifty souls went down to a watery grave because of the stubbornness of an old-time sailing master, who refused to believe that science could tell him something about the winds that he did not know."

That is the assertion of one side of the argument. For the other side of the parallel column, the writer has the personal statement of a well-known scientific observer engaged in

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meteorology not far from Boston at that time, a man as reliable as any in the Weather Bureau at Washington: This gentleman says: "The signals were displayed for a gale, but during all the week equal warnings had been displayed, and the warning given of this storm *indicated no more severity than did those already displayed.* Nothing of exceptional severity was announced. The storm signals went up *after* the storm had begun."

Now, if the old-time vessel master did not respect the warnings issued by the Bureau, the sad but pertinent question arises, *Why* did he not respect them? Any captain respects advice which he has learned to value as good. Could it be that the past record of the Bureau had not been such as to inspire confidence? In any event, *the Bureau did not save the Portland;* and that is the answer to all the Bureau's explanation. As a matter of fact, the storm warnings hung out at such stations as New York by Professor Moore's directions have in many months netted less than forty per cent. of verification. They have been displayed for days at a time without any storm, and have frequently continued after the storm velocity had passed. Mariners have lost confidence in storm warnings, and many good sailormen ridicule them as a farce.

Let us take the yet better known and still more distressing case of the Galveston storm. The Chief of the Bureau said before the Appropriations Committee in regard to that disaster: "The great Galveston hurricane was seen and detected eight days before it reached Galveston. We noticed it first west of the island of Barbados, in the eastern part of the Caribbean Sea." It is claimed by the Bureau that warnings were hoisted all along the west Gulf coast from one to two days in advance of the hurricane; that people in the lower portion of the city were warned six to ten hours before the condition became dangerous, and that twelve thousand people moved out of Galveston prior to the crisis.

As against this is the statement of the editor of the *Galveston News*, who says that there are two or three storms each spring originating in the West Indies, and that people understand this and do not become alarmed at the government reports. When the last observer left the office at Galveston, the last report received indicated that the storm was only beginning. The report could

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THE WEATHER MAP IN THE MARBLE ROOM OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

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Photo by H. D. Jones.

PREPARING THE METEOROLOGICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR A WEATHER BUREAU KITE FLIGHT.

not have been sent out generally, because at the time it came in the telephone wires were going down. "I know this to be a fact," asserts this gentleman.

The editor of the *Galveston Tribune* says: "In a technical sense, the Weather Bureau did forecast the storm, but so far as that is concerned, it forecasts a storm every week or so during that period of the year. Nine times out of ten the storms are dissipated before they reach the shore; consequently if the Weather Bureau claims the credit for forecasting the Galveston storm of 1900, it must also be understood that it has announced scores of storms from year to year *which never reached the shore.*" The same editor writes further: "I was in communication with Dr. Cline of the Weather Bureau at various times from noon until three o'clock of the afternoon of the eighth, when the wires went down. His information at all times was *reassuring.*"

So we run into distressingly contradictory statements. One is reluctant to challenge the direct statement of the Chief of the Bureau. On the other hand, one is reluctant to disbelieve the direct testimony of men who suffered in the storm. Most reluctant of all is one to chronicle the saddest and most convincing item of record: the wife of Dr. Cline, the weather observer, was lost in the storm.

The *Galveston Tribune*, an evening paper, on September 7, the day before the storm, printed this forecast: "For Galveston and vicinity; to-night and Saturday increasing cloudiness and probable rain, slight change in temperature, brisk to high northerly winds." In the *Tribune* of September 8 there was no regular forecast, but instructions were issued as follows: "Change to northeast storm warnings at 10:30 A.M. Tropical storm center south of Galveston moving westward. High northeast winds to-day, shifting to east and southeast to-night." (Signed) Moore.

This, then, is the telegraphic warning issued by the Chief himself on the morning of September 8. Did it predict the Galveston disaster? The term "high winds," according to the definition of the Weather Bureau, means an air velocity of thirty to forty miles an hour, not dangerous at all. Moreover, the Chief himself elsewhere admits: "The disaster to Galveston was not very much, if at all, minimized by the warning; but the disaster on the open sea was very greatly reduced—reduced to almost nothing. The case of the Galveston storm is simply one il-

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lustration of the utility of these marine warnings."

We are content to rest the case of the people against the Bureau on this last statement of the defense. We submit also that we have proved that charge of the indictment which has to do with ambiguity. The records show that the phrasing of the generally distributed forecasts is looser and less precise than was formerly the case, which makes it easier to "verify" a prediction. This brings us directly to the specific question of how many predictions are verified. The Bureau claims eighty to eighty-five per cent. of verifications of its forecasts, though it does not publish even the percentage of verifications of each station. But what is a "verification"?

One of the best known meteorologists in the world says: "It would seem that if forecasts are afterward compared with what weather actually occurred, it would be easy to tell how many forecasts have failed, and how many have succeeded. This, however, is not true. Suppose a forecaster should reduce his forecasts to a once-a-week basis, and, at the side of a column of figures representing the days of the month, write the general prediction, 'About now expect rain—' he might hit it right every time; yet one can easily tell how much value his 'prediction' would have. If he attempted to forecast for each day on either a fair or a foul basis, he might get quite a per cent. of verifications. But if he tried to tell what part of a day would be fair or foul, whether there would be a cloudy sky or one partly cloudy, whether there would be little rain or much, it might go hard with him. Each added detail would cut down the per cent. of verifications. *Yet sixty per cent. of this kind of verification might be of far greater value than one hundred per cent. of loose and general verifications!* Thus all rules for weather verification admit of wide latitude. Verifications by different persons may show wide divergence. The personal equation comes in."

A fair day to the public means a day on which no rain falls. The Weather Bureau calls a fair-weather prediction verified though it rain all day, if the rainfall does not exceed .02 of an inch. This frequently occurs. A rainy-day prediction is considered verified and one hundred per cent. is allowed the forecaster if the day is entirely fair save for a slight mist or a sprinkle of a few drops of rain. Can you beat that? Furthermore, if "fair" is predicted for any territory and the day is rainy, but the rainfall measures less than .02 of an inch, the forecast of "fair" is considered verified and a hundred per cent. is allowed the Bureau. Stationary temperature gives the forecaster a range of six degrees above and six degrees below the temperature of the previous day at eight A.M.; in other words, a range of twelve degrees. Just try for yourself. You can't miss by using this method.

Moreover, the "total average" of verifications of forecasts is made up for the *entire country*, which includes easy guesses and hard guesses. It includes, say, New England and New Mexico. When the writer lived in New Mexico, many years ago, it was a staple amusement to bet with any tenderfoot during midsummer that it would rain before five o'clock in the afternoon. The bet was always made in the morning, when the sky was always cloudless. The tenderfoot invariably lost, because it always rained later in the day. In those parts anybody could tell absolutely what the weather would be *without* a weather bureau. In New England, *with* a weather bureau, *no one* can tell approximately what the weather will be. It is between these two extremes of easy and hard guesses that you must figure out the value of the Weather Bureau's performances in guessing. If the Bureau gains thirty-five per cent. over the natural fifty per cent. of the law of chance, what should be its credit—eighty-five or thirty-five per cent.? In the phrase of the old game—"Button! Button! Who's got the button?"

Here are some further results obtained by EVERYBODY'S amateur bureau:

The Mobile forecast for April 25, 1908, was, "Partly cloudy, possible local showers, and cooler; light to fresh south winds." What Mobile got was a heavy hailstorm! A Marinette, Wisconsin, journal at about the same date, says: "We get the state forecasts for Wisconsin and for Upper Michigan. They do not always agree, but we find that one or the other report usually suits our condition." This naïve statement is the best commentary that can be made on our weather service. What bureau can be asked to cover more than both sides of a given fence?

On April 27 of the same year a wind of sixty miles an hour did much damage at Memphis. The Washington forecast for Tennessee and Kentucky said: "Fair Sunday, and showers; cooler at night and Monday." Certainly it rained, and it was

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cooler; so perhaps the verification made good!

A storm on May 12 of the same spring started at Omaha, inflicted $100,000 damage, killed fourteen people, injured a score more, wrecked two villages, and damaged the military barracks at Fort Crook. The Omaha prediction till seven P.M. Wednesday was, "Showers to-night or Wednesday, not much change in temperature." For Nebraska, "Probably showers to-night and Wednesday." The local prediction was for Omaha, Council Bluffs, and vicinity for thirty-six hours, beginning at seven o'clock on the morning of May 12. There probably *were* showers! The oracle did not nod.

New Orleans despatches of April 25, 1908, recorded a storm as having killed three hundred persons, injured over a thousand, caused a property loss of three million dollars, and destroyed about forty towns. The United States Weather Bureau was queried direct on this storm, and the answer received was as follows:

"The storm to which you refer did not get away from us. In fact, like other well-defined storms, it was easy to handle. The cause of the storm was accurately calculated, and attendant features of cold, precipitation, and wind were forecast. As regards the cyclones and tornadoes in the Southern states that attended the passage of the storm, the Weather Bureau does not attempt to indicate the spots where these local or secondary whirls may reach the earth. Such forecasts are as impossible as a designation of a particular house that will be struck by lightning during the passage of a thunderstorm over a large city. The general conditions that produce the local storms are, however, readily recognized."

Summing up this statement, it seems fair to say that, although the storm did not get away from the Weather Bureau, the victims did not get away from the storm. What service, then, did the Bureau render? If my house is destroyed, I need no one to announce that fact to me. If I am killed under the house when it falls, my family will discover it without the aid of an expensive Weather Bureau. It will scarcely lessen their grief to tell them that the Bureau "readily recognized" the "general conditions" of the storm which killed me.

Our amateur bureau reports, for Lake City, Minnesota, the following comparisons with the forecast printed at St. Paul, Minnesota, covering the week beginning April 22, 1907: "Prediction fair; results cloudy. Prediction fair; results cloudy, heavy frost. Prediction fair; results rain and snow, farm operations suspended. Prediction fair, warmer; results fair, cold in the afternoon. Prediction fair, light variable winds; results blowing hard at ten P.M. Prediction snow or rain, fresh to brisk northeast winds; result a general storm which compelled the use of snow plows on all northern lines."

Peoria, Illinois, reports: "It is notorious that the weather is mostly the reverse of the prediction. There is so little confidence in it that, should it hit the weather right, no one would regard it."

Champaign County, Illinois, reports: "To sum it up in one word, the Service is ridiculous."

An irrigation engineer of South Dakota reports: "I kept a careful record for four years. My conclusion is that any one making a series of predictions covering several months, if not too definite as to time or locality, could have verifications enough to set up as good a claim to being a weather prophet as any that has been maintained."

Buffalo, New York, reports: "For the average citizen who wants to know how to dress for a given day, the forecasts are practically useless. The remedy is simply: induce Washington to allow publication of local forecasts." This is good advice, but Washington will not take it.

Many scores of reports freely condemn the service, but on the other hand there are numbers which extol it. Seattle says: "The shipping of fruit as well as the saving of ships depends greatly on the forecasts."

San Diego says: "In California the value of the reports is never questioned. There has never been a raisin crop lost through unheralded rain. It is so easy to condemn a well-meaning institution that I trust you will find space for these lines."

Lake Forest, Illinois, checked up the Chicago predictions through a series of weeks, with the following results: "Accuracy eighteen hours ahead, eighty per cent.; thirty-six hours ahead, sixty-four per cent. Thirty cold or warm waves accurately predicted."

A ranchman of Fowler, Colorado, reports: "The forecasts are far from infallible, but on the whole are helpful. *They would be more helpful if made for smaller districts.*"

Villa Ridge, Illinois, reports: "The forecasts have come to be regarded as invaluable to the fruit and vegetable growers of southern Illinois."

From the foregoing the public may draw

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its own conclusion as to the cost, usefulness, validity, and trustworthiness of the United States weather forecasts. It seems clear that the Bureau has saved some property and some shipping; but, before we become unduly joyous over that fact, we should remember the other fact that some of this property would have been saved by private means *had there not been any Bureau.* The flood warnings of the Bureau are its most valuable results; yet they are the very ones which would be most easily capable of commercial duplication. The right valuation of the Bureau's services is gained in full answer to the question, How much *more* does it save than would be saved by private commercial institutions if there were no Weather Bureau?

There is another point: the failure of verification of storm and cold wave warnings has caused great losses of both time and money for the reason that shippers of perishable goods have had their merchandise spoiled by holding it for fair weather in preference to risking the storm or cold wave that never came. This applies to vessels, railroads, and every branch of trade. Here is a loss that is never known and must be great.

Necessarily, of course, the average man at present knows little about the forecasting methods of the Weather Bureau. It is therefore desirable, if we are to strike a balance between what our Weather Bureau does for us and what it might do, to make a brief and untechnical explanation of its methods.

To begin with, let us remember that the earth revolves on its axis from west to east, and that it is surrounded by an envelope of atmosphere, thinner at some altitudes than at others, hotter at some places than at others, heavier at some places than at others. Like a vast stream, this envelope of atmosphere moves against the course of the sun—from west to east—or, at least, it usually does so at the mid-latitudes.

You yourself may have observed that most of your local storms come from the west or southwest; that during and following the storm the wind shifts from right to left, reversing the hands of the clock; until when the wind goes into the northwest the weather becomes cooler and clearer.

Also you may have heard that in general our storms start in the west, and converge in the northeastern portion of the United States. Benjamin Franklin discovered something like that. Colonel Dunwoody, of the old Signal Corps, is credited with the theory of three storm paths, one up the Atlantic coast, another from Texas northeast, another from the upper west across the Great Lakes, and all converging near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. German weather maps of this country show four storm paths.

Our Weather Bureau now admits that these storm paths are not absolute, and that instead of converging on the St. Lawrence or over New England, they sometimes intersect as far west as the Great Lakes. If these storm paths were absolute, it would be easy, in these days of general telegraphic communication, to tell what the weather was going to be to-morrow; but there are scores of complicating factors to be considered by the forecasters.

From all Bureau stations telegrams are sent at a uniform hour in the morning and evening to the central office in Washington. These give barometer readings, state of weather, temperature, precipitation, direction and velocity of wind. Experts then draw on a blank map lines through points having approximately equal barometric readings and temperatures. The position of the storm is noted and its rate of progress estimated; but the map maker cannot tell just how far to the northeast or the northwest the storm may veer. A well-developed storm may appear in the northwest at night and be dissipated from some unknown cause before morning. Or the storm may move across the entire continent with uniform velocity and intensity. Or again, the storm may remain stationary for a week or more, gather sudden energy, and race across the country without warning. Or still again, a storm of small magnitude may appear and gain unaccountable and vigorous proportions in a few hours. Or at times two or three storms may appear simultaneously and mingle in a most distracting manner.

Not infrequently it is the case that the chart shows no storm at all, there being just a group of irregular lines covering the face of the map. When this condition obtains, the map-making professors are more or less at sea. Their predictions can only be general in their nature. All the Bureau has yet learned to do is to report the actual progress of a given storm by telegraph, and to "estimate" the direction of the storm and the velocity with which it is going to travel. Actually, the whole of our so-called weather

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science, even of to-day, rests on just such a look into the future—a guess as to which way a storm is going to move and how fast.

So there, in a rather crude sort of nutshell, is about all that John Smith of Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, can expect to get for his share of the million and a half—a combination of guess and hope on the earth's surface and in the upper air which constitutes what benefit the Bureau represents to this country.

Cromwell said, "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry." It is good advice to John Smith of Sleepy Eye, to trust in the Weather Bureau, but to keep a rheumatic toe. He can further serve himself by observation of the stripes on caterpillars, the spots on the breastbone of a goose, by observations of the phenomena shown by domestic animals, wild fishes, tame pigeons, observations of the silk on the corn, of the fur on the muskrat.

Let us now abandon criticism, and, employing that vast optimism which is the especial salvation of the American people, proceed cheerfully to hope for better things. What can be done to improve the Weather Service? A vague hope exists in the explorations of the free air. At present all our forecasting rests upon telegraphic or cable communications with all portions of the northern hemisphere. In our quarter-million observatory at Mount Weather we are making explorations of the upper air in the hope that we may be able to establish some law by which we may better predict the weather of the next few days, possibly of the next few weeks. For many years stations were maintained on Mount Washington and on Pike's Peak for this very same purpose, and, after the expenditure of much money, they were abandoned. Professor Moore knows all this, but Mount Weather is an agreeable summer resort in comfortable proximity to Washington, which has a most sultry summer climate. The amount of hope we are legitimately entitled to in return for this part of our yearly million and a half is somewhat slight.

When we come to things mysterious, ever we meet the vibration, the wave. We can discover by a long series of observations, certain recurrences in weather phenomena. There are certain hours of the day when thunderstorms are most numerous. It is always coldest just before sun-up; warmest, on the average, at about two o'clock in the afternoon. Humidity reverses the rule of the thermometer. The thermometer always drops more suddenly than it rises. The barometer has a double diurnal period. Rainfall also has a diurnal period, being most frequent between eleven A.M. and five P.M. The old idea that weather goes by the moon is exploded by science as a superstition. Yet science is engaged in examining the sun and other celestial bodies. The moon may yet come into her own.

Moreover, more than one observer has noticed that the same sort of weather comes around about every seven days, that there is a sort of rhythmic pulse beat of the upper-air currents, like the harmonics in music. Now, if this be not sufficiently complicated, let us add that some learned scientists say there is also a six-days' beat or wave in the weather, a pulse that runs as a sub-current to the seven-days' beat. One or two scientists have gone so far as to say that this is so intimately connected with the sun that in time forecasts may be made for a week in advance through the study of these recurrent waves of the upper air. Much of this is dubious and confusing, but let us not deny nor deride any of it.

More nations than our own are studying atmospheric wave beats as observed in high-level soundings. Hergesell and Hildebrandson, of Europe, have written papers on these matters. Professor Lodge and others have made it fairly clear that rainfall is determined by the electric tension in the cloud strata. A well-known American meteorologist is sure that the fact of the greater heat of the outer atmosphere of the earth, if correlated with Hildebrandson's idea, would bring us close to a "practical atmospheric dynamics." Science is always in a state of hope. It never can tell when it is about to discover radium, vaccine, serum, antitoxin, new bacilli. Science is slow. Let us not deny nor deride it. Let us deride only pseudo-science, bumptious science, self-conscious science, arrogant science.

What may John Smith properly hope? Professor Moore, Chief of the United States Bureau, says: "The astronomer can predict the exact time of an eclipse. Weather forecasts can never be so exact, but we do believe that with the further knowledge of the processes that are working in the free air, in time we will be able to say what the weather will be a month in advance, and, we hope, a season in advance; but the time is not yet."

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This same statement was made when Professor Moore first took charge of the Weather Bureau, and it inevitably appears in print just prior to each inauguration. It occurs to one that if the Bureau cannot accurately predict conditions for one day in advance, perhaps John Smith would suggest a trifle more daily perfection before the Bureau goes into season forecasting.

Fairly summing up our various contentions, it seems well within justice to conclude: We have the most highly organized and the largest Weather Service in existence, as well as the most expensive; by geographical situation we ought to have the best service; we have the best intercommunication with all the different corners of the world; we are equipped to do the best and biggest weather business in the world; we have almost one thousand industrious, hard-working, rather unthanked employees, who labor at low salaries.

As net results, we get an excellent flood forecast service, which might be, but is not, discounted by newspapers or commercial associations; we get a fairly good cotton service, and an excellent fruit service; the service to the wheat and corn belts is not so good, although it has some value. Whether or not the Bureau saves more than a million and a half dollars a year for us is quite beside the question. The sole inquiry should be whether it is saving *all* it can save, and *all* it would save if it were properly and scientifically conducted.

In results of less desirable significance, we have the magazines, bulletins, documents, and reports of this Bureau, in total of a vast expense, and of little conclusive value; we have, scattered through the country, our little kiosks with their standard weather instruments on display, and our Senate weather map, of which the Bureau is so proud; we have a vast series of forecasts and reports of the weather, which cannot be called reliable, and which do not pretend to be called verified. These forecasts cannot be called local; and in so far as they are not, they cannot be called either useful or reliable. We have, further, an elaborate expert service at Mount Weather, originally established under a questionable, or at least a questioned, use of the public funds. We have a political Bureau dealing with a scientific subject. This Bureau shows all the typical bureaucratic tendencies of superciliousness, seriousness, solemnity, and conceit, combined, as is usually the case, with an extreme touchiness and a perpetual readiness to break into print in its own defense—the public always to pay the expense of the printing.

A million and a half a year.

On the strength of the foregoing showing, it seems fair to say that the American public may demand more from this particular Bureau than it is getting. We want fewer Senate maps and kiosks, and more district forecasts. Above all, we want more local forecasts. We want less defense, and more facts. We want less politics, less dead red-tape routine and more live, practical science. We want less mystery and arrogance, and more simplicity and readiness to serve. It is the duty of science to discover the truth. It is the duty of our Bureau to tell the people the truth discovered, and nothing but the truth, and to tell it plainly, so that there may be no mistake about it and no jugglery.

Why not let us have a thorough investigation of this institution by experts and accountants, so that the public may know just how its million and a half is actually expended? Thereby it may be determined whether or not we are getting what we are paying for.

This article was submitted to a competent scientist, who returned the following note:

"The need, as I see it, in the weather service, is a man of scientific training and with a comprehension of the problems at issue. This the present chief lacks, as his writings and addresses sufficiently attest. In twenty years, certainly in twelve, there has not been the slightest advance in weather forecasting. Any one who knows the temperatures and pressures of a few sufficiently separated points in a region, can make as good a guess at the weather as is now made from Washington. It is merely a guess—nothing more. This was clear enough twenty years ago. A man of real intelligence would have tried to get more knowledge—in a word, spent the money of the Bureau on such investigation, as is being done abroad."

On page 713 Professor E. B. Dunn analyzes the Moore weather prediction of March 3, and by means of Bureau maps shows where the famous inauguration storm hailed from.

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THE FIRES OF YOUTH

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

Illustrations by Thornton Oakley

THE air from over the lake was so raw that Burtonshaw half mechanically turned up his coat collar as he stepped out from the corrugated-iron shanty covering the tunnel shaft. The door, closing behind him, suddenly muffled the chug and wheeze of the air-compressor and the rattle of the hoisting-engine, and gave him instead the sharp puff of their exhaust, while a little spray of condensed steam blew in his face with the lake breeze.

The shaft-house stood in the middle of a barren yard, enclosed within a rough hoarding. A litter of piled timbers and lumber, of iron piping and rails, of castings and plates for the tunnel lining and old centers for the brick arching, of decrepit iron cars, of brick piles and cement barrels, crowded the space and leaned against the fences. The lately used portion of the ground was cut into wheel ruts and mudholes, while the neglected corners sprawled with a rank growth of rough weeds. From the shaft-house a short trestle track slanted to the waterfront, and down this at intervals rolled an iron car, carrying another load of "spoil" from the tunnel, to be dumped into the waiting scows.

In this direction was the only opening between the drab tenements that everywhere else flanked the yard. Here one might look out across the lake—sometimes a wonderful channel of blue rising to a bluer arch above; sometimes an angry tumble of grayish green, streaked with savage lines of white; sometimes a shimmer of pearl and opal, across which a far line was stretched to mark the verge where the water cut the dome of the sky and yet suggested the dropping curve of the world beyond. This evening Burtonshaw looked into the pale gray void upon which no horizon was clearly drawn. The outlying breakwater pushed itself into view as some surprising structure, hanging in misty space which was neither earth nor sky, and its end gave him the range of the small, dark point which—almost involuntarily—his eye picked up farther out in the low-lying haze.

This marked the building on the cribwork, three miles out, from which a caisson had been sunk to the lake bed and another heading of the tunnel had been driven shoreward, to meet the one advancing from the shaft-house into the lake. And in the year since Burtonshaw had first been called into the contract, these steel-and-brick-lined burrows, sixty feet below the bed of the lake, had been crawling steadily toward one another, like giant mole tracks guided by some mysterious sense of a perfect straight line, until they were almost at the meeting-point. At any moment now the working party at either face might hear the thud and scrape of the picks on the other side of the remaining barrier of clay. There was no shadow of premonition, within or without. The telephone from the crib had reported the change of shift, with a good record of advance made by the men coming up, and everything moving smoothly in the regular routine. So with a good-night nod to the gate watchman, Burtonshaw passed out on his way to dine at the club as usual.

The Lakeville tunnel job was an undertaking that, in its earlier years, at least, had seemed to be begotten of ill luck and nursed by misfortune. Started at first during a premature boom of a precocious city, it had collapsed, like everything else in the town, when the bubble broke. The hole (which had been pushed out a few hundred feet) was abandoned as it lay. Eventually the city grew up to the point where it really needed the tunnel, and what was left of the original plant passed, with the other assets,

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BURTONSHAW PASSED OUT ON HIS WAY TO DINE AT THE CLUB.

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into strong hands. The construction was vigorously pushed, with most satisfactory results for a good many months. Then explosion followed explosion, until the list of fatalities was appalling, and "Lakeville's Hell-Hole" became a newspaper sensation and a political issue. The contractors—not at all unwillingly—threw up their task, and Burtonshaw was called in as consulting engineer to direct the completion of the work.

"I see they have got you on that tunnel job, Burt," Ewell had called to him at the club some evenings after his appointment; "what's the answer?"

Burtonshaw looked at his questioner for several seconds before replying; this curiously intense gaze was habitual with him, but sometimes disconcerting to new acquaintances. When he spoke, it was with the manner of repeating sentences already fully formulated, and of listening critically to his own words.

"Natural gas. The sand seams and pockets in the clay are full of it." He stopped as if his explanation were finished.

"Well?" interjected Ewell. Burtonshaw went on in a moment as if unconscious both of the pause and of the reminder.

"I am keeping the lining laid up as close to the front of the excavation as the men can work. That shuts off the gas-breathing strata except just at the face of the heading. Then I deliver the compressed air right at this face, and that dilutes any issuing gas at once to the point of harmlessness. They used to work their digging two or three shifts ahead of the bricklaying. It saved some inconvenience, perhaps, but it left long surfaces exposed to discharge gas into the tunnel."

"I see," said Ewell; "and then defective insulation, or a careless smoker, and—scareheads in the 'extras.'"

Burtonshaw opened his mouth in a wide, silent laugh, looking from one to another of the gathered listeners.

"The men say now the tunnel is as safe as Spartacus Boulevard," he said, and laughed again.

"That's what old Hunter would call 'the slow patience of the engineer,'" mused Ewell; "do you remember how he used to talk about 'shouldering one's way against a sinister face of nature, by provoking no more of her violence at a time than the friendly forces at hand could control'?"

And now, for more than a year, the record of safety had been unbroken, and the bloodless victory seemed nearly in reach. It was with a feeling almost of quiet elation that Burtonshaw, having finished his dinner, entered the smoking-room where the usual group was gathered.

"Here, Burt, old man," cried Ewell; "come and help us to cheer up poor old Greene, who is mourning his lost youth."

Greene, a rosy-faced man, treasurer of one of the very greatest of the construction companies, laughed with just the smallest shade of embarrassment as he turned to Burtonshaw in explanation:

"I was only saying I had been up to Commencement at the university to-day, and I envied those young fellows just graduating."

"Why, particularly?"

"Oh, chiefly for the things they have which we missed by the mistake of being born too soon—the equipment and methods put at their disposal; the systematic, practical way in which they seem now to make plain to the fellows things after which we had to grope in the dark. And then, I must admit, their fresh enthusiasm and their measureless opportunities for making their career did give me the worst blues."

"And that," interjected Ewell, "is just where I take issue with our friend Greene. Youth is not a quality to be envied in our profession—perhaps in any profession. The poet must be young, and the artist or the musician should be. But to the engineer, youth is not an asset—it is a liability."

"But its optimism—its imagination—its hunger for results and its daring in accomplishment!" persisted Greene; "these are wonderful qualities, it seems to me, for success in practical achievement!"

"Much more dangerous than wonderful, I should say," rejoined Ewell, "if turned loose on work that must stand safe among the facts and forces of an iron-grained nature. What do you say, Deacon?"

Deacon, a dark, smooth-shaven, thoughtful-looking man, chief engineer of an electrical company that was leading two continents in heavy traction work, turned a pair of meditative gold spectacles from his cigar end to the face of the last speaker:

"Engineering imagination, I think, must move like a comet—it may travel to the limits of the universe, but it advances in a calculable orbit, by certain forces and under fixed laws, instead of roaming at random. It is a cultivated quality. And 'daring,' though often applied to constructive work,

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hardly expresses the truth. I doubt very much whether you would feel complimented if Burtonshaw, for example, called your Huancatlan Viaduct 'daring,' even if it does outpass engineering precedent."

"The whole thing was worked out to a mathematical certainty in the drafting-room, of course," replied Ewell. "We had to know that every detail was right before a single pound of steel was bought. We were taking no chances. It simply had to go together when we got it there, and to stand afterward, as your stick would have to lie across two chair backs if you placed it so. Nothing 'daring' about that, it seems to me."

"But," objected Greene, "don't you find that for actually carrying out the work you need the enthusiasm and the push of young men?" He turned to Burtonshaw, as if hoping to find in him more sympathy for his views than the others had seemed to feel. Burtonshaw gazed at him fixedly.

"I am afraid I must side with the majority," he replied after a pause. "The trouble is likely to be that the younger men are too enthusiastic—too anxious to show results in the shape of large quantities moved or erected. Sometimes it's better not to go so fast with the work that shows—perhaps not to go on with it at all."

"That's it," cried Ewell, interrupting; "the youngsters want to go always at a gallop; they fret when they are compelled to get down on all fours and feel the way, inch by inch, as we have to do so often in the bad places. 'Making the dirt fly' doesn't necessarily mean safe progress, you know. It may only raise such a dust cloud that you do not see the precipice just ahead."

Burtonshaw gazed at him impassively while he was speaking, and then laughed his wide, noiseless laugh, looking around the group.

"By the way," continued Ewell, turning quickly to Burtonshaw, "I understand you are about through the tight places on that tunnel job. Have your headings met yet?"

"No—but they should meet some time to-morrow. I am sleeping here to-night, in fact, to be near the job in the morning; and as I want to get down early, I'll bid you fellows good night."

He rose as he spoke, and passed upstairs to his room.

This was high up, on the lake side of the clubhouse, and after he had turned off the electric lamps he could see, across the dark masses of the intervening buildings and the shimmer of a few cross streets, the glaring arc lights in the shaft-house yard. Far out on the dark spread of the lake shone the yellow eye of the beacon on the crib; and somewhere between (he could fix the spot almost exactly in the darkness) the tunnel headings were driving toward each other beneath the lake bottom. Some time within the next twenty-four hours they would meet. He had no speculative doubts as to the outcome. He had verified the instrumental work himself, and looked upon the matter with the same confident certainty that Ewell felt in his bridge. If there was any flaw in his arrangements with which he would reproach himself in after years, it was that he had always attached too little importance to the power of individual temperament among his subordinates—had neglected to count their impulses or emotions for factors as real as physical laws and data. His mind had long been accustomed to order its own conduct by absolute rule and method, and to expect like precision in all the elements under its direction. And now, in compliance with fixed regimen, he fell asleep.

The crib light, which looked so silent and steady from the shore, was fixed above the roof of quarters that, to a wakeful soul, might have seemed the anteroom to the madhouse. Fortunately, the average tunnel worker has not the physical make-up that finds noise a hindrance to sleep. The sixty-odd men working in the two shifts lived as a little marooned community, visited frequently by the supply steamer from the shore, but, except for occasional leave, confined to the square, wooden island with its two-story building.

On the upper floor, directly under the beacon light, were sleeping and mess rooms. Below was the machinery serving the lake section of the tunnel. Night and day the place echoed with the clang of furnace doors and fire shovels, the hum of dynamos, the throb of pumps and air-compressors, and the rattle of the hoisting-engines. At rhythmic intervals a skip, loaded with clay dug from beneath the lake bed, rumbled out on the dumping track and dropped its contents overboard with a splash.

Inside the basin enclosed by the crib walls the shaft had been sunk, ring after ring of cast-iron being bolted on above as its growing length was gradually lowered, until the bottom edge had pierced deep into the lake bed—deep enough for the overlying clay

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"NO DOMMED SQUAREHEAD'S GOIN' TO BREAK THROUGH THIS TUNNEL IN FRONT OF JIM CREHAN."

to make a safe roof for the level drift of the excavation pushing shoreward. Up and down this shaft slid and bumped the hoist, carrying down bricks and cement, or rails and pipe for lengthening out the lines to follow the advancing front of the excavation; bringing up the newly dug clay and sand—bringing up from time to time also the body of a mule that had succumbed to some equine counterpart of "the bends," and lowering in its place another terrified, struggling animal to be the lowly helper, and perhaps the inglorious martyr, of modern material progress. Twice a day a gang of men in clay-stained overalls and boots dropped down, to replace an emerging party scarcely distinguishable to a chance onlooker save by the fact that their hands and faces also were clay-covered.

Just about the time Burton-shaw was leaving the shore workings, Jimmy Crehan and his gang—the night shift—gathered at the top of the shaft in the crib-house. Crehan was the youngest of the bosses—a big, soft-spoken, pink-skinned Irish lad, with something of the loose-knit frame of a huge puppy. He had won promotion by a daredevil bit of rescue work, and he held it (rather to the general surprise) by developing the ability to get more work out of his gang, on a pinch, than any other foreman on the job. Perhaps it was partly because he himself had the tirelessness of youth, uncontrolled by any estimate of ordinary endurance such as an older man might have formed, even if insensibly, from long experience with all kinds of laborers under all sorts of conditions.

While the first of his men were going down, he caught a moment's talk with the foreman of the shift coming out:

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"Cud ye hear annything of thim tarriers beyant whin ye kem up, Pete?"

"Naw! I wuzn't botherin' none listenin' fur 'em, annyhow. What in tunk's the use? They can't git t'ru to yuh anny sooner than yuh'll git t'ru to them."

"They can't, huh? Well, I'll show um who'll be getting through furrst, and don't ye fergit what I'm tellin' ye! I'll show um! Let her go, Bill."

The skip slid down, amid the jests of the gang. It was a part of Crehan's success that his men were always good-natured.

For a couple of hours everything went much as usual, except that Crehan was more hectoring than usual in keeping his men at the top notch of effort. He was unsatisfied even by the maximum that could be forced from the men at the front, and at the first sign of flagging, the delinquent was withdrawn and set to filling cars with the spoil, or to cleaning up for the following brickmasons. These latter, left to a placid German subforeman, were but feebly spurred to rivalry; the fresh excavation gradually stretched ahead of the more slowly advancing lining walls.

As "quarter-time" drew near, with its brief intermission for "lunch," Jim was seen to look often, though furtively, at his watch; but not until the most outspoken of the gang, warned of the hour by an inerrant stomach, had grumbled audibly and repeatedly, did Crehan let them knock off, ten minutes late. Then he made them all go back some distance into the finished portion of the tunnel to eat, while he himself, after a hasty sandwich, returned to the most advanced corner of the heading. The men, watching curiously, saw him with his ear pressed to the solid clay.

"Luk at the kid boss now," grumbled Denny Donohue; "listenin' to hear if any grass is growin' under his feet!"

"Naw!" said another; "it's the night boat he's tryin' fur. If he hears her paddle wheels, he'll want to race her ashore wit' the tunnel."

Jim looked at his watch again, plainly troubled. It was past the minute of going to work after lunch, but still he waited. He listened once more, with his cheek close to the breast of the workings. Suddenly he gave a wild yell.

"I hear um! I hear um! Ivery sthroke av the pick, and the shcrape av the shovels! B'ys, they're comin' in on us! Jump in now, ye tarriers! Be the Holy Cat, we'll beat um! Here, Dinny! You and Mike git in here first and dhrive a headin' fer all ye're worth! Pat and Tom! kape after um on the sides there! Get in now, as many of yez muckers as can, t' kape the dirt clear of their feet!"

He worked himself into a dancing excitement, and the infection caught like hysterics in a girls' school. The men struck their picks into the clay in a kind of frenzy, working in a streaming sweat while Jim affectionately cursed them as if they were the idlest of the idle. He changed them in five-minute shifts, and when the fearful pace began to tell on his sand-hogs he pressed the bricklayers into the work, overriding like any man on horseback the discontented protest of their foreman that "it was against the union."

"T'hell wid the union to-night," roared Jim; "I'm as good a union man as the next, but no dommed squarehead like that Axel Finsen beyant there's goin' to break through this tunnel in front of Jim Crehan. Git aholt of them picks and tear the heart out of her! There's enough of yez t' ate all the dirt from here to shore in an hour!"

The men, indeed, swarmed about the job like ants in a burrow, and the great hole in the clay lengthened out and crept farther away from the front edge of the brick walls at a surprising rate. The loose earth dug down accumulated faster than the mule cars could tram it, and Jimmy put the spare force to trim it back out of the way in the finished part of the tunnel "while they rested thimselves." Toward the upper center of the tunnel front was a heading, pushed constantly in advance of the main section, and here the pick blows on the other face of the separating clay barrier could be heard, louder and louder, even amid all the bustle just behind. Crehan fidgeted and yapped like a terrier wild with excitement to have the door of the rat-trap opened. He could stand it no longer.

"Here! back out o' that, both o' yez, an' gimme the pick!" he yelled. "Stand ready, two o' yez, and as soon as me head is through, grab me be the legs an' shove like hell!"

He had two hundred pounds of bone and muscle behind every blow, and his shoulders were fresh and his nerves intoxicated with excitement. For a short time he worked so that even Denny Donohue watched in open-mouthed awe. Suddenly the point of the pick went through, and the blow broke out a hole the size of a man's head and shoulders.

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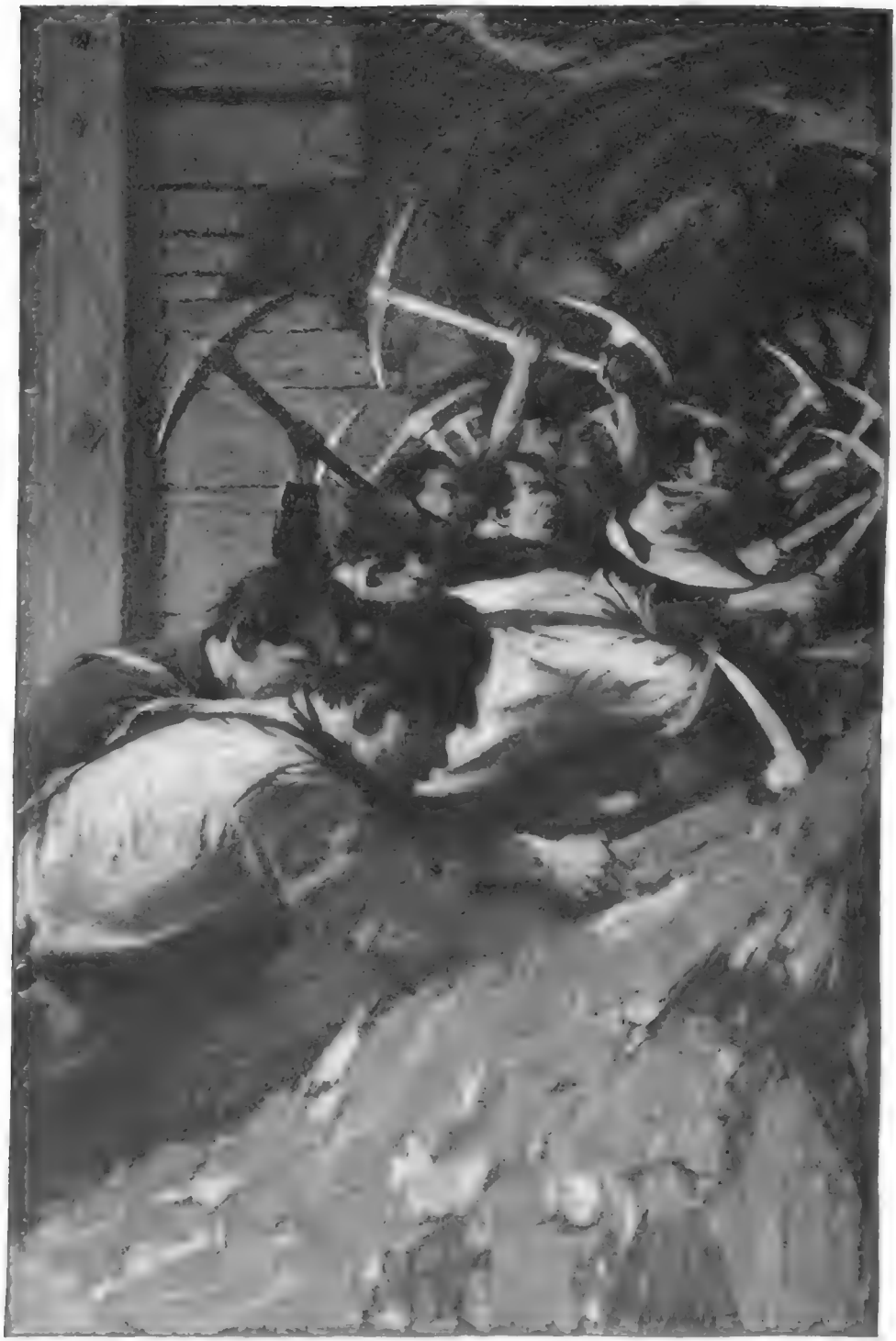

THE MEN SWARMED ABOUT THE JOB LIKE ANTS IN A BURROW.

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Jimmy shot the pick through the opening and launched himself head first after it, his boots sticking stiffly out behind, while his muffled bellow was half stifled in the falling dirt:

"*Now—shove!*"

Like a torpedo he was launched through the hole upon the astonished workers of the "squarehead" gang, narrowly missing a braining from a pick in the hands of the man at the face. He fell sprawling on the dirt at their feet, but almost before they knew what had happened he picked himself up, and with one shout back through the hole to his men, "Clean her up, b'ys! 'Tis the ingineer I'm going fer to call on!" he had jumped on to a mule car and lashed the beast into a dead run shoreward.

And in the heading he had just left, the exhausted gang sank down on the nearest resting-places, wiping their streaming faces with muddy hands. One or two of them noticed, dully, a slight hissing noise from the newly dug face. The surface layers of the clay were spalling off, as if pushed from behind. But with the indifference of their type, they made no comment. It was some minutes after Jim's dive when the foreman of the bricklayers, with an uneasy sense of succession to authority and command, called his men back to their outdistanced job of lining up.

"You fellers better dig some more away yet," he ventured.

"Dig be d—!" grunted Denny; "'tis an hour apast dinner already. Seems like the kid boss ain't got no stummick, but I've got one meself. Yez can do as ye please. I'm goin' to eat me dinner, and"—defiantly—"I'm goin' to light me pipe."

To Burtonshaw, waking with that indefinable sense of having lost the time of day—or night—there appeared a figure caked with clay but radiating exultation. Crehan had burst into the club and followed the night porter upstairs. He almost leaped upon the bed when the door was opened in answer to Burtonshaw's startled "Come in!"

"Mornin', Mr. Burtonshaw!" he grinned.

The engineer, suddenly shocked to complete wakefulness, sprang out of bed.

"My God, Crehan, how did you get here?"

"I kem through the tunnel, sorr. She's met."

A vague sense of something wrong struck through his hysterical obsession. By some process of thought transference the workings of Burtonshaw's mind were being repeated in his. He could not have got through by that time if the tunnel had advanced at the normal rate. The heading must have been pushed regardless of the rigidly set rules. There must be a long surface of exposed clay——

Burtonshaw had already drawn on his trousers and coat over his pajamas and was thrusting bare feet into his shoes.

"Get back to your men, you *damned* fool, and put every one you can work, in both gangs, to lining up the brick wall—if it's not too late!"

They were leaping down the stairs before he had finished speaking. Not another word passed as they tore through the black streets to the shaft-house. The gate stood open, and no watchman was in sight, but there was a frantic snorting of the air-compressor and a babel of voices in the shanty. Even as they crossed the yard on the run, the clang of an ambulance bell came pursuing them through the street they had just traversed. The outside boss met them at the doorway.

"The No. 3 section's gone off again, sir. There's three of our gang buried under the fall of the clay this side, but no living man could get back there now. They say every man out beyond must be gone."

Burtonshaw turned to look at Crehan. The Irishman was leaning against the wall, half slipped down, his body seeming suddenly shrunken and his face gray and lined, even under its clay mask. He was moving his head curiously from side to side, like an old man with the palsy, as he repeated over and over, in a strange, high-keyed voice:

"Oh, my God! Oh, my God!"

The fires of youth had flashed too high, and now in their train lay only death and ashes.

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JUNE HAD FULFILLED HERSELF. THIS WAS THE GIRL.

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THE COURTING TREE

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD

Author of "The Misdemeanors of Nancy," "Bettina," etc.

Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

WHEN Jack Marlowe sold his motor car and bought a bicycle, his friends were evenly divided 'twixt pity and scorn.

"Back to the blanket," groaned Tommy Berryhill, when the reactionary brazenly announced his mad departure from the path of progress and social rectitude; and the comment summed up very fairly the attitude of Marlowe's little world,—a small world where everything, including motor cars, went very fast, and where the snows of yesteryear were of absolutely no interest, save when they sent down a freshet that washed out some snugly hidden scandal.

"Has his father lost his money?" asked the discreet mamas who had angled for Marlowe unsuccessfully throughout several seasons. Even when reassured by husbands knowing in matters of the Street, they retained their doubts and tempered their affectionate enthusiasm toward the young man.

Meanwhile, Marlowe himself was quite frank, quite undisturbed by chaffing and disapproval. "I'm tired of kicking up a dust and a smell," he announced cheerfully. "I don't like traveling so fast that I can't see a pretty girl until I'm a mile past her. I'm a leisurely cuss. I loathe post roads and goggles. I'm going to turn aside into the byways and get acquainted with my own legs. Incidentally, I'm going to look for adventures."

"Well, if adventures are all you want——" began Tommy.

"Oh, a smash-up isn't an adventure. It's a catastrophe. An adventure doesn't smell of gasoline. It smells of roses."

"Jack, old man—" Tommy was solemn, almost impressive. There was genuine concern on his round ruddy face—"don't do it. Come now, don't be an ass. It isn't safe in June. It really isn't, you know. No fellow ought to take chances when he's feeling that way. You come along with me. I'll get a couple of good fellows and we'll try out my new car for a week. If we have an accident, you'll just die or get well, and highballs won't hurt you permanently. Don't you go hiking off alone looking for roses and pretty girls and side trails. It wouldn't do in November, and it's simply foolhardy in June. Be a man, Jack. Let your legs go, and make your nerves do the work. Why, hang it all, biking belongs back with the mastodons and hairy mammoths and things."

But Marlowe was deaf to the voice of friendship, bent upon a retrograde career, and, one June morning, having shipped his bicycle

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to a little Connecticut town well off the beaten track, he joined it there and gayly set off on his adventure.

He was not long in making acquaintance with his legs. An afternoon of steady pedaling brought it about, and, on the whole, he considered the acquaintance undesirable. The things ached, and on the last few hills before his arrival at the little inn where he was to spend the night, he thought wistfully of the departed motor. She would have skinned up those hills like a bird. He put the regret aside firmly. A bicycle he had chosen, and a-biking he would go. The next morning he was loath to take the road, but he goaded himself onward and pedaled valiantly when he was not sitting propped against a friendly tree with a pipe in his mouth and a deep content in his heart.

"The trouble with me is that I'm all streaked with poetry," mused the deserter from Philistine tents. "Rotten thing for a fellow that's supposed to live up to a Captain of Industry father. First thing I know, I'll be writing triolets and rondeaus, and pinning them on trees."

After a day or two the aches vanished, but the poetic rapture lingered.

"This is good. By Jove, this *is* good," the embryonic poet murmured, lying among the thick clover on a breezy hillside and kicking his heels joyously. "And I've a hunch that the adventure is lying in wait around a corner. All nonsense—that business about 'never the time and the place and the loved one all together.' Why, the air's full of girl. The bees hum it, and the wind whispers it, and the clover breathes it—and I'll be glad when I turn that corner."

From where he lay he could look down the hill slope and across meadows knee deep in June to where a broad river, tree fringed, wound its way placidly toward the sea. The blue water called him; and, regaining the narrow country road, he mounted his wheel and answered the call. Just as a long, covered bridge yawned for him, an enticing little footpath beckoned, and he turned swiftly to follow the lure. What was the use of being free from motor tyranny if one clung still to the highroad! Here was a veritable vagabond trail, an inconsequent little path along the river side, stealing among tree shadows, dashing out into the open, skirting strips of sandy beach, dodging from aggressive, eddying currents that had worn their way back into the land.

Such a day! Such a sun! Such a river! Such a world! Where was the girl?

And suddenly the path stopped,—quite suddenly, without warning, as though it had made up its mind on the instant. One rounded a thicket of alder, came to a huge old willow tree, and there the trail ended.

Marlowe brought his wheel up with a jerk, sprang to his feet, and looked about him with a vague discontent, a feeling that some promise made him was to go unfulfilled. One might have found anything on a path like that—anything. And where the deuce had it led him? And why? The view was glorious, but he had not been pursuing a view.

"DON'T YOU GO HIKING OFF ALONE LOOKING FOR PRETTY GIRLS AND SIDE TRAILS."

"Stung," remarked the poet, soulfully.

"Were you looking for something?" said a voice.

Marlowe looked toward the skies from which the voice had fallen, and, as his glance traveled upward, he saw that the thick, drooping boughs of the old willow tree had parted to show a wood-nymph's head.

"This is the corner," he announced with profound conviction.

"I beg pardon?"

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The dazed young man pulled himself together. "The path! Where does it go?" he inquired fatuously.

"It doesn't go. It stops here."

"Discriminating path." His tone was rich in fervor.

The dryad smiled—and a dryad smile proved a bewildering, disconcerting phenomenon.

"Yes, the view is fine."

"It is." The fervor had deepened.

"That's why the platform was built."

He looked around him idly. "The solid earth is none too firm a foundation," he said, with a note of thankfulness in his voice. If he was drunk, it was a hangover from the farewell dinner at the club three nights before. He couldn't be drunk. But he hadn't counted on a dryad.

She looked a trifle puzzled.

"Would you like to come up?"

Again he cast a helpless look around the scene.

"The steps are on the other side of the tree."

"WERE YOU LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?" SAID A VOICE

So there were steps! The adventure was approaching the realities. He abandoned himself to it, found the steep rustic steps, climbed to the platform, embowered among the thick, falling boughs, and met the dryad face to face.

She wore white, a soft, fleecy white, cut after a fashion that did not tally with the Grecian artists' idea of wood-nymph draperies. A most sophisticated white frock it was, of beguiling simplicity. The soft lace collar left free a rounded white throat. The arms, bare to the elbow, held a great mass of pink roses,—June roses from a cottage garden, a riot of color, a shout of joy.

All this the adventurous one beheld against the thick green curtain of willow boughs. Then he looked into the gray eyes and knew that June had fulfilled herself. This was the girl.

"I knew it," he remarked brilliantly.

She wrinkled her brow, and he made a frantic clutch at coherency. "I'm afraid I'm disturbing you," he stammered.

She shook her head politely. "Oh no. I'm going. I just stopped for a moment on my way home.

Marlowe looked heavenward through the drooping green. "Are you going on up immediately?" he asked, with a humble note of entreaty in his voice.

She struggled for gravity, gave up the effort, and laughed. "Very prettily said. I suspect you of poetry."

"I'm beginning to suspect myself of it."

"This should inspire you." She nodded comprehensively toward the view of the river and the far hills.

"It does." His eyes did not leave her face.

"You see they've cleared away the branches on the river side, but the boughs quite hide the platform everywhere else." She was making polite conversation.

"Do you believe in presentiments, Miss Robinson?" Marlowe asked abruptly.

The puzzled frown appeared again between the straight brows. "My name isn't Robinson."

"Ah! I inferred you had inherited the tree from the Swiss family of that name." He was recovering his self-possession. A glint of audacity crept into the wonder that flooded his eyes.

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"It isn't my tree. I only come here often. The villagers built the place."

"I'll give a fountain to that village—or a set of chimes, or a fire engine. Which would be most appreciated?"

She smiled. Her hand was on the railing, her foot on the top step of the rustic ladder.

"The chimes," she advised, looking back across her shoulder. "They can ring the brides to church. In the village, they call this 'The Courting Tree.'"

She was gone. He had sprung to help her, but too late, and she did not look around, though he swung himself down from the tree and watched her take the vagabond trail and disappear around the alder thicket. When the last flutter of white was lost, he climbed to the platform again, and for the first time looked out across the sunlit water to the far blue hills.

"Such a day! Such a sun! Such a river! Such a world! Such a girl!" He sighed a sigh of supreme content. Surely fate, having led him thus far, would not leave him in a blind alley. There would be a to-morrow.

At his feet lay an open-hearted pink rose, dropped as she went away with her armful of flowers. He picked it up and buried his nose in it.

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy, my boy! This is the adventure! And it smells of roses," he said gayly, and he gave himself up to dreams of the to-morrow.

Between to-day and to-morrow lay the night, and even for a poet and a lover a rustic bench was no satisfactory couch. "It's the pimpled thing for a lover to toss. They always do in books," reflected Marlowe, "and one really can't toss satisfactorily on this thing. I'll have to find a lodging."

The village which he had passed a mile back along the road was too far from the tree. There must be a farmhouse near. She had been somewhere for roses and was on her way home, and she had gone away down the path. Presumably the roses had come from the other direction. The logic wasn't unimpeachable, but it sounded reasonable. He would go on a still hunt for that rosebush.

And, going across the meadow, where only the bowed grass hinted at a path, and over the brow of a hill, he found the rosebush, a great climbing rosebush showering its blossoms over a little old white house which nestled in a hollow among gnarled fruit trees.

A rotund, motherly woman stood in the door. Would she take a lodger for the night—for a day or two? She eyed Marlowe shrewdly, studied his clothes, glanced at his wheel, and came back to his face.

Why, yes, she might, if her spare room would suit. Her tone implied that the man who would not be suited by her spare room must be an abandoned outcast.

And, on the whole, it was a very comfortable spare room, and the bed would have been very comfortable for a tossing lover if it had not tempted him straightway to quiet sleep.

When he wakened, sunshine and morning breeze and rose scent

"CAN I BE OF USE?" ASKED THE FAVORITE OF THE GODS.

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were invading the room, and it was the last of the three that made him scurry through his toilet and hasten downstairs all aflame with eagerness to meet his landlady. She was not beautiful. His ardor was not really for her; but was she not the owner of the rosebush? And wasn't it altogether probable that, being owner of the rosebush, she could tell him the name of the Rose Girl?

Mrs. Martin was in the kitchen, and when he found her there she temporarily diverted his attention with brook trout and waffles; but, in time, he came around to the matter of the rosebush. He would be diplomatic.

"Magnificent roses," he said in a casual, congratulatory tone.

She nodded indifferently. "Yes, there's always lots of blooms."

"It must be much admired."

"Oh, yes. Some folks sets consid'ble store by it."

"Do you ever sell the roses?"

"YOUR FATHER AND I WERE EXPELLED FROM SCHOOL TOGETHER IN 1868."

"Never had a chance. Anybody's welcome to them that wants them."

The conversation was getting warm.

"I should think your neighbors would jump at that opportunity. Don't they?"

"Don't know as they do. Roses ain't no rarity round here. Pa, this is Mr. Marlowe. He's going to stay with us a spell. Yes, I'll come right away."

She departed with Pa, and the Diplomat was left alone with his unsatisfied curiosity.

"What's in a name?" he quoted loftily. "I'll go forth and find her. It will be perfectly simple. Cupid awheel and the Fates steering. I can't miss Her. Now if I'd been in a car, I could never have taken the river path, and if I *could* have taken the river path, I'd have been past the tree and in the next county before I could grasp the fact that there was a dryad looking out through the branches. You can't catch these gentle woodland creatures in a motor car. Thank the Lord I went back to the lost art of biking!"

He tried the willow tree first. Deserted, lonely—a sad place. Then he went on to the highroad. She had gone that way, but when he came to the parting of the ways he stopped, irresolute. Did the home of the girl lie east or west?

"My-mother-told-me-to-take-this-one," he chanted gravely, with appropriate gesture. His mother's verdict led eastward, and he turned his face toward the morning sun.

As he journeyed, his heart sang, but his lips whistled. That they whistled "Bonbon Buddie" has nothing to do with the song his heart was singing. He had never made a specialty of roundelays suited for such adventure as this, but it was essential that he should make a joyous noise, and "Bonbon Buddie" was the first thing to hand. His melodious utterance was interrupted by a warning honk behind him.

There were still fools who rode in automobiles. Poor, begoggled, nerve-goaded maniacs who knew nothing of byways and dryads and roses. Out upon them!

The honk grew hysterical, but he pedaled serenely along the middle of the road. Let the car go into the ditch. Roads were made for bicycles and poets and lovers.

With a whir, a dust cloud, an evil smell, the car swept by him. The driver tossed him an uncomplimentary remark, but he was deaf to it. Out of the dust cloud a face had looked back at him, across a sloping shoulder. A halo of white chiffon surrounded the face, the shoulder was tweed clad, but there could be no mistake. The dryad had abandoned her willow tree and taken to motoring.

Involuntarily, Marlowe bent toward his handle bars, put all his energies into a mad spurt of speed, but the effort was sheer folly. The car was out of sight beyond the next hill before he had gone ten rods, and he gave himself up to inconsistent and fluent curses. Why in heaven's name had he ever bought a bicycle? It was a means of locomotion for babes and imbeciles. If he had been driving

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the car—And here he was fooling along on a decrepit, bedridden, two-wheeled snail. Whereupon, once more he cursed the inventor of the bicycle and his ancestors and progeny to the ninth or tenth generation.

Yet, drearily, he followed in the direction which the motor flight had indicated. At least She had passed that way. And as he reached the crest of the hill behind which his bright particular star had set, the sight that met his eyes all but extracted a yodel from his exultant throat.

At the foot of the hill was a motor car, motionless, inert, in which sat a figure, tweed clad, chiffon swathed, while a young man in elaborate motor garb pottered about in a manner obviously futile and incompetent. Marlowe coasted blithely down the long hill. The gods were good, and bicycling was a noble sport.

There was a flutter of recognition in the girl's eyes as he lifted his cap, but he did not claim acquaintance. Modesty is at times a virtue, and the possibility of necessary introduction to the other man might prove embarrassing.

"Can I be of use?" asked the favorite of the gods, politely.

The irate young gentleman in motor clothes cast a contemptuous glance at the man of the prehistoric wheel.

"Guess not," he said gloomily. "Something's busted. I don't know what. Suppose you don't know anything about a car?"

The inference seemed justifiable. Why should any man so far lost to the proprieties as to ride a bicycle have a speaking acquaintance with an automobile?

Marlowe took off his coat, and laid it on the car seat. "I'm the man that invented them," he said with a wide-spreading cheerfulness. "If you'll allow me I'll have a look. Where's your tool kit?"

Never before in the annals of motor history did a young man so blithely go down on his back in a dusty road and tinker with the vitals of a car. Never before was a spark plug handled so lovingly. Never before was a carburetor wooed so cajolingly. Never before did a radiator so flood a young man's soul with joy.

Having repaired the damage which had stalled the car, Marlowe went further and did a little damaging on his own account. A mean trick. He admitted as much to himself, but shamelessly. It wouldn't really harm the car, and all was fair in love and war.

When he emerged from under the car, hot and grimy, there was a wicked twinkle in his eyes, a smile of profound satisfaction on his lips. "She'll run now, but I don't know how far," he announced pleasantly. "You'd better get to a garage as soon as you can. The carburetor's on the blink, and the water joints are leaking, and there's some valve trouble. I'm rather afraid you'll be in difficulties again before you've run a mile."

The owner of the car looked distressed. The girl gave a little gasp of dismay.

"But we really must get home for luncheon, and you never can run the car back to Boston. You'll have to leave it in our stables and catch that three o'clock train from Bentonville. Father will send you over. There isn't any other train. You really have to be in Boston to-night?"

"Yes—toastmaster at that blamed dinner, you know."

"I really can't see why you didn't bring your chauffeur down."

The girl spoke with a tinge of irritation. The man from Boston offered no audible explanation. He only looked at her; but Marlowe as well as the girl read in that look the reason why the chauffeur had been left in Boston.

Marlowe felt a twinge of sympathy for the man, but the girl was relentless. Women are seldom merciful to masculine incompetence.

"We can't possibly get home in time for you to catch the train if the car is going to stick in the road and you don't know anything about fixing it. We might get a horse somewhere, I suppose."

Marlowe plunged hastily into the breach. A horse had not been included in his calculations.

"If it weren't for seeming intrusive, I'd suggest that I might drive you home. Then if anything went wrong I might patch it up."

"Oh, do."

The girl's tone was urgent. The man added a somewhat surly, "Awfully good of you."

"Not at all. Not at all."

Marlowe's spirits were reaching the effervescent point, but by desperate effort he kept his jubilation out of his voice.

The bicycle was loaded into the car. The man from Boston climbed in beside the girl. Marlowe took the wheel. What if his back was turned upon the couple? Boston was a far country, and the house of the rosebush was in the midst of this pleasant land. The

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car ran shiveringly, jerkily After five miles of struggle it stopped. Marlowe applied first aid. Who should know what it needed so well as he who had crippled it?

After that, all went well. In time they reached the point in the road where the river path started on its wandering career. Marlowe glanced back at the girl. She did not meet his eyes, but a blush stole into her cheeks. Across the long, covered bridge they rumbled —the girl directing—down the farther side of the river bank, up a little hill, in at open gates.

The car came to a stop beside a wide, pillared veranda, and a portly, white-haired man came forward to greet the party.

"We had a breakdown, Daddy. This gentleman played good Samaritan. My father, Judge Wallace."

She hesitated for an instant.

"My name is Marlowe, sir. I am delighted to have been of use."

"Marlowe? Marlowe? A New York Marlowe? Not by any chance a relative of Robert Marlowe?"

"He's my father."

The judge held out both hands.

"Why, God bless my soul! Your father and I were expelled from school together in 1868. I haven't seen him in fifteen years. Come in, my boy, come in. You'll have luncheon with us. Where are you staying?"

"At the house of the pink roses," answered Marlowe gravely.

The judge looked bewildered.

"He must mean Mrs. Martin's, Daddy." She was blushing again.

Luncheon was a meal of mixed emotions as well as of various edibles. The girl was quiet, the man from Boston was distinctly sulky, the judge was genially reminiscent, Marlowe was blissful. He had always admired his father. Now he revered him. That the old gentleman should have had the heavenly foresight to be expelled from school with her father! Oh, it was too good. This luck really couldn't hold. He must make it count while it lasted.

And he did.

The man from Boston, still sulking, was driven off to his train. The judge composed himself for a siesta.

"I'll show you my garden," said the girl invitingly, and Marlowe followed her into a tangled wilderness of bloom.

The afternoon was waning when they came out of the Enchanted Land. There was shyness in the eyes of the girl and courage on the lips of the man.

"Only twenty-four hours," she said softly, half in protest, half in wonder.

"Since the beginning of the world," Marlowe asserted stoutly.

"You *are* a poet. They do such things, those mad poets." She jested, but her eyes were very sweet.

"I'm also a competent mechanic. It's a combination to be trusted."

A ripple of laughter swept over her face. "What *did* you do to that poor car?"

"I made it an instrument of Destiny."

"Poor Jim," sighed the girl.

And by the light of reason, Marlowe understood that "Jim" was the man from Boston.

The sun sank low in the west, the shadows fell long across the grass.

"Come," said the poet, "the shadows are showing the way."

And the two went down across the meadows and along the vagabond trail to the Courting Tree.

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JABED MEEKER, HUMORIST

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Drawings by Horace Taylor

TWAIN? Oh, yes, I've *heard* Mark Twain—
Heard him down to Pleasant Plain;
Funny? Yes, I guess so. Folks
Seemed to laugh loud at his jokes—
Laughed to beat the band; but I
Couldn't rightly make out *why*.
Guess his humor ain't *re*fined
Quite enough to suit my mind.
Mark's all right—right clever speaker—
But he can't *touch* Jabed Meeker;
And one thing that makes it queer
Is that Jabed lives right here.

You ain't met him? Son, you've missed
The most funniest humorist
I've met with in my born days—
Funniest *talker*, anyways,
When it comes to repartee—
That's the humor catches me!

Like a speciment? Huh! Well,
Take, for instance, his umbrell;
Wouldn't think, until he spoke,
He could turn *that* to a joke;
Mark Twain couldn't, bet you that!
That's where Meeker beats Mark flat!

Just imagine three or four
Fellers in Jim Beemer's store—
'Long comes Meeker, and some feller
Says, "See Meeker's bum umbreller."
Quick as lightning Meeker 'd yell:
"Don't you guy my *bum*berell!
Where's the feller dares to hoot
At this sping-spang *bumbershoot?*
Show me some one dares to call
Bad names at my *bumbersoll!*"
Right like that! Right off the reel!
Say, you'd ought to heard us squeal!
Then, before we'd got our breath,
Meeker, solemn sad as death,
Says: "Stand up there 'gainst that wall,
Para-bumber-shooter-soll!"

Twain? All right! But just give *me*
Some one slick at repartee!

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The Cost of the Wall Street Game

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—There must be a Wall Street in which the country's enterprises are financed. There must be a national mart for the sale and exchange of stocks and bonds. Our campaign is not directed against legitimate dealings in securities, but against the unfair manipulation of stock-market prices. Brokers have a legitimate function in finance. We do not antagonize honest brokerage. Our campaign is directed against the abuses of brokerage from which the public has suffered severe loss. Above all, we hope to convince the victims of the margin-gambling craze, so widespread in America, that the mere costs of "The Game" eat up its promise of profit, and that the quest of "easy money" from Wall Street is delusive. This we can best accomplish by informing those who gamble of the odds against them.

THE best view of the external activities of the Wall Street district is obtained from the steps of the United States Subtreasury building. The spectator who stands where George Washington delivered his inaugural address commands a sweeping view of Wall and Broad streets, and a turn of his head reveals the towering grandeur of structures which make of Nassau Street an architectural canyon. From the roof of the Hanover Bank building the radiating streets seem filled with ants, stirred to an extreme pitch of anger and excitement.

Directly ahead is a building distinguished by a classic beauty that invariably charms the more intelligent observers of this scene. The New York Stock Exchange is one of the comparatively few structures in the metropolis which can lay valid claim to artistic excellence. It suffers little by comparison with such admitted high types as the Bank of England and the Bourse of Paris. The eye is held by the perspective of the huge granite columns which support an allegorical group, deftly fashioned by the sculptor's chisel in figures of Titanic proportions.

The interior graces are in harmony with the superb *façade*. The huge trading hall is a dream in marble, bronze, and carved and polished woods of exquisite grades. From basement to roof money has been lavished in a successful attempt to install every luxury, comfort, convenience, and mechanical accessory at the gift of modern art or skill.

The New York Stock Exchange pays taxes on $4,990,000. Competent experts value its property at not less than $6,000,000.

Students of these articles should keep in mind the fact that the New York Stock Exchange, and all other exchanges which will later be mentioned, depend absolutely on the patronage of the public for their perpetuity and prosperity. They are as distinctly private enterprises as are department stores, and their greatest asset is the confidence of their patrons. Unless orders for the purchase and sale of stocks and bonds continue to pour in, the investment of millions in the New York Stock Exchange will be seriously menaced. Our inquiry at the present time concerns "the cost of the Wall Street Game"; and the first item is an estimate of the value of the various buildings used by the exchanges.

The public hears much of Wall Street, but little of Beaver Street. The New York Stock Exchange has a side entrance on Wall Street, but really belongs to Broad Street. Wall Street, indeed, cannot boast of a speculative exchange building; Beaver has four such buildings—the New York Produce Exchange, the New York Cotton Exchange, the New York Coffee Exchange, and the New York Consolidated Exchange.

The massive red-brick structure owned by the New York Produce Exchange is one of the conspicuous sights from the water front.

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Its huge, square tower and impressive quadrangle always command the admiration of the stranger. This piece of property is assessed at $4,000,000, and real estate experts add another million as its actual value. The New York Cotton Exchange building is assessed at $960,000, the Coffee Exchange at $525,000, and the Consolidated Stock Exchange at an even million.

It is conservative to place the real selling value of the five exchanges mentioned at $14,000,000. Let me again state that this value must be maintained by those who patronize these various institutions. It is true that all of this property may be diverted for other purposes, but no such change will be made so long as speculation in stocks and commodities makes its employment profitable.

It will be admitted that fourteen million dollars is a considerable real-estate investment in an enterprise which caters almost entirely to the speculative instincts of a community or even a nation. It would finance a score of great manufacturing enterprises and turn out a vast product of useful commodities. But this item of fourteen millions is of small consequence in the total. Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco, and other cities have speculative exchanges which swell this single asset to at least twenty-five millions.

THE VALUES OF MEMBERSHIPS

In estimating the actual value of the plant of speculative exchanges, we must include the price at which the members hold their exclusive trading privileges. These members act as the agents of outsiders who wish to deal in stocks or commodities. It is not in dispute that at least ninety-five per cent. of all transactions are purely speculative; in harsher terms, gambling risks. Therefore, the value of a membership ticket on an exchange is largely fixed by the extent of the public desire for gambling. These tickets are franchises, the values of which rise and fall just in proportion to the lust for gambling-gain on the part of the public. The value of these memberships therefore becomes a part of the capitalization of speculation, on every dollar of which the public must pay dividends in the form of commissions.

There are 1,100 members on the New York Stock Exchange. The value of the seats has fluctuated with much irregularity, but always in exact proportion to the patronage of the speculative public. In 1879 the price of a seat was $9,000; it rose to $20,000 in 1881, and to $37,000 in 1883. The panic of 1893 so disheartened the "lambs" that the price of membership franchises declined to $15,250, but the boom of 1901 sent them up to $66,000, and the climax of stock gambling in 1906 fixed the top price of $95,000. The slaughter of the innocents in the last eighteen months has depressed the value of these tickets, but it is fair to place them at $80,000 at the present time. A boom will send them to $100,000.

AND WHY THEY VARY

This conservative price of $80,000 for the privilege of receiving commissions from outsiders indicates that the collective value of the eleven hundred memberships on the New York Stock Exchange is $88,000,000. In 1906 it reached the tidy sum of $104,500,000, but $88,000,000 will serve for the purposes of this inquiry.

On the New York Consolidated Exchange there are 1,225 members. In 1906 tickets of membership had a value of $2,500. The present depleted condition of the pockets of the speculative public has seriously impaired the price of these franchises, but it is just to say that under normal conditions they are in demand at $2,000. This yields an item of $2,450,000.

The New York Cotton Exchange numbers 450 members. In recent years these privileges have ranged from $10,000 to $23,000, and it is just to place each of them at $18,000, making a total for the collective franchise of $8,100,000. Bear in mind that all such prices are established by the comparative zeal of the public to make money by gambling in cotton. Forbid such risks and these membership tickets would not be worth $100 each.

The New York Coffee Exchange has the modest number of 323 members. In recent years the value of seats has ranged from $1,500 to $4,300, and we will take $3,500 as the normal figure. This constitutes an item of $1,130,500.

The New York Produce Exchange has at present 2,260 members, and seats have recently commanded $425; but under normal conditions twice this price can readily be obtained. It is fair to place an estimate of

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$2,000,000 on the membership franchise of this great exchange.

This interesting study is worthy of a recapitulation, which thus indicates the conservative value of the membership tickets on the leading exchanges of New York City:

N. Y. Stock Exchange	$88,000,000
N. Y. Cotton Exchange	8,100,000
N. Y. Consolidated Exchange	2,450,000
N. Y. Coffee Exchange	1,130,500
N. Y. Produce Exchange	2,000,000
Total	$101,680,500

The reader should again be reminded that every new recruit to speculation adds to the value of these franchises, and, conversely, every broken or reformed patron who withdraws thereby decreases this total.

On the Chicago Board of Trade there are 2,000 members. The present price of tickets is about $2,600, but no critic can complain if $3,000 be quoted as the normal, making an item of $6,000,000. Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, and other large cities swell the total by a sum conservatively estimated at $15,000,000, giving us a national total certainly in excess of $120,000,000. We had an original item of $25,000,000 as the cost of the buildings, and consequently find a grand total of $145,000,000 for speculative plants and franchises.

It should not be necessary to make any argument to prove that the speculative public long since parted with the $25,000,000 used in the construction of these palatial buildings. The annual statements of the various exchanges indicate that the yearly cost of operation and maintenance is about ten per cent. of the value of the properties, this constituting a modest item of $2,500,000 annually, which the public contributes directly and indirectly in the form of commissions and interest charges.

However, an item of $2,500,000 is a trifle in the total of the cost of the Wall Street Game.

We have only started to calculate the expense of keeping speculation in operation. The beautiful buildings mentioned are merely the meeting places of the members. In these splendid halls they buy and sell—or go through the forms of buying and selling—the stocks, bonds, or commodities upon which their customers have advanced margins. Exchange members have their offices elsewhere. They have to pay rent for these offices, meet the salaries of their employees, defray taxes, insurance, legal fees, private wires, and innumerable other items.

For all of these expenses the broker must look to his customers. He must receive enough in commissions to meet his running expenses. All in excess of this constitutes his profit. It is the same as any other business. The owner of a store fixes prices so that the patron pays an excess which will meet rent, salaries, etc., and leave him a profit just in proportion to the total amount of the purchases.

Unless there were a large margin of profit over expenses, seats on the New York Stock Exchange would not command from $75,000 to $95,000. It is not in dispute that most brokerage firms find the business extremely profitable. The commissions paid to them are sufficient in volume to defray the enormous expenses of operation and leave incomes which create millionaires. Every dollar in the total of their expenses must be, and is, supplied by their patrons—they have no other source of revenue; therefore we have no alternative other than to charge their expenses against the cost of the Wall Street Game.

THE MACHINERY OF SPECULATION

Surrounding the various New York exchanges is a group of the largest and most expensive buildings in the world. These huge and ornate structures are largely occupied by firms and individuals more or less connected and identified with speculation. There are hundreds of brokerage and commission firms equipped with luxurious apartments, some of them utilizing entire floors. These concerns pay from $2,500 to $100,000 annually in rent, and they look not in vain to their patrons to reimburse them for this outlay.

There are hundreds of lawyers whose chief business is to protect the interests of speculative operations and manipulations and to conduct the litigation growing out of them. There are scores of branch offices of railroads and corporations with speculative Wall Street interests to conserve. There are telegraph, telephone, and cable companies which transact enormous business in the transmission of gambling orders. There are concerns which have millions invested in tickers and other instruments for the speedy conveying of the news from the floors where manipulated quotations are made.

There are daily newspapers, weekly and

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monthly publications and syndicates which supply statistics and information covering these operations. There are promoters, specialists in stocks, expert accountants, advertising agents, and others in occupations too numerous to specify, all of whom act as parasites on parasites, and the total bill for whose services is eventually settled by the man who imagines that he can pay for everything and still beat the game.

There must also be included scores of powerful banks and trust companies which are closely identified with speculation. Within the Wall Street district are more than one hundred private banks, many of which would have no excuse for existence were speculation forbidden. All of these occupy expensive space in these great buildings.

We have reached a day when no man whose judgment is worth considering will deny that there exists a close alliance between the great insurance companies and speculative Wall Street. It is therefore fair to include a portion of their investment in buildings as a part of the total which must be maintained by those who patronize the gambling features of this game.

WHO PAID FOR THE SKYSCRAPERS?

I take it that no effective denial can be entered against the assertion that many of the superb buildings which are massed in the Wall Street district are largely devoted to housing concerns which draw their revenue from the speculative public. This same public partially paid for their erection—it continues to contribute the funds which make such investments profitable.

The reader will be appalled by the facts I am about to cite and the unanswerable proof I am about to submit:

It is not alleged that what is known as the Wall Street district is entirely devoted to the purposes of speculation. It includes hundreds, and possibly thousands, of firms which have no direct concern with the various exchanges; but it is possible to arrive at a reasonably close approximation to the total paid by those who defray the cost of the Wall Street Game.

The tax books of New York City show that the Wall Street district is assessed at a figure between $200,000,000 and $300,000,000, the exact amount being dependent on what may properly be included in the term, "Wall Street district." Within the most reasonable boundaries for this district must be included property worth at least the former figure; and it may be assumed that the real selling value is at least twenty per cent. in excess of that assessed against the owners.

Students of the cost of the Wall Street game will be interested in examining the assessed valuation of some of the buildings which house their brokers, most of which structures derive a large part of their revenues from concerns and individuals that serve the gambling proclivities of the American public. Bear in mind that the figures quoted give the valuations assessed against these properties on the tax books, and that the actual selling value is much in excess of this. Here are some of the buildings which are massed about the New York Stock Exchange, and which depend largely on the activities of that and kindred institutions for their revenues:

Buildings	*Assessed Valuations*
Manhattan Life Insurance	$4,050,000
Union Trust Company	2,610,000
Blair Building	1,835,000
Broadway Realty Company	3,700,000
Washington Building	2,000,000
Empire Building	4,000,000
Forty-two Broadway Building	3,650,000
Exchange Court Building	3,225,000
Down Town Building Company	1,925,000
W. W. Smith Building	1,900,000
Wicks Building	1,850,000
Commercial Cable Building	1,900,000
Johnston Building	2,600,000
Broad Exchange Building	5,000,000
Lord's Court Building	2,450,000
Mills Building	4,100,000
Drexel Building	2,175,000
Lands Purchase Building	2,200,000
United States Trust Company	1,275,000
Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.	2,900,000
National City Bank	4,000,000
Sixty Wall Street	1,930,000
Bank of New York	1,040,000
Bank of America	1,425,000
Manhattan Company Bank	2,675,000
Gallatin National Bank	1,070,000
Fourth National Bank	1,120,000
United Bank Building	2,235,000
American Surety Company	2,250,000
Hanover National Bank	3,100,000
Stevens Building	1,620,000
J. J. Astor Building	2,180,000
Equitable Life Assurance Building	11,700,000
American Exchange National Bank	1,300,000
Mutual Life Insurance Company	1,700,000
Provident Savings Life	2,215,000
National Bank of Commerce	2,830,000
Trinity Building	6,475,000
U. S. Realty Building	5,375,000
Title Insurance Company	1,800,000
Washington Life	2,665,000
U. S. Express Realty Building	3,000,000

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Cortlandt Building	$3,300,000
Singer Building	5,225,000
City Investing Building	4,300,000
Havemeyer Building	1,850,000
Broadway Realty Company	2,550,000
Total	$136,275,000

Smaller buildings, largely devoted to the accommodation of individuals and firms engaged in the activities growing out of speculation, certainly will increase this total to $225,000,000. *It is ultra-conservative to assert that one third of this capitalization is employed in catering to speculative enterprises and employments.* This constitutes an item of $75,000,000 for New York City alone, and the nation will swell this to $100,000,000 and more.

We have taken no account of the cost of the fixtures in these thousands of offices; neither has mention been made of many other items which properly belong in this calculation. The total amount of fixed capital invested in the speculative game in the United States is approximately indicated in the following table:

Invested in Exchange Buildings	$25,000,000
Value of Membership Tickets	100,000,000
Invested in Office Buildings	100,000,000
Fixtures and Incidentals	25,000,000
Total	$250,000,000

These figures, significant as they are, fail to indicate the leading item of expense which must be met by those who buy and sell stocks and commodities on margins and pay commissions on them. Thus far we have considered only the investment in the structure, the plant of speculation. This plant must be operated, and the public must also pay every dollar of the expense of operation.

Let us take a single instance for the purpose of making this matter clear. Smith, let us say, decides to aid the public in its passion to get rich by speculation. Smith first pays $80,000 for a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. He also buys seats on various other exchanges, an item of perhaps $30,000 more. A capitalist must supply a magnificent building in which he can rent quarters. He must have branch offices in other cities, and must furnish his main office and all the branches in comfort and even luxury. He must maintain effective forces of employees in all these places, must have a private wire service, must entertain customers, and—mark this—*must derive sufficient revenue from his patrons to cover all this outlay before he can expect to derive a dollar in actual profit.*

True it is—as has been explained in former articles in this series—the broker may win or lose money in personal speculation; but the moment he does this he steps outside the legitimate function of his profession. It is a matter of grewsome record that ninety per cent. of all large houses that have failed can trace their downfall to the fact that the broker played against his own game.

In normal times a brokerage house or an individual of standing can easily meet all the enormous demands of legitimate expense and still retain handsome profits, the customers paying the total of expenses and profits.

A POST MORTEM EXAMINATION

Fortunately for the purposes of this investigation, conclusive data are available showing the monthly and annual expenses of the more important class of brokerage firms in New York City. It is not to be expected that a live firm will open its books and display its secrets to the gaze of the searcher for the truth, but in recent months two concerns of national reputation have passed from the scene of Wall Street activity, and I have been permitted to make a *post mortem* examination of the remains.

I refer to the defunct firms of A. O. Brown & Company, also to T. A. McIntyre & Company. Neither of these concerns failed because of lack of business. Both went under because their principals were not content with the sure returns from customers' commissions and wandered into the dangerous fields of personal speculation and "high finance." It is only fair to state that the business methods of A. O. Brown & Company were marked by an extravagance which at times bordered on recklessness; but this does not account for their failure.

To those who still think that they can pay the enormous expenses of Wall Street speculation and retain a profit through their luck or judgment, I commend an earnest study of the exhibits about to be made. Let me remind the reader that less than ten per cent. of Wall Street brokerage firms fail. The remaining ninety per cent. have no difficulty in meeting all the expenses of operation and net millions annually in profits. And practically *every dollar comes from the gambling public.*

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Let us see how much the public has to pay for the expense of operating two typical brokerage houses:

The books of the bankrupt firms of A. O. Brown & Company and of T. A. McIntyre & Company are now in the possession of Suffern & Son, expert accountants of the highest standing. By permission of the receivers of these firms, the accountants were authorized to supply to the writer the data which are now given, and the figures were obtained after an exhaustive examination of the books and records of these corporations. There is no guesswork about these statistics. They are cold facts, and should be clipped from these pages and constantly referred to by all readers who are likely to be tempted to contribute to the future cost of the Wall Street Game.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR SALARIES

In its last year of operation, the firm of A. O. Brown & Company included on its payroll about three hundred employees. At times the number exceeded this, but the average was near the figure given. This concern operated a main office in the heart of the Wall Street district, and had seven branch offices in the metropolis. It also maintained twenty-five branch offices scattered over that part of the United States east of the Mississippi. Three of the managers in these branch offices were in receipt of salaries of $10,000 annually, payment of the same being based on their ability to secure customers able and willing to bet against Wall Street quotations. The reader who is solicited to back his judgment against the market should reflect that possibly his adviser is in receipt of $10,000 for proffering such advice.

The books of A. O. Brown & Company reveal expenses for the last year of operation of the main office in the Johnston Building as follows:

Salaries	$136,367.88
Wire Account	57,102.87
Rent	24,624.97
Stock Account	6,905.74
Sundry Expenses	119,605.88
Incidentals	2,128.00
Christmas Fund	2,482.50
Total	$349,217.84

This expense of more than $1,000 a day was incurred by the main office of a single brokerage firm in New York City. The receipts from commissions paid by customers was more than sufficient to meet this tremendous outlay. The mere statement of this fact is more conclusive than any argument or invective in proving to the customer the magnitude of the "kitty" he has to feed before he can hope for gain from his transactions.

The firm conducted a modernized branch office in the Plaza Hotel. The annual expenses of this establishment are thus shown:

Salaries	$12,476.45
Rent	16,970.55
Advertising	100.00
Entertaining	802.40
Sundry Expenses	13,965.95
Total	$44,315.35

The Waldorf branch entailed an annual expense of $49,632.44; the Twenty-fifth Street branch was run at an expense of $23,267.31; and the Forty-fourth Street branch added a modest item of $26,805.04 to the total. A branch in the Flatiron Building was conducted at a cost of $16,581.21, one in the Hotel Marie Antoinette at $5,537.56, and we find "West End" charged with $381.11.

The extent of the operations of a modern Wall Street stock-brokerage firm is indicated in a study of the out-of-town branch offices of A. O. Brown & Company. Its annual expenses are thus indicated:

Syracuse	$ 1,955.97
Erie	11,011.97
Troy	3,729.79
Chicago	47,772.46
"	29,400.63
Clarksville	487.00
Cincinnati	8,048.81
Detroit	17,016.01
Toledo	1,300.00
Hartford	2,966.34
Williamsport	1,610.69
Dayton	2,424.58
Montreal	10,746.85
Scranton	1,963.41
Schenectady	1,775.73
Buffalo	10,022.12
St. Louis	9,664.02
Utica	8,529.86
Wilkes-Barre	1,616.01
Atlantic City	2,270.37
Washington	8,262.42
Paterson	8,011.00
Glens Falls	1,595.34
Toronto	14,907.90
Saratoga	1,024.01
Ottawa	2,293.43
Long Beach	169.00

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Columbus	$5,018.23
Trenton	1,709.18
York	759.98
Reading	4,018.33

Thus we find that the various branches in New York and elsewhere were conducted at an annual expense of $433,664.36. Adding this to the item of $349,217.84 for the main office, we obtain *a grand total for one year's operation of the firm of A. O. Brown & Company of* $782,882.20!

A WONDERFUL "KITTY"

Did you pay any of this? Every dollar of it was contributed by customers in the form of commissions or interest charges. Some of them may have made money in the operation, but any person possessed of ordinary reasoning faculties will be able to arrive at the conclusion that this is a "kitty" with a most wonderful absorbing capacity.

It is not a valid argument to state that A. O. Brown & Company were extravagant. It matters not how they spent their money or squandered their profits. The pertinent fact remains that they were able to conduct business even under this load, and the further fact obtrudes that their "managers" were able to enlist the patronage of a supply of lambs in sufficient numbers and weight of wool to defray this annual outlay of nearly $800,000!

The affairs of T. A. McIntyre & Company were conducted on a more modest scale, and a survey of their books yields a more just basis of comparison in determining the cost of the Wall Street Game. This concern was operated with a main New York office and fifteen branches, some of them in the metropolis. Most stock-exchange firms of consequence have such feeders to their establishments.

RECORD OF T. A. MCINTYRE & CO.

The work on the books of T. A. McIntyre & Company has not progressed to a point where a detailed report of their annual expenses can be given, but the total will range between $400,000 and $450,000. I am indebted to Suffern & Son for this showing for a sample month in the affairs of T. A. McIntyre & Company:

	Home Office	*Branch Offices*
Rent	$1,291.66	$2,738.35
Salaries	11,627.59	8,230.60
Private Telegraph Wires	$1,369.66	$1,198.47
Telephones, Booths, etc.	329.05	324.80
Tickers	352.00	819.74
Advertising	413.57	191.78
Stock and Cotton Commissions	3,700.00	
Sundry Expenses	2,672.80	1,756.94
Totals	$21,756.33	$15,260.68

From the above we learn that the expenses for one month for the main office and the fifteen branches conducted by T. A. McIntyre & Company were $37,017.01. Maintained for a year, this would reach about $444,000, and this figure may be accepted as sufficiently accurate. The slight charge for sundry expenses is in striking contrast to that of A. O. Brown & Company, which concern averaged nearly $10,000 a month for that item alone.

EXPENSES OF STOCKBROKERS

We must now leave the field of absolutely known facts and endeavor to ascertain the approximate total expense annually incurred by all the stock and commission brokers of New York City and defrayed by their customers.

Reference to the "Bankers' and Brokers' Directory" of the metropolis indicates that there are about 975 firms and individuals conducting a stock-brokerage business. In addition to these there are long lists of cotton, coffee, and commission firms. The editor of a responsible Wall Street paper estimates the total number of brokerage and commission firms at not less than fifteen hundred. Other authorities place the figure higher, but we will accept the estimate named.

There are not less than one hundred stock-brokerage firms which are under an annual expense of from $200,000 to $500,000, and two or three which probably exceed this under normal market conditions. The decided speculative depression prevailing at this writing has resulted in a curtailment of forces and the paring down of expenses to the core, but it is only fair to seek the results of average activity. It is conservative to assert that the one hundred leading Wall Street concerns, with their branches, require an average annual expense fund of $250,000 each. This is much less than one third of that employed by A. O. Brown & Company, and not much more than half of that expended by T. A. McIntyre & Company, but

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it constitutes an annual outlay of $25,000,000 for the hundred high-class firms whose names are familiar to the speculative public.

AN ITEM OF $100,000,000

In the second division there are probably one hundred concerns which do business at an annual average expense of $75,000. It is impossible to make any showing of consequence on less than this amount. My figures are unquestionably too low, but I prefer to err on the side of conservative statement. This second division sets aside $7,500,000 in annual expenses.

There surely are four hundred concerns in the Wall Street district, inclusive of cotton, coffee, grain, and produce firms, which have to meet yearly expenses of $50,000 each. This really is the minimum for a firm which makes any pretense of being in the game. It does not much exceed the expense of maintaining a first-class branch office in a second-class city, yet it constitutes a total of $20,000,000 for the four hundred firms included in this third division.

Of the remaining firms we will estimate that 400 exist on an annual expense averaging $25,000, and that the last division of 500 manages to struggle along on $15,000 each. This gives items, respectively, of $10,000,000 and $7,500,000. We thus have an indicated total of $70,000,000 for the 1,500 brokerage and commission firms of New York City, based on an average expense account of less than $47,000.

No reasonable basis of estimate can reduce this item of $70,000,000 for the firms directly engaged in handling speculative orders on a commission basis. They first look to the gambling public for this vast sum, later to the same prolific source for their profits. Most of this is paid out in salaries and wages to an army of employees estimated at from 30,000 to 45,000.

If the operating expense of the speculative game in New York City alone be placed at $70,000,000, it will be conservative to increase the amount to $100,000,000 for the entire United States. Boston has an active Stock Exchange and more than two hundred recognized firms. Philadelphia has as many more. Baltimore supports seventy-seven stockbrokers. Chicago has its own Stock Exchange, but its importance is overshadowed by the vast transactions in grain on its famous Board of Trade. LaSalle Street is the Wall Street of the metropolis of the Middle West, and in and about it are the offices of hundreds of brokers, many of whom do an enormous speculative business. Hundreds of millions are wagered by the public on the fluctuations of wheat and corn, and an unceasing toll in the form of commissions pours into the hands of those brokers who are members of the Board.

There is no escape from the conclusion, my speculative friend, that you and your fellows who dabble in stocks, wheat, corn, cotton, coffee, and other securities and staples, must first pay to your brokers a sum not less than $100,000,000 each year so that they may keep their offices open. Who else is to pay it? Deny that perquisite to them and you will find their houses closed. You always have paid it, you are now paying it, and you will continue to pay the costs of the Wall and LaSalle Street games as long as they continue. The only satisfaction you have is that your money keeps an army of probably 80,000 at "work" in the useless employment of soliciting, recording, and executing your gambling orders.

MORE BILLS FOR THE "LAMB"

We have thus far considered two of the money-spending functions exercised by that portion of the public which seeks wealth through speculation. First, we found that these patrons of the game give to the various exchanges, to membership tickets, and to office buildings an established value of not less than $250,000,000, most of which will disappear with the forced or voluntary withdrawal of their support. We also find that this same speculative public cheerfully submits to an annual tax of not less than $100,000,000 for the purpose of subsidizing brokers by paying their operating expenses.

Our friends who dabble in stocks have yet two other bills to settle before they can expect profits on their luck or judgment. In order to maintain at least a pretense of legality, there must be an "actual" transfer of all stocks and commodities speculated in. The broker must acquire nominal possession of something which represents stocks, cotton, grain, or coffee. To do this he must borrow money from the banks, or borrow stocks or warehouse receipts from those who have them to lend. In either instance he charges interest against his speculative customer.

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The president of one of the leading banks of New York City informs me that the brokers of the various exchanges of the metropolis have outstanding an average amount of about $600,000,000 in call loans, all of which vast sum is used to finance the orders of their customers. In dull times the minimum falls as low as $350,000,000, but there have been periods of speculative activity when $1,100,000,000 has thus been employed. The interest rate charged constantly varies, but those who have had dealings with brokers will testify that their accounts have rarely indicated less than five per cent. interest.

CREATION OF MILLIONAIRES

For all of the exchanges in the United States the amount of money tied up in speculation will not average less than $800,000,000. A five per cent. interest charge against this amount costs the patrons of the brokers the tidy annual sum of $40,000,000. We have already determined that the annual expense of maintaining the brokerage and commission houses is $70,000,000 for New York City and $100,000,000 for the United States; therefore we find that the banks increase the load which our speculative friends must shoulder to the picturesque total of $140,000,000—and we have not yet paid our brokers a penny of profits.

The total of the profits accruing to the two thousand or more brokerage and commission houses of the nation must remain a matter of conjecture, but I submit a conservative estimate framed from conclusions which are endorsed by experts who have made a close study of this question.

The brokerage business has done its full share in filling the roster of American millionaires. For every man who has made a fortune by speculation, Bradstreet gives the ratings of fifty men who have handled orders on commission. It is a matter beyond dispute that the business is enormously profitable. The mere fact that a membership on the New York Stock Exchange is worth $80,000 is ample proof of this statement.

In 1905 and 1906, when the speculative boom was at its height, and when it was not uncommon to witness transactions of from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 shares of stock a day on the New York Stock Exchange, there were a number of large concerns which netted daily profits of from $2,000 to $10,000. Despite the extravagance of A. O. Brown & Company, there were days in which their profits neared the four-thousand mark, and practically all of such profits were made from commissions paid by customers.

There are a score of Wall Street houses that make from $150,000 to $300,000 annually in years not marked by lessened speculation due to financial and industrial depression. There are hundreds of other houses that are disappointed with returns which fall below such figures as $125,000, $100,000, and $75,000. It seems reasonable to assume that there are two thousand speculative firms in the United States with an average net income of $20,000 each. Every consideration tends to prove that this is an ultra-conservative statement, yet it implies that our speculative friends must dig down into their pockets for another $40,000,000 before they can hope to extract dividends from the quotations which are manufactured for them on the various exchanges.

The approximate annual cost of the speculative game to those who patronize brokers and commission men in the United States is thus indicated in this recapitulation:

Operating Expenses of Speculative Firms	$100,000,000
Profits to such Firms from Commissions Paid by Customers	40,000,000
Paid by Customers to Banks on Interest Account	40,000,000
Cost of the Game	$180,000,000

Let there be no misapprehension concerning the nature of that total of $180,000,000. It does not imply that this is the gross amount of loss sustained by those who speculate in Wall Street and elsewhere. It has nothing to do with that. This $180,000,000 is a fairly accurate statement of the size of "the kitty." It is the subsidy contributed by the public for the privilege of gambling in stocks and bonds. It is about the amount all of them would lose if the game were conducted perfectly fairly, and if no professional gamblers were admitted to seats at the table, dealing from cold decks and playing with marked cards.

This minimum of loss presupposes that no such thing as a manipulated market ever exists. It takes no account of all the devious tricks of the game; it ignores the well-known fact that hundreds of concerns of pretended respectability actually are bucket shops; it assumes an ideal condition of square specu-

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lative gambling which never has existed and which never will exist.

AMOUNT OF THE REAL LOSSES

If readers wish to know what our speculative friends really lose in a normal year, they will arrive at a not exaggerated estimate by multiplying $180,000,000 by three, and then adding a bonus for good measure—but a consideration of the methods by which this result is obtained is not within the scope of this branch of the subject.

The official records of the New York Stock Exchange show that about 196,000,000 shares of stock were traded in last year. These figures are not reliable as forming a basis for an accurate estimate. Many of them are records of matched orders, or "wash-sales," as they are called, made for the purpose of bringing about fictitious advances or declines.

On the 196,000,000 shares recorded last year on the New York Stock Exchange, there should have accrued to brokers a commission of twenty-five cents each—twelve and one-half cents for sales and the same amount for purchases—making a commission charge of $49,000,000 for one of New York's five Exchanges. The Consolidated Exchange does an enormous business, and its members receive their toll of millions. Accurate figures are not obtainable from the commodity exchanges, and I have not at hand the reports from the stock exchanges of other cities, but the commissions for the nation constitute an item surely in excess of $140,000,000, and interest charges increase this to $180,000,000 or more.

This marshaling of facts and statement of inevitable deductions must not be construed by the reader as an attack on the legitimate functions of stock and commodity exchanges. It is intended as a partial exposure of evils which have developed to such an extent that they overshadow the useful and honorable utilities of these great and necessary institutions.

The abolition of lotteries, the legal restraints which have been imposed on race-track gambling, the aroused moral sense which has placed a ban on games of chance and which has decreed that those on both sides of the green cloth are lawbreakers—these and other established reforms have tended to divert the passion for gains won by taking risks to the one channel which remains, viz: gambling in the fluctuations of securities.

The New York Stock Exchange was founded for a high and honorable purpose. The same is true of the New York Produce Exchange, the Chicago Board of Trade, and other institutions for coöperative trading and the determination of values in accordance with recognized codes of business and in conformity with the laws of supply and demand. Such exchanges serve admirably the producer and the merchant. They have a valid function to the investor in railroad and corporation securities, and are indispensable in facilitating the massing and distribution of capital required by large commercial enterprises. They have performed a vast and creditable part in the development of the resources of the nation, and the mind cannot grasp the extent of the field of usefulness which lies before them.

THE GAMBLER MUST GO!

Speculation under the advancing of margins has developed into open and undisguised gambling. It has been conducted by gamblers for gamblers. It has nothing to do with the scientific adjustment of values. Instead of aiding the investor, it frequently deceives, defrauds, and robs him. The deplorable thing is that these operations are concealed beneath the cloak of respectability furnished by exchanges founded for an entirely different and a worthy purpose. It is equally lamentable that our statute books contain enactments which have been distorted to validify this vicious outgrowth.

No man of mature judgment will join in a crusade intended to annihilate stock and commodity exchanges, but there is a great and growing national sentiment which demands that a line shall be drawn between investing and gambling. It is a sentiment destined to acquire a resistless momentum and to institute reforms of lasting benefit to the nation.

Nothing is more clearly writ than the edict: "The gambler must go!" He has been driven to his last stand—the respectable shadow of exchanges chartered by law for worthy purposes.

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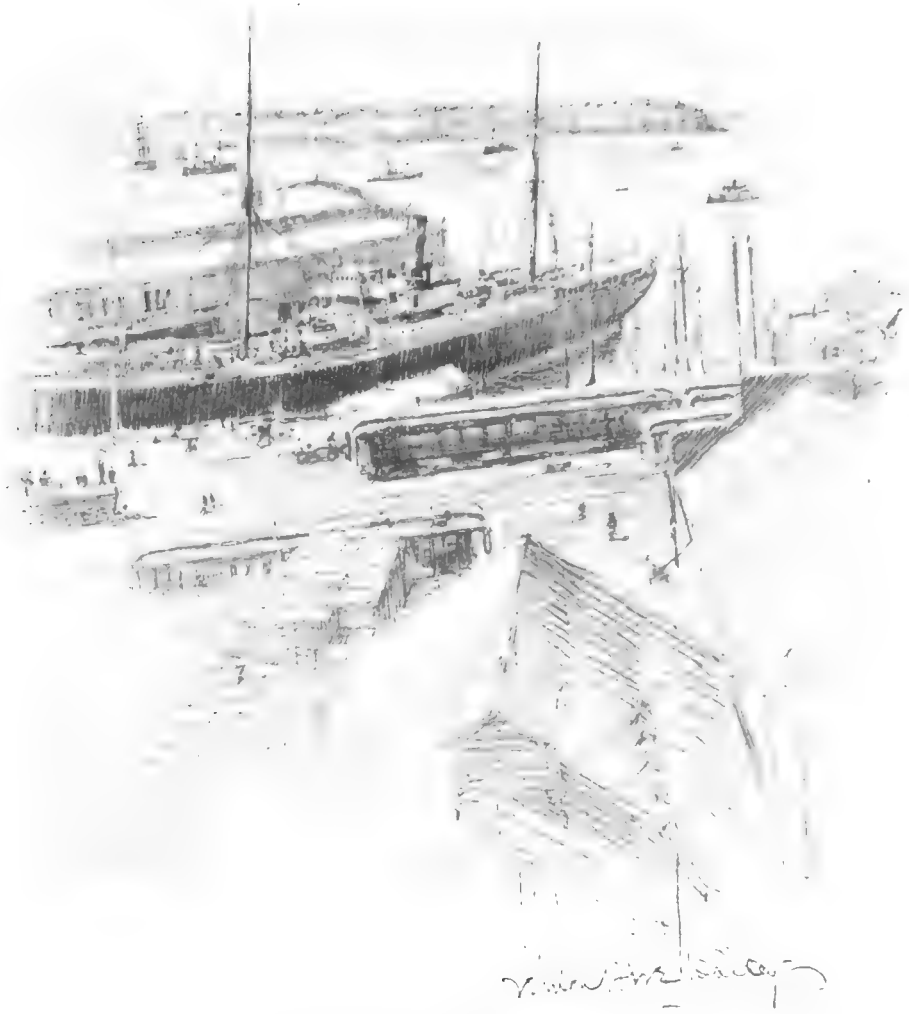
SEATTLE AND TACOMA

Drawings in Pencil

By VERNON HOWE BAILEY



ELLIOTT BAY, SEATTLE'S HARBOR

In Elliott Bay, the sixteen globe-circling battleships anchored last spring. It is a wonderful harbor, roomy and safe. To its long line of docks and piers come ships from every ocean. Over these docks goes enough cotton, bound for the Orient, to make Seattle the third cotton export city of the United States. Every year Alaskans pile twenty million dollars' worth of precious metal upon these docks, and carry back to the north many millions more in merchandise, mining machinery, and the world of things that go into the building of that new empire of the North.

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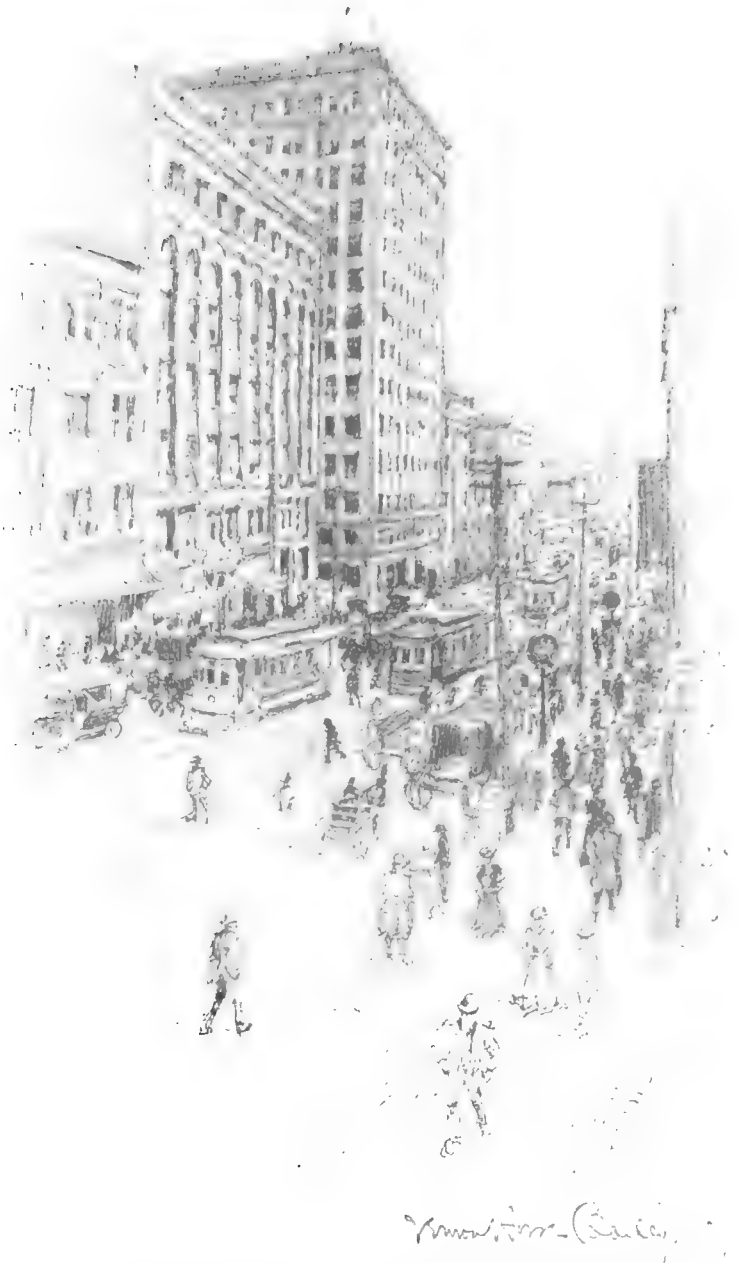

SECOND AVENUE, SEATTLE, LOOKING SOUTH FROM COLUMBIA STREET

Second Avenue is being improved with many great modern buildings, like the New York Block and the tall Alaska Building in the center of the drawing. In 1908 Seattle occupied fifth place among American cities in building operations. Her population at the present time, as determined by a recent local census, is about 300,000, an increase of 220,000 in nine years. This remarkable growth is due to the rapid development of Alaskan and Northwestern resources generally. Seattle's geographical position is such that she benefits most from these developments, which have scarcely begun. Her freely predicted place as a world city seems to be assured.

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FIONEER SQUARE, SEATTLE, AND THE FAMOUS TOTEM POLE

In 1852 Pioneer Square was, approximately, the site of Henry L. Yesler's sawmill and store, just established. Attempts were being made to plant the pioneer town elsewhere, but the mill and store proved a magnet that incoming settlers could not resist, and became Seattle's heart. It is still the heart, though the business arteries extend many miles, and the mill and the old man are long since gone. The shacky store has grown into the fine building on the extreme right of the drawing. This year, Seattle is giving, with the aid of state and nation, a great exposition (open June to October) costing more than $10,000,000. In one day her enthusiastic citizens voluntarily subscribed $750,000 toward this project and paid it up. They have since made its success certain and—marvelous exposition!—it will open on time. It's the spirit of the old mill man, still at work, making Seattle the New York of the Pacific.

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ELEVENTH STREET, TACOMA

Tacoma has "The Boosters' Club," the membership of which includes the men, women, and children—all of them—of that interestingly vociferous young city. In great numbers, always organized, this club makes junkets to expositions, fairs, etc., where Tacoma is "boosted" with such phrases as "Watch Tacoma Grow!" And Tacoma grows—grows like the Indian fakir's tree; only, Tacoma is really there. It is necessary for her to grow in some such fashion in order to keep within sight of the claims made for her by that "Boosters' Club." To do that alone would be quite enough for many a larger town, but Tacoma has managed, while growing from a mere village of 37,000 in 1900 to a city of 115,000 in 1909, also to keep herself beautiful and picturesque.

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AN UPPER WATER-WAY SCENE AT TACOMA. HERE THE SAW LOG IS SUPREME

Tacoma, as well as her sister city, Seattle, has ambitious plans for the improvement of her water front. Both cities are working out elaborate water-way projects. Seattle's plans contemplate nearly ten miles of concrete sea wall. Extensive tide flats in both harbors offer opportunity for elaborate systems of water ways at comparatively small cost, thus bringing shipping facilities and manufacturing into close touch. Tacoma's logging industry and the tremendous manufacturing plants that depend upon it for their raw material form the basis of her great and growing prosperity.

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TACOMA'S WATER FRONT

If she cared to, Tacoma could lean forward and drop bouquets down the ship funnels that stud her water front. From the piazza of her leading hostelry, seen on the brow of the hill in the middle distance, one might almost take such liberties with an ocean liner. Tacoma's present water front is cut high in the back and is narrow, encircling and supporting the city like a great girdle. And it is long—so long that it has the longest warehouses in the world. But it is wide enough to take care of a very large percentage of the wheat crop of the Northwest. This crop and the great fleet that carries it to all parts of the Pacific are Tacoma's pride.

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THE GATEWAY TO PACIFIC AVENUE, TACOMA

In the above drawing Mr. Bailey has caught three separate and distinct articles in the loyal Tacoman's liturgy: Tacoma's mountain (Tacoma claims the mountain, even to the name, though it is really Mt. Rainier), Tacoma's congested shipping, and the gateway, from the water front, to Tacoma's splendid Pacific Avenue. The buildings shown are the City Hall on the right and the Northern Pacific Building opposite. Straight on between and beyond them, Pacific Avenue, lined on both sides with substantial buildings, many of them skyscrapers, extends for more than a mile. The great mountain (14,444 feet), by any name, is the joy and pride of the entire Northwest.

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Heroes and Heroines of the Violin

With Some Personal Recollections

By JAMES HUNEKER

Author of "Melomaniacs," "Overtones," "Egoists," etc.

TIMES have changed since 1658 in England, when the following delightful ordinance was made for the benefit of musical genius, or otherwise:

"And be it enacted that if any person or persons, commonly called Fiddlers, or minstrels, shall at any time after the said first of July be taken playing, fiddling, or making music in any inn, alehouse or tavern, or shall be proffering themselves, or desiring, or entreating any person or persons to hear them play . . . shall be adjudged rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

Decidedly, England was not the abode of the muses, for the poor actor suffered in company with the musician. You wonder whether this same penalty would be imposed upon musical managers . . . they certainly do "entreat" the public to listen to their "fiddlers." Yet in 1690 when Corelli, the father of violin playing, led the band at Cardinal Ottoboni's house in Rome, he stopped the music because his churchly patron was talking, and he made an epigram that has since served for other artists: "Monsignore," remarked this intrepid musician, when asked why the band had ceased, "I feared the music might interrupt the conversation." How well Liszt knew this anecdote may be recalled by his retort to a czar of Russia under similar circumstances.

Wasn't it Gladstone who compared the violin with the locomotive? Yet, complete as is the mechanism of the latter, its type is transitional, fleeting, and may be supplanted by electricity; while the violin is perfection, as perfect as a sonnet, and in its capacity for the expression of emotion next to the human voice. The modern grand pianoforte with its magnificent range, its opulence of tone, its delicacy of mechanical contrivance, is nevertheless a monster of music if placed beside the violin, with its simple curves, its almost primitive method of music making. The scraping of one substance against another goes back to prehistoric times, nay, may be seen in the grasshopper and its ingenious manner of producing sound. But the violin as we know it today, is not such an old invention; it was the middle of the sixteenth century before it made its appearance, with its varnished and modeled back. The first Amati, Andrea, was born in 1520, and was the founder of the Cremona school. His grandson, Nicolo Amati, was the great fiddle maker. Another master was Antonio

Drawn by M. Stein from a portrait in the collection of Victor S. Riechter.

NICOLO PAGANINI.
A charlatan of genius.

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Stradivari (1644–1737), and with him the Cremona school touched its zenith. The first violinist of renown that we hear of was a certain Baltazarini of Piedmont, who went to France in 1577, there to conduct the music of Catherine di Medici. Then follows a list of men whose music is for us submerged, but who helped to mold the style of latter-day violinists.

Restricted as is its range of dynamics, the violin has had for its votaries men of such widely differing temperaments as Paganini and Spohr, Wilhelmj and Sarasate, Joachim and Ysaye. Its literature does not compare with that of the piano, for which Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and Brahms have written their choicest music; yet the intimate nature of the violin, its capacity for passionate emotion, crowns it—and not the organ, with its mechanical tonal effects—as the king of instruments. Nor does the voice make the peculiarly poignant appeal of the violin. Its lowest note is the G below the treble clef, and its top note a mere squeak; but it seems in a few octaves to have imprisoned within its wooden walls a miniature world of feeling; even in the hands of a clumsy amateur it has the formidable power of giving pain; while in the grasp of a master it is capable of rousing the soul.

Copyright by Aimé Dupont, New York.

EUGENE YSAYE.
The magician of the violin.

No other instrument has the ecstatic quality—not the shallow-toned pianoforte, not the more mellow and sonorous violoncello. The angelic, demoniacal, lovely, intense tones of the violin are without parallel in music or nature. It is as if this box with four strings across its varnished belly had a rarer nervous system than all other instruments. It is a cry, a shriek, a hymn to heaven, a call to arms, an exquisite evocation, a brilliant series of multi-colored scenes, a broad song of passion, or a mocking laughter—what cannot the violin express if the soul that guides it be that of an artist? Otherwise, it is only a fiddle. In an orchestra it is an army with beautiful banners; it is the hero, the heroine, the vanguard of every composition. As a solo instrument in a concerto, its still, small voice is heard above the din and thunders of the accompaniment. In a word, this tiny music box is the ruler among instruments.

The scope of my article does not include an enumeration of the various schools of violin playing, the Italian, German, French, and Belgian. Yet it would not be amiss to glance briefly at the performances of such men as Paganini and Spohr, for they, each in his way, represent the apex of achievement in the matter of technique and tone, in the Italian and German schools; while in the Belgian we encounter the school of elegance, suavity, and taste. Between the names of Corelli and Paganini in Italy come some distinguished ones: Somis, Locatelli, Jean Baptiste Lulli, that gifted Florentine who did so much for French music; Anet, Senaille, Geminiani, Vitalie, Torelli, Vivaldi, Veracini, Tartini the last a true forerunner of Paganini on the diabolic side.

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We may pause to hear Tartini's story, told to Lalande, of the "Devil's Sonata": "He dreamed one night (in 1793) that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and, during this vision, everything succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were anticipated, and his desires always surpassed, by the assistance of his new servant. In short, he imagined that he presented the devil with his violin, in order to discover what kind of a musician he was, when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise, so exquisite his delight that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke in the violence of his sensations, and instantly seized his fiddle in hopes of expressing what he had just heard; but in vain. He, however, directly composed a piece, which is perhaps the best of his works, and called it the 'Devil's Sonata'; but he knew it to be so inferior to what his dream had produced, that he stated he would have broken his instrument and abandoned music forever, if he could have subsisted by other means."

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JAN KUBELIK.
The wonderworker, with his icy perfections.

Here is the kernel of those wonder tales and wandering superstitions that even to-day are far from being dead. As people believed in Tartini's nightmare—the sonata itself is not in the least diabolic—so the legend that Paganini sold his soul to the devil in return for his marvelous technique was credited not only while he was alive, but is to this very hour. It is one of the drawbacks of the art that it gives birth to all sorts of nonsensical romancing. One of the commonest is that genius never works—as if Beethoven's laborious notebooks do not disprove this. In the literary world we see even so great a psychologist as Tolstoy giving utterance to the heresy that Beethoven's beautiful and soothing "Kreutzer Sonata," for violin and piano, worked the downfall of

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

MAUD POWELL.
Her playing reveals breadth and musicianship.

his heroine. If Tolstoy, who knows no more about music than he does about poetry, pictures, and the drama, had selected some of the music in "Tristan and Isolde," he might have been pardoned; but the violin and piano in that heavenly slow movement with variations by Beethoven is the antipodes of anything provocative or sensual.

Let us pass Tartini and his pupils, Nardini, Bini, Manfredi, Ferrari, Graun; pass Lolli, Benda, Salomon, Viotti, Baillot, De Bériot—the husband of Malibran—Kreutzer (whose name is unhappily wedded to Tolstoy's unsavory tract), D'Art, Rovelli, Molique, Massart—the teacher of Wieniawski—Lafont, Rode, Habeneck, who introduced the Beethoven symphonies to Paris—pass all these to Paganini.

This eccentric and distinguished native of Genoa (1784–1840) held, and still holds, the same position in the popular imagination as does Patti in the realm of the voice, Liszt in the piano world. He is always alluded to as the "greatest" violinist (which he was not) and as the craziest man who ever held a fiddle (which he was not). Technically considered, he was the most astounding executant in the history of his art. No one has rivaled him in dexterity, in extravagance, in passionate outbursts. His peculiar personality, coupled with his enormous command of the fingerboard and bow, completed his conquest of the public. From the first he set Italy on fire, and to account for his genius he became the center of a network of fairy tales. It may be admitted that he did not seek to deny the ridiculous reports spread about him. He was said not only to be an ally of

From the collection of Victor S. Flechter.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.
He stamped on your consciousness that he was the greatest violinist that ever lived.

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Photograph by C. Bennette Moore, New Orleans.

FRITZ KREISLER.
A master among masters.

Signore Satan but a murderer who had served his term in the galleys, where leisure gave him an opportunity to perfect his matchless mechanical skill. Furthermore, he had gone to the galleys because of a love murder. Ah, they had "passionate press agents" in those days!

Beaten in early youth by a cruel father, his liberty, when it did come, only drove him to excesses. He gambled away his money as soon as he earned it, nor was his private life a matter for publication. He hurt his health and was forced to retire from the public for long intervals. This practice gave rise to the legendary Paganini. We know that he never murdered any one except himself, that the only devil who haunted him was the devil called gaming; but he did dissipate, and several love affairs played important *rôles* in his curious career. He wrote a piece for two strings, the G and E strings, a *duo*, and naturally it was set down to a love affair at Lucca. Followed a fantasy for the G string, at the suggestion of Napoleon's sister. It was called "A Military Sonata, Napoleon," though the sonata form never bothered the composer.

A miser, Paganini, who earned large sums, left a fortune of nearly half a million dollars to his son, Baron Achille Paganini. The thrilling tale that, after leaving a Berlioz concert—Berlioz was then composing "music of the future"—Paganini threw himself at his feet and presented the perplexed musician with twenty thousand francs, has been since proved a fable. Armand Bertin, the owner of the *Journal des Debats*—for which Berlioz wrote musical criticism—wished to help Berlioz, and with Paganini's assistance (Paganini's admiration for the French composer was unfeigned) the trick was turned without the susceptibilities of Berlioz being assaulted. It is a shame to destroy such a pretty story, but Sir Charles Hallé, the pianist and husband of Madame Normann-Neruda—the violinist, did destroy it in his biography.

Paganini's extraordinary appearance had no little to do with his success. It is thus described: "A tall, haggard figure with long, black hair, strangely falling down to his shoulders, slid forward like a spectral apparition. There was something awful, unearthly in that countenance; but his play! These excellencies consist in the combination of absolute mechanical perfection of every imaginable kind, perfection hitherto unknown and unthought of, with the highest attributes of the human mind, inseparable from eminence in the fine arts, intellectual superiority, sensibility, deep feeling, poesy, genius." This high-strung eulogium would not be relished after hearing such artists as Joachim, Wilhelmj, Sarasate, and Ysaye; many of Paganini's effects would be adjudged what they were—humbuggeries. He was that not unnatural combination, a charlatan of genius. His music, transcendentally difficult, is more technical than musical. Yet it influenced Liszt, dazzled Schumann, and is the goal of ambition for the majority of violinists.

Moscheles, the pianist, has in his diary described Paganini with less rhetoric. Through Mr. Emden, Moscheles' father-in-law, the Italian secured an engagement. "On his

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first visit to us," writes the honest Moscheles, "his gratitude found vent in such exaggerated expressions as are known only to an Italian vocabulary; he took down from the mantelpiece a miniature portrait of his benefactor, covered it with kisses, and addressed it with the most high-flown epithets. Meantime, we had leisure to study those olive-tinted, sharply defined features, the glowing eyes, the scanty but long black hair, and the thin, gaunt figure, upon which the clothes hung loosely." Moscheles drily remarks: "This face of mine is as much kissed as my father-in-law's painted one. We receive him well, although I suspect he is rather too sweet to be genuine." Which was only the truth.

Macready, the famous tragedian, made no reservations on the subject. In his diary, July 17, 1833, we find the following frank criticism: "Went to Drury Lane to see Paganini. His power over his instrument is surprising; the tones he draws from it might be thought those of the sweetest flageolet and hautboy, and sometimes of the human voice; the expression he gives to a common air is quite charming. His playing of 'Patrick's Day' was the sweetest piece of instrumental music I ever heard—*but he is a quack.*" The English actor, whose knowledge of music was, as may be seen, rudimentary, nevertheless put his finger on Paganini's sore spot. This thrice wonderful man indulged in tricks, in subterfuges that were unworthy of him. Let us set it down to the bad taste of his times. Music was not an accredited art except in cultivated circles. To capture the suffrages of the groundlings, witchcraft, prestidigitation, and make-believe were indulged in. People stood in chairs in the concert room when Liszt played his "Lucia" fantasia. It is doubtful even in this twentieth century whether a short-haired pianist or violinist could succeed with the public. Certainly the long-haired gentlemen do.

But if you wish to read an ideal description of Paganini and his playing, take up "The Florentine Nights" of Heinrich Heine, and enjoy that most spiritual of writers. He declares that the best portrait of the Italian virtuoso was made by a deaf painter, Lyser, by name. At a concert in Hamburg, "a dark figure which seemed to have risen from the underworld, appeared upon the stage. It was Paganini in his black costume—the black dress coat and the black waistcoat of a horrible cut, such as is perhaps prescribed by infernal etiquette at the court of Proserpina; the black trousers anxiously hanging about the thin legs. . . . In the angular curves of his body there was a horrible woodenness and also something absurdly animal like; and during these bows one could not help feeling a strange desire to laugh; but his face, that appeared still more cadaverously pale in the glare of the orchestra lights, had about it something so imploring, so simply humble, that a sorrowful desire repressed one's temptation to smile. . . . Is it one risen from the dead, a vampire with a violin, who sucks, if not the blood but of our hearts, at least

From the Collection of Victor S. Flechter.

HENRI WIENIAWSKI.

His dash and fire and pathos carried you off your feet.

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the gold out of our pockets?" Heine in some eloquent pages describes the playing of Paganini and the pictures it painted in his poetic brain.

How did Paganini play? Of the impression it made there could be no doubt. He was a wizard, an Indian juggler. He enchanted and astonished. He could, like a juggler, keep four balls in the air, four melodies going at once, but they were emotional, those tunes, and they intoxicated or lulled his hearers.

Rossini, bland and cynical Rossini, fond of good cooking, said: "I have wept but three times in my life; the first in the failure of my earliest opera; the second time when, in a boat with some friends, a turkey stuffed with truffles fell overboard; and, thirdly, when I heard Paganini play for the first time." The characteristics of his performances were a dazzling execution, the employment of single and double harmonies, the simultaneous use of *pizzicato* and bow passages, the profuseness and ease of his double notes, thirds, sixths, octaves, tenths, a "phenomenal" ease in skips, in grasping wide intervals, and a bow that bit the strings with vitriolic intensity, ran like quicksilver, leaped like an antelope, flew like a bird, or sang like a siren. He also possessed a secret method of tuning his instrument. The tone was not so full as penetrating, but always clear, pure, and infinitely varied. The phrasing was admirable, though the intellect, not pathos, seemed to rule.

The violinist, Dancla, in his memoirs wrote: "I had noticed in Paganini his large dry hand of an astonishing elasticity; his fingers long and pointed, which enabled him to make enormous stretches, and double and triple extensions with the utmost facility. The double and triple harmonies in thirds and sixths, so difficult for small hands, owing to the stretch they require, were to him as child's play. When playing an accentuated *pizzicato* with the left hand, while the melody was played by the hand of the bow, the fourth finger pinched the string with prodigious power, even when the other three fingers were placed." His velocity and *staccato* bowing were almost terrifying. Baillot hid his face when Paganini began his rain of pyrotechnics."

He was never overheard practicing, though he had spent his youth at hard work—the hardest work in the world, violin playing. At rehearsals he only plucked the strings, seldom using the bow. He always won when rivals such as Lafont or Lapinski sought to compete in public with him. Spohr heard him at Cassel and noted that his left hand and pure intonation were extraordinary, but that his composition and execution were "a strange mixture of the highly genial and the childlessly tasteless with which one felt alternately charmed and disappointed." And restless as was his unhappy and fantastic life, the remains of Paganini have been equally disturbed. Only about a decade ago they were finally allowed to rest.

Louis Spohr (1784–1859), the son of a physician, was born at Brunswick. Notwithstanding the supernal brilliancy, the diabolic temperament of Paganini, his German contemporary was destined to lay the foundation of modern violin playing and modern violin music. His chief trait as an executant was the production of a large, rich, beautiful tone, which in *cantabile* movements charmed his listeners. His style was not dashing but solid — like his own melodious and dignified music. Having large hands, he could grapple with formidable difficulties; he was especially at ease in double stopping, thirds, sixths, and octaves. He never lost his broad manner even in rapid passages or *staccato* work. He had delicacy, too, and, being of a musical nature, his playing was always fresh and vigorous. To the classic, not the romantic

From the collection of Victor S. Flechter.

AUGUST WILHELMJ.

There was a chilly grandeur and remoteness in his play.

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MISCHA ELMAN.
He intoxicates his audiences with his sensuous, compelling tone.

school, Spohr belongs, though his compositions, with their superabundance of chromatic harmonies, proclaimed him at the time as "ultra modern." Strangely enough, he thought Beethoven "wanting in a sense of beauty"; yet he approved of Wagner—"The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser"—both operas he produced, despite the princely opposition at Cassel. He was a too prolific composer, and personally a very handsome, imposing man, tall, broad-shouldered, with features firmly cut, and an expression serene and reliant. His pupils were Ries, Ferdinand David, Blagrave, Laghert, Henry Holmes, and Hömpel. Of these Ferdinand David at Leipsic was the most important, for his pupils are a link between Spohr and the present generation.

And now to jump from history to personal recollections. It will be the same thing to the reader, for both are written and printed, but to the one who relates there is a difference. I never heard Paganini, nor did I see Spohr. Joachim, Wilhelmj, Wieniawski, and Ysaye I have heard and seen. My memory assures me of keener satisfactions

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than any book about these giants of the four strings could give me. That is why I propose leaving the safe territory of biography for the somewhat perilous, yet more interesting—for me—paths of early memories. The first violinist I ever heard, setting aside a neighbor's string quartet, was in the early seventies. I was hardly at an age of musical discrimination. Yet I remember much. It was at the opera, a *matinée* in the Philadelphia Academy of Music. Nilsson was singing. I can't recall her on that occasion, though it seems only the other day when Carlotta Patti sang the Queen of the Night in "The Magic Flute" and limped over the stage—possibly the lameness fixed the event in my mind more than the music. [Was it in 1870?]

A "front" set was dropped between the acts at this particular *matinée* — I do not recollect the name of the opera—and through a "practicable" door came an old gentleman with a violin in his hands. He was white-haired, he wore white side whiskers, and he looked to my young eyes like a prosperous banker. He played. It was as the sound of falling waters on a moonlight night. I asked the name of the old gentleman. My father said, "Henri Vieuxtemps," which told me nothing then, but means much to me now. What did he play? I do not know. Yet whenever I hear the younger men attack his Fantaisie-Caprice, his Ballade and Polonaise, his Concertos, I think proudly: "I have heard Vieuxtemps!" He was a Belgian, born 1820, died 1881. His style was finished, elegant, charming. He was a pupil of De Bériot and represented, with his master, perfection in the Belgian school.

OLE BULL.
He played jigs and old tunes and Irish melodies.

After an interval of some years, I heard the *only* pupil of Paganini, as he called himself, Camillo Sivori. It was in Paris, 1878 or 1879—I've forgotten, though I wrote of the event in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. Sivori (1815–1894), dapper, modest, stood up in the vast spaces of the Cirque d'Hiver, which was engaged every Sunday by Jacques Pasdeloup and his orchestra. (Jacob Wolfgang was the real name of this conductor who braved the wrath of his audiences by putting Wagner on his programs; one afternoon we had a pitched battle over Rimsky-Korsakoff's Symphonic Poem, "Sadko.") Sivori played a tarantella and a cradle song of his own; that is, I think it was a cradle song; he used a mute, but every tone was clearly heard in the great, crowded auditorium. Pupils of De Bériot and Paganini I have heard, though I hardly recall the style of the former and nothing of the latter. But there was little of Paganini's fiery attack in Sivori; possibly he was too old. Fire and fury I found later in Wieniawski.

I omitted the name of Ole Bull (1810–1880), for, while I heard him as a boy, I best remember him in 1880, when he gave his last concerts in America. In 1852, while on a visit to my father's house, he went on his two thumbs around a dining table, lifting his body clear from the ground. His muscular power was remarkable. It showed in the

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dynamics of his robust and tender playing. Spohr discouraged him as a boy, but later spoke of his "wonderful playing and sureness of his left hand; unfortunately, like Paganini, he sacrifices what is artistic to something that is not quite suitable to the noble instrument. His tone, too, is bad . . ." For Spohr any one's tone was, naturally enough, bad, for he possessed the most monumental tone that ever came from a violin.

The truth is that Ole Bull was not a classical player; as I remember him, he could not play in strict *tempo;* like Chopin, he indulged in the *rubato* and abused the *portamento.* But he knew his public. America a half century ago, particularly in the regions he visited, was not in the mood for sonatas or concertos. "Old Dan Tucker" and the "Arkansaw Traveler" were the mode. Bull played them both, played jigs and old tunes, roused the echoes with the "Star Spangled Banner" and Irish melodies. He played such things beautifully, and it would have been musical snobbery to say that you didn't like them. You couldn't help yourself. The grand old fellow bewitched you. He was a handsome Merlin, with a touch of the charlatan and a touch of Liszt in his tall, willowy figure, small waist, and heavy head of hair. Such white hair! It tumbled in masses about his kindly face like one of his native Norwegian cataracts. He was the most picturesque old man I ever saw except Walt Whitman, at that time a steady attendant of the Carl Gaertner String Quartet concerts in Philadelphia. (And what Walt didn't know about music he made up in his love for stray dogs; he was seldom without canine company.)

Those were the days when Prume's "La Mélancolie" and Wieniawski's "Legende" were the two favorite, yet remote, peaks of the student's repertoire. How we loved them. Then came Wieniawski with Rubinstein in 1872–73, and such violin playing America had never before heard—nor has it since, let me hasten to add. This Pole (1835–1880) was a brilliant and fascinating master. His dash and fire and pathos carried you off your feet. His tone at times was like molten metal. He had a caressing and a martial bow. The technique was infallible, the temperament truly Slavic, languorous, subtle, fierce. Wieniawski always reminds one of a red hot coal. How chivalric is his Polonaise —that old war horse! How elegiac his Legende! His favorite pupil was Leopold Lichtenberg, the greatest violin talent that has been thus far unearthed in America. Lichtenberg had everything when a youth—temperament, brains, musical feeling, and great technical ability. He plays like a fine artist to-day, and during the past few years has been giving New York a taste of his gift in chamber music.

After Wieniawski followed Wilhelmj, who did not efface his memory, but plunged one into another atmosphere; that of the calm, profound, untroubled, and classic. No doubt Spohr's tone was larger, yet this is difficult to believe. Wilhelmj drew from his instrument the noblest sounds I ever heard; not Joachim, not Ysaye excelled him in *cantabile.* He was the first to play Wagner transcriptions—no wonder Wagner made him leader of the strings at Bayreuth in 1876. How he read the Beethoven Concerto, the Bach Chaconne. Or the D flat Nocturne of Chopin—in D. Or the thrice-abused Mendelssohn E Minor Concerto—with Max Vogrich accompanying him at the piano. A giant in physique, when he faced his audience there was something of the majestic, fair-haired god Wotan in his immobile posture. He never appealed to his public as did Wieniawski; there was always something of chilly grandeur and remoteness in Wilhelmj's play. The last time I saw him was at Marienbad, where, a stoop-shouldered, gray-haired old man, he was taking a *Kur.* He walked slowly about, his hands clasped behind him, in his eyes the vacant look of one busy with memories. He reminded one of Beethoven.

Joseph Joachim was past his prime when I heard him in London. He played out of tune—some of his pupils have since imitated this failing—but whether in a Beethoven quartet, concerto, sonata with piano, he always stamped on your consciousness that Joseph Joachim was the greatest violinist that had ever lived. This is, of course, absurd, this comparing of one artist with another. Yet it is human to compare, and if a violinist can evoke such a vision of perfection, then he must of necessity be of uncommon powers. So Goethe impressed his visitors. Maud Powell, a distinguished pupil of Joachim, has asserted that it took her three years before she could recover herself in the presence of Joachim's overwhelming personality. Yet he struck me as not at all assertive. He seemed an "objective" player, i.e., you thought only of Beethoven, of

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Brahms, as he calmly delivered himself of their Olympian measures. The grand manner is now out of fashion. We care more for exotic rhetoric than for simple and lofty measures. Sarasate and Dengremont charmed me more; Wieniawski set my blood coursing faster; but in Joachim's presence I felt as if near some old Grecian temple hallowed by the presence of oft-worshipped gods.

Remenyi was a puzzle. He could play divinely, and scratch diabolically. He belonged, indeed, to that old romantic school in which pose and gesture, contortion and grimace occupied a prominent place. I had an opportunity to study Remenyi, whose right name was Hoffman (1830–1898), at close quarters. He brought to my father's house in the early eighties his favorite instruments, and such a wild night of music I never heard. He played hour after hour, everything from Bach to Brahms—and incidentally scolded Brahms for "stealing" some of his, Remenyi's, Hungarian dances. He did such tricks as dashing off in impeccable tune his arrangement of the D flat valse of Chopin in double notes at a terrific *tempo*. Violinists will understand the feat when I tell them that the key was the original one—D flat. He made the walls shiver when he struck his bow clangorously in the opening chords of the "Rackoczy" March. What a hero then seemed this stout little prancing, bald-headed man with the face of an unfrocked priest. How he could talk in a half dozen different languages; he had traveled enough and encountered enough celebrated people to fill a dozen volumes with his recollections. He was a violinist of unquestionable power; that he deteriorated in his later years was to have been expected. Liszt understood and appreciated Remenyi from the first; he nicknamed him "the Fiddle Kossuth."

To recount all the celebrities of the violin I have heard since 1870 would be hardly possible. I've forgotten most of them, though I do remember that wonderful boy, Maurice Dengremont, who ended his life, so rich in possibilities, it is said as a billiard marker. He was spoiled by the women, for he was a very comely lad. Another *wunderkind* kept his head, and to-day Fritz Kreisler is a master among masters. In Paris I recall Marsick and his polished style; the gallant Sauret, Johannes Wolf, the brilliant Timothee Adamowski. And in 1880, Marie Tayau and her woman quartet, a member of which was Jeanne Franko, the sister of the conductors and violinists, Sam Franko and Nahan Franko; Caesar Thomson, the miraculous; Loeffler—subtle player, subtle composer; Sarasate with his sweet tone; Brodsky with his masculine manner; Burmester and his pallid pyrotechnics; the learned Schradieck, dashing Ondricek, Ovide Musin, Bernhard Listemann, Carl Halir; Gregorowitsch, the languid; brilliant Marteau; Alexander Petschinikoff, the Russian; the musicianly Max Bendix; the once astonishing John Rhodes, the wonderworker Kubelik, with his icy perfections; Kocian, Willy Hess, and a myriad of spoiled children, Von Veczsey, Horszowski—all have crossed the map of my memory. And there are Franz Kneisel and the Kneisel Quartet, dispensers of musical joys for over two decades. I would not barter such memories for a wilderness of *virtuosi*.

Three violinists abide clear in my recollection: Wieniawski, Joachim, and Ysaye. The last named is dearer because nearer, contrary to the supposed rule that the older the thing the better it is. Ysaye is the magician of the violin. He holds us in a spell with that elastic, curving bow of his, with those many colored tones, tender, silky, sardonic, amorous, rich, sonorous, and ductile. He interprets the classics as well as the romantics; Bach, Beethoven, Brahms; Vieuxtemps as well as Sibelius. Above all else, above his mastery of the violin's technical mysteries, looms his musical temperament. He has imagination.

I have reserved the women for the last. A goodly, artistic company. It is not necessary to go back to the Milanolla sisters. We still cherish remembrances of Camilla Urso and her broad manner; the finished style of Normann-Neruda, Maris Soldat, the brilliant Arma Senkrah, Nettie Carpenter, Teresina Tua—who did not metamorphize into a "fiddle Fairy" when she visited us in 1887—Leonora Jackson, Dora Becker, Olive Mead, and Maud Powell. In Europe years ago, I heard with astonishment Marcella Sembrich, who after playing the E flat Polonaise of Chopin on the piano, picked up a violin and dashed off the Wieniawski Polonaise; these feats were followed by songs, one being Viardot-Garcia's arrangement of Chopin's D major Mazourka. Sembrich is a rare artist. From men who conduct orchestras versatility commands our admiration; Gericke, Paur, Nikisch were at first violinists; so was Fritz Scheel, late conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra; Franz Kneisel is a conductor of skill; so

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Frederick Stock, who followed Theodore Thomas as conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. But that a little Polish woman can handle with ease two instruments and sing like an angel besides, borders on the fantastic. Geraldine Morgan is an admirable violin *artiste* who plays solo as well as quartet with equal authority.

Of Maud Powell there is this to be said: She has fulfilled her early promise. She is a mature *artiste*, one who will never be finished because she will always study, always improve. A Joachim pupil, she is nevertheless a pupil of Maud Powell, and her playing reveals breadth and musicianship, beauty of tone and phrasing.

Since writing the above notes, I have heard Mischa Elman play, both in London and New York. United to an amazing technical precision there is a still more amazing emotional temperament, all dominated by a powerful musical and mental intellect, uncanny in one not yet out of his teens. What need to add that his conception of Beethoven is neither as erudite as Kreisler's nor as fascinating as Ysaye's? Elman will mature. In the romantic or the virtuoso realm he is past master. His tone is lava-like in its warmth. He paints with many colors. He displays numberless *nuances* of feeling. The musical in him dominates the virtuoso. Naturally, the pride of hot youth asserts itself and often, self-intoxicated, he intoxicates his audiences with his sensuous, compelling tone. Hebraic, tragic melancholy, the boisterousness of the Russian, the swift modulation from mad caprice to Slavic despair—Elman is a magician of many moods. He has much of Wieniawski's fire and all of Dengremont's charm. When I listen to him I almost forget Ysaye.

THE TITLE MARKET

By EMILY POST

Author of "Woven in the Tapestry," "The Flight of a Moth," "Purple and Fine Linen," etc.

Illustration by J. H. Gardner Soper

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS: The story opens in the Prince Sansevero's Italian country house, with his confession to his American wife, Eleanor, that he has just lost money in an ill-advised investment. Her fortune has been so far exhausted by her husband's gambling that her income is insufficient to meet this fresh demand, and she has now no resource save the sale of her remaining jewels and the sacrifice of the usual winter in Rome. This latter becomes a serious matter when the princess gets word that her niece, Nina Randolph, a great American heiress, is coming to visit her. The prince, however, solves the problem to his own satisfaction by giving a famous Raphael, as security for a loan, to the Duke Scarpa, whom the princess deeply distrusts. The event proves that her feeling is just, for Scarpa secretly sells the picture to a dealer who is to send it out of Italy, thus making Sansevero an unconscious violator of the law against allowing art treasures to leave the country. Meantime, in her home in New York and at the steamer, Nina Randolph is saying good-by to her friends—chief among them John Derby, a typical straightforward young American who, it is hinted, may follow her to Italy, on business, before the winter is over. A short time after her arrival, Giovanni, the Prince Sansevero's younger brother, comes to stay at the house, with the express intention of winning the American heiress, thus wiping out his debts and restoring the family prosperity. His personal charm and the glamour of his noble lineage are not without effect on Nina, but he puzzles her by the sharp contrasts of his nature. The household moves to Rome for the winter, and Nina becomes the object of keen interest on the part of various fortune-hunters; but at a dance given by the princess, the general comment is that Giovanni stands a good chance to carry off the prize. The report of his attentions to Nina has reached La Favorita, a popular dancer, whose lover Giovanni is; and at a supper where he is present, Favorita shows herself fiercely jealous. On Nina's first night at the opera, Favorita gives two wonderful dances and, at their close, looks long and directly at Nina. Here, too, Nina sees, and dislikes, the Contessa Potensi, and gets a vague impression of some relation between her and Giovanni. After the opera she goes with her aunt's party to her first court ball. While she is having these new experiences, Mr. Randolph sends John Derby to Italy to look over the Sicilian sulphur field, with a view to trying there a mining process of his own invention.

CHAPTER XIII

ACCORDING to Italian etiquette, strangers must leave cards within twenty-four hours upon every person to whom they have been introduced. Therefore the afternoon of the day following the ball was necessarily spent by Nina in three hours of steady driving from house to house. Finally, as she and the princess were alighting at the Palazzo Sansevero, Count Tornik drove into the courtyard, and together they mounted to the apartments used by the family.

Nina settled herself in the corner of a sofa, pulling off her gloves. Tornik dropped into

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a loose-jointed heap in a big chair opposite. Suddenly he sat up straight, his eyebrows lifted.

"I did not know!" he said. "May I felicitate you, mademoiselle?"

"On what?" asked Nina, puzzled.

"Since you wear a ring, it is evident that your engagement is to be announced. Will you tell me who is the fortunate man?"

She saw that he was gazing at the emerald she wore on her little finger. "Is there reason to think I am engaged—because of *this*?"

"Certainly, what else? A young girl's wearing a ring can mean but one thing."

"On my little finger? How ridiculous! My father gave it to me. Sometimes, at home, I wear several rings. Does that mean I am engaged to several men?"

"Then you are still free?"

He hesitated as though under an impulse to say something sentimental, then apparently changed his mind, and relapsed into his habitually detached indifference of manner.

"They have curious customs in your country," he remarked casually. "In an American family, I am told, the young girl is supreme ruler. Is that true?"

Nina, laughing, shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know—I never thought about it! But over here I suppose a girl does not count at all? Tell me, according to your ideas, what her place should be."

"Oh, I do not say *should*. I merely state the fact: over here, a young girl plays a very small *rôle*. But then, for the matter of that, most people belong naturally in the background, and very few, whether they are women or men, have their names on the program."

"And you? What part do you play?"

For a moment his eyes gleamed. "That depends upon whether fate shall cast me to support a *diva* or to occupy an empty stage."

"And if fate allowed you to choose, I could easily imagine that you would prefer a part with very little action and as few lines as possible."

"You are quite wrong. I do not object to saying all that a part calls for, and, above all, I like action."

"That's true; I had forgotten! You are a soldier! I wonder why you went into the army?"

"It is the only career open to me."

Nina was thinking of Giovanni and his point of view as she asked, "Why are you not content to be merely Count Tornik?"

"You mean that I, like Carpazzi, should live on the illustriousness of my name? If I were very poor, perhaps I should."

"How curious!" Nina exclaimed. "Does not a career mean making money?"

"On the contrary, it means spending it! One must have a great deal of money to go to any height in diplomacy."

"Then you are rich?" Nina already had acquired a brutal frankness of direct interrogation through her Italian sojourn.

"Not exactly." He looked bored again. "But I have a little—though perhaps not enough for my ambition. If only there were a serious war, I'd have a good chance." Then he added simply, "I am a good soldier!"

The princess, who had been summoned to the telephone, now returned and seated herself beside Nina on the sofa. "I have just been talking with the Marchesa Valdeste, and she told me that the Queen said most gracious things of you, dear; called you the 'charming little American.'" The prince entered while the princess was speaking. He kissed his wife's hand and began, at great length, to tell her exactly where and how he had spent the afternoon. After a while, however, as one or two other friends dropped in, Sansevero talked aside with Tornik.

"You were not at Savini's last night, were you?" he asked.

Tornik looked interested. "No," he said, "but I hear they had a very high game."

"Yes. Young Allegro was practically cleaned out."

"Who won?"

"Who, indeed, but Scarpa! He has the luck, that man!"

"Were you there? I thought you never played any more; have you taken it up again?"

Sansevero, glancing apprehensively at his wife, answered quickly, "I never play." Fortunately, just then the dangerous conversation was ended by the arrival of the Contessa Potensi. She smiled graciously upon the prince as he pressed her hand to his lips, and accorded the same favor to Tornik. She also kissed the air on either side of the princess with much effusion, and shook hands cordially with two other ladies who were present, but she directed toward Nina the barest glance.

She and Nina, by the way, furnished at the moment a typical illustration of the difference in appearance between European and American women.

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The contessa was wearing an untrimmed, black tailor-made costume with a very long train, a little fur toque to match a small neck piece, and a little sausage-shaped muff. Her diamond earrings were enormous, but not very good stones. Nina's dress was of raspberry cloth, cut in the latest exaggeration of fashion—her skirt was short and skimp as her hat was huge. Her muff of sables as big and soft as a pillow—she could easily have buried her arms in it to the shoulder. The elaborateness of Nina's clothes filled the contessa with satisfaction, for she thought them barbarously inappropriate, and she knew that Giovanni was a martinet so far as "fitness" went.

Presently, in spite of her more than rude greeting, she coolly sat down beside Nina. "Will you make me a cup of tea? I like it without sugar and with very little cream." She did not smile, and she did not say "please." Her bearing was a fair example of the cold, impersonal insolence of which Italian women of fashion are capable when antagonistic.

After a time she leaned over and scrutinized Nina's watch, as though it were in a show case. "Do many young girls in America wear jewels?"

Nina found herself congealing; instead of answering, she handed the contessa her tea, and expressed a hope that she had not put in too much cream.

Taking no notice of Nina's evasion, the contessa, talking indiscriminately about people, arrived finally at the subject of Giovanni. In her opinion, the Marchese di Valdo ought to marry money! Unfortunately, however, she feared he had loved too many women to be capable now of caring for one alone. From this she went to generalities. A man had but one grand passion in a lifetime, didn't Nina think so?

Nina's thoughts were very hazy, indeed, about grand passions, which were associated dimly in her mind with the seven deadly sins—in the category of things one didn't speak of. So she answered vaguely, feeling like a stupid child being cross-examined by the school commissioner.

"Still, he is very attractive, don't you find? Of course, he says the same things to all of us—but then no one understands how to make love as well as he, so what does it matter whether he means it or not? It takes a woman of great experience," insinuated the contessa, "to parry Giovanni's fencing with the foils of love."

Nina was goaded into answering. "You seem to know a great deal about his love making," she said at last, with the breathy calm of controlled temper.

Half shutting her eyes, the contessa replied: "It is common hearsay. One has only to follow the list of his conquests to know that he must be a past master in the art of making women care for him. That he is fickle is evident; he is constantly changing his attentions from one woman to another, and leaving with a crisis of the heart her whom he has lately adored. I am sorry for the woman he marries—still, perhaps she would not know the difference! He might even be devoted, from force of habit."

Nina, furious, told herself that she did not believe one word that this spiteful woman was saying, but it made an impression all the same, which was, of course, exactly what the contessa wanted.

"Tornik, too, needs a fortune badly," Maria Potensi went on piercing neatly. "It is hard, over here with us, that men acquire fortunes only by marriage. In America, it must be better, for there they can earn their money, and marry for love."

Nina felt her cheeks burn as she listened, but there was nothing she could say. She knew only too well how hard it would be to believe herself loved.

But not all of the women were like the Contessa Potensi, and by the time Nina had been a month in Rome, she had, with the responsiveness of youth, formed several friendships that were rapidly drifting into intimacies, though she chose as her associates, for the most part, young married women rather than girls. Her particular friend was Zoya Olisco, really six months younger than Nina, but of a precocious worldly experience that gave her at least ten years' advantage.

The young girls were to Nina quite incomprehensible. Their curiously negative behavior in public, their self-conscious diffidence, seemed to her stupid; but their education filled her with envy and shame. Nearly all spoke several languages, not in her own fashion of broken French, broken German, and baby-talk Italian, but with perfect facility and correctness of grammar. Nearly all were thoroughly grounded in mathematics, history, literature, and science. And yet their whole attitude toward life seemed out of balance; they were like pedagogues never out of the schoolroom—one moment discoursing learnedly, the next prattling like little chil-

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dren. The end and aim of life to them was marriage. Each talked of her dot and of what it might buy her in the way of a husband, very much as girls in America might plan the spending of their Christmas money.

In spite of the unusual liberty allowed Nina, as an American, it seemed to her that she was very restricted. She had, for instance, suggested that they ask Carpazzi to dine with them alone and go to the opera. But the princess had said, "Impossible. Carpazzi, finding no one but the family, would naturally suppose we wish to arrange a marriage between you."

Marry Carpazzi! It was ridiculous; Nina never had heard of such customs! "Well, then, why not ask Tornik?" she suggested. "He is not an Italian." The princess demurred. It might be possible to ask Tornik —still she thought it better not. Unless Nina wanted to marry Tornik? Apparently there was little use in pursuing this subject further, so Nina laughed and gave it up.

They were in the princess's room, and Nina, dressed for the street, was pulling on new gloves of fawn colored *suède*. Her brown velvet and fox furs, her big hat with a fox band fastened with an osprey, were all that the modiste's art could achieve.

The princess fastened a little yellow mink collar around her throat over her black cloth dress, selected the better of two pairs of cleaned white kid gloves, picked up her hard, round, little yellow muff, and then went over and sat on the sofa beside Nina. "By the way, darling, I have something to say to you. The Marchese Valdeste has approached your uncle in regard to a marriage between his son Carlo and you. Not being an Italian, I suppose you want to give your answer yourself. What do you say?"

"What do I say!" Nina's eyes and mouth opened together. "Why, I have never even seen the man!"

The princess smiled. "The offer is made in the same way in which it would be if you were an Italian. Your parents not being here, I ask you in their stead—or as I might ask you if you were a widow. To begin, then,—no, I am perfectly in earnest—I am authorized to offer you a young man of unquestionable birth. He has in his own right three castles. Two will need a great deal of repair, but one is in excellent condition and contains three hundred rooms, more than half of which are furnished. He has an annual income of twenty thousand *lire* and—no debts! That he is fairly good-looking, medium-sized, has black hair and brown eyes, and is said to have a very amiable disposition, are details."

As the princess concluded, Nina added: "And he has also a most charming mother. My answer is—my regret that I cannot marry her instead."

"You are sure you do not care to consider this offer?"

Nina looked steadily into her aunt's eyes. "I am sure you married Uncle Sandro through no such courtship as this!"

"I did not think you would accept, my dear child; yet such marriages often turn out for the best—at least it was my duty to ask for your answer. You have given it—and now let us go out. The carriage has been waiting some time."

Shortly afterward they were in the Pincio—for the custom still prevails among Roman ladies and gentlemen of slowly driving up and down or standing for a chat with friends. The dome of St. Peter's looked like a globe of gold set in the center of the celebrated frame of the Pincio trees, but as the sun went down it grew chilly, and the Sansevero landau rolled briskly up the Corso. At Nina's suggestion they stopped at a tea shop.

No sooner were they seated at a little table than they were joined by the Duchess Astarte. The duchess had most graceful manners, but she talked to the princess across Nina, and about her, as though she were an article of furniture, or at least a small child who could not understand what was said. She spoke frankly of Nina's suitors. Scarpa's was an excellent title, but Scarpa was a widower and no longer young. Then she begged the princess to consider her nephew, the young Prince Allegro.

It would be a brilliant match, for he was one of the mediatized princes and ranked with royalty. But his properties took such an immense amount of money to keep up that an added fortune would be a great relief to the whole family. Her consummate naturalness did away with much of the bluntness of her speech; but even so, this was too much for Nina's calmness.

"But, Duchessa," she broke in, "have the Prince Allegro and I nothing to do with the arranging of our own future?"

The duchess observed Nina in as much wonderment as though a baby of six months had broken into the conversation. A moment or two elapsed before she said, soothingly:

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"Oh, the Prince is enchanted at the idea. He danced with you at court and finds you *molto simpatica*. It is a great name, my dear, that he has to offer you—" and then with a condescension, yet a courteousness that prevented offence: "We shall all be willing, nay, delighted, to receive you with open arms. Your position will be in every way as though you had been born into the nobility."

"Thank you," said Nina quietly, "but I don't think I am quite used to the European marriage of arrangement."

"Ah, but it need not be a marriage of arrangement. If you will permit Allegro to pay his addresses to you, he will consider himself the most fortunate of men. May I tell him?"

"Please not!" said Nina. Quite at bay, she longed wildly for some means of escape. To her relief, two Americans whom she knew, young Mrs. Davis and her sister, entered the shop. Nina rose abruptly, apologizing to the duchess, and ran to them. How long had they been in Rome? Where were they stopping? What was the news from New York? They told her all they could think of. The Tony Gilberts had a son—they thought it the only baby that had ever been born; and as for old Mr. Gilbert, he was nearly insane with joy. Billy Rivers had lost every cent of his money; and then—but, of course, Nina had heard about John Derby.

In her fear that some accident had happened to him, Nina's heart seemed to miss two beats. But Mrs. Davis merely meant his success in mining. By the way, she had seen him in New York, as she was driving to the steamer. He was striding up Fifth Avenue, and was "too good-looking for words."

The princess was leaving the shop, and, as Nina followed her into the carriage, her mind was full of Derby. It was very strange—she had had a letter the day before from Arizona, in which John had said nothing about going to New York. Then she remembered that her father had hinted at a possibility that John might be sent to Italy later in the winter. Her pulse quickened at the thought, but with no consciousness of sentiment deepened or changed by absence.

Arrived at the palace, she found a note from Zoya Olisco, who was coming to spend the next day with her. Nina handed the note to the princess. "I thought we could go out in the car and lunch somewhere. Or is it not allowed?" Her eyes twinkled as she questioned.

"That depends," the princess answered in the same spirit, "upon whether you are counting upon including me. I am a very disagreeable tyrant when it comes to being left out of a party."

The automobile in question was Nina's. She had wanted one, and with her "to want" meant "to get." Nearly every one thought it belonged to the princess, as it would not have occurred to many in Rome to suppose it was owned by a young girl.

That night another extravagance of Nina's came to light. In the morning they had been at an exhibition of furs brought to Rome by a Russian dealer. Among them was a set of superb sables, and Nina, throwing the collar around her aunt's shoulders, had exclaimed at their becomingness.

The princess unconsciously stroked the furs as she put them down. "I have never seen anything more lovely," she said wistfully, and with no idea that she had sighed. A sable collar and muff had been one of the desired things of her life, but it was utterly impossible now to think of so much as one skin, and in the piece and muff in question there were more than thirty.

That evening, upon their return, the princess found the furs in her room when she went to dress. At first she felt that they were too much to accept, but when Nina's hazel eyes implored, and her lips begged her aunt to take "just one present to remember her by," the princess for once gave free rein to her emotions and was as wildly delighted as a child.

The very next afternoon Scarpa saw the sables, and on a slip of paper made the following note:

Sables	80,000 lire
60 H. P. motor car	30,000 lire

With a smile that would have done no discredit to his Satanic Majesty, he put the paper in his pocket.

CHAPTER XIV

IT amounts to this: do you take a fitting interest in the name you bear, or do you not?" Sansevero was the speaker, and beneath his usual volubility there was an unwonted earnestness. The two brothers were in Giovanni's apartment on the second floor, which in Roman palaces usually belongs to the eldest son, and Giovanni sat astride a chair, his arms crossed over the back.

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"I don't think you can ask such a question," he retorted hotly. "I am as much a Sansevero as you! But I really see no reason why—just because you have got a notion in your head that a pile of gold dollars would look well in our strong box—I should tie myself up for life. I am well enough as I am. My income is not regal, but it suffices."

Sansevero, like many talkative persons, was too busy thinking of what he was going to say next himself, to listen attentively to his brother's responses. He was merely aware that Giovanni's manner proclaimed opposition, so, when the sound of his voice ceased, Sansevero continued: "Nina is all the most fastidious could ask. *Noblesse oblige*—are you going to keep our name among the greatest in Rome, or are you going to let it fall like that of the Carpazzi? Shall they say of us in the near future, as they say of them to-day: 'Ah, yes, the Sanseveros were a great family once, but they are all dead or beggared now'?"

"*Per Dio!* What an orator we are becoming!" mocked Giovanni, looking out of half-shut eyes like a cat. But after a moment, also like a cat, he opened them wide and stared coolly at his brother. "Out of the mouths of babes—" he said impertinently. "My child, thou hast spoken much wisdom! It is, after all, a proposition that has, possibly, sense in it. *La Nina* is a woman such as any man might be glad to make his wife, and yet—this very fact that she is not an insignificant personality, is what I object to! I doubt her developing into either a blinded saint or a coquette with amiable complacence for others. We should lead a peppery life, I fear. But don't you think, my brother, that we are a bit hysterical over our family's extermination? After all, I am only twenty-eight; and in my opinion thirty-five is a suitable age for a man to marry. How old are you, Sandro—thirty-seven, is it not? And Leonora is nearly three years less. Of a truth, you are young!"

He rested his cheek in the hollow of his hand, looking up sideways. "It would be a great amusement if I should marry, because I am the heir to the estates, and then you should have a large family—so—" he made steps with his unoccupied hand to indicate a succession of children. Then he laughed, without seeming to consider the difference that the birth of an heir to his brother would make to himself. He arose, lit a cigarette, and, smoking, threw himself into an easy chair on the other side of the room. The great Dane, which had been lying beside him as usual, now slowly got up, crossed the room, and dropped down again at his master's feet.

Meanwhile the prince, hands in pockets, had unaccountably become as silent as he had before been talkative, and Giovanni, upon observing his brother's sulky expression, leaned forward.

"Well?" he questioned, with a new ring in his voice, for Sansevero's moodiness was never a good omen. "What are you thinking of? Come, say it!"

Sansevero paced the length of the room and back; then he burst out: "Very well, it is this—everything is as bad as can be—so bad that if you don't marry money, and at once, the Sansevero burial will take place before you and I are dead. *Nome di Dio!* how are we to live with no money?"

"Since you ask my opinion, I have long wondered why you do not live better than you do," Giovanni answered. "Your income, added to Leonora's money, must make a very handsome sum. But one of the faults of the American women is that they are seldom good managers. Leonora is either no exception to the rule—or else she is getting very miserly. Why, an Italian on Leonora's income would live like a queen!"

"Be silent!" Sansevero, flushing darkly, flamed into speech. "Don't you dare to criticise the woman who adorns our house! Here is the truth for you: I haven't one cent of private fortune—I gambled it all away long ago! More than half of Leonora's money is lost—I lost it. Some of it she paid out for my debts; the greater portion I put into the 'Little Devil' mine. I might much better have shoveled it into the Tiber. Do you know what she has done—the woman whom you criticise as a bad manager and stigmatize as mean—I would not care what you said, if you had not thought Leonora mean! *Dio mio*, MEAN! Know, then, that the very jewels she wears are false; that the real ones have been sold—to pay the debts of the man standing before you—the gambling debts of the head of one of the noblest houses in Italy!"

Giovanni was deeply moved, for this was a wound in his one vulnerable point, his pride of birth. The cigarette dropped to the floor unheeded. He moistened his lips as Alessandro continued:

"They were Leonora's own jewels that were sold, mark you. The Sansevero heirlooms will go to your son's wife intact, as they came to mine! But that is not all: I have given my

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oath to Leonora never again to go into a game of chance, and really I want to keep it! Yet you know—no, you don't; no one can who hasn't the fever in his veins—if I see a game, it is as though an unseen force had me in its grip, drawing me against my will; I can't resist! At Savini's I was dining, and I did not know they were going to play—I won a very little; enough to pay the interest on what I owe Meyer. But it makes me cold all over to think—*if* I had lost! An enviable inheritance you will get, when it is known what a mess of things the present holder of the title has made!" He dropped into a chair opposite his brother, and buried his face in his hands; between his slim fingers his forehead looked dark, and his temple veins swollen. For a long time Giovanni sat immovable, staring fixedly, but when at last he broke the silence, he spoke almost lightly:

"It is not a very charming history that you have given me—even though it increases my admiration for the woman who has, it seems, been more worthy of the name she bears than has the man who conferred his titles upon her. I wish you had told me before." Then, with a queerly whimsical smile, he said musingly: "To marry the girl with the golden hair—and purse? Not such a terrible fate to look forward to, after all! She would demand a great deal, and I should have to keep the brakes on. Still—that would do me no harm! You look as though you had been down a sulphur mine. Come, cheer up—all may yet be well." Suddenly he laughed out loud. "Funny thing," he observed further—"you know, I am not so sure that I am not rather in love."

He leaned to St. Anthony, and, putting his hand through the dog's collar beneath the throat, lifted the head on the back of his wrist. "Tell me, *padre*, am I in love? Do you advise the marriage?" The dog put his paw up, fanned the air once in missing, and let it rest on his master's knee.

Giovanni laughed aloud "*Ecco!* Sandro, he consents!"

CHAPTER XV

At precisely the same time when Sansevero and Giovanni were in their imaginations refurbishing their escutcheon, two other men, with the opposite intent, stood on the front steps of the agency of "Thomas Cook and Sons." One was proclaimed by the regulation "Cook's" badge on his cap to be a guide; the other, by his military cloak, might have been recognized as an official of the Italian government. Both had shown covert interest in the Princess Sansevero, who, looking particularly lovely in her magnificent set of sables, had crossed the sidewalk with the light, buoyant carriage characteristic of her.

"There, you may see for yourself if it is I who speak the truth." This was said by the guide.

The official looked at him askance as he drew his bushy brows together and pulled at his beard. "I confess it looks serious—and strongly favors your supposition."

"But what else? It is as plain as the nose on your face, I should say! At Torre Sansevero they have been living on next to nothing—my cousin is cook, and I know that every *soldo* is counted. They come to Rome and spend their savings. You will say they have done that for years; but tell me this, should their savings in this year treble the savings of other years?"

Triumphantly he looked at his companion and, throwing back his head, put his hands on his hips. Then, with a return to his confidential manner, he laid his finger against his nose. "I know it for a fact," he continued—"Luigi heard it at the keyhole—that their excellencies contemplated staying at Torre Sansevero all this winter! Her excellency had the look—Maria, the maid, told the servants that much—that her excellency always has when *signore*, the prince, has cut the strings and left the purse empty."

"Furthermore?" The official twirled his mustache with an air of incredulity.

"Furthermore, the great Raphael disappears! Her excellency's renovation story was a little weak for my digestion, and, unless my eyes played me false, she was well frightened. I'll take my oath she was at a loss what to answer."

"You say you taxed her with it?"

"As I told you. She answered that the picture was being renovated. An answer for an idiot—the picture is one of the best canvasses extant; in perfect repair."

"Did you tell her that?"

"Partially. I am sure she saw my suspicion."

"I should doubt her carrying out the sale after that. There is where your story fails."

"Ah, but it had already gone! It was perhaps by then in the house of a foreign millionaire. No, no, my story hangs together: The great picture disappears! A month later

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—time exactly for its arrival in America and the payment for it to be sent over here—her excellency of no money comes out in such a motor-car as that! And sables! I have an eye for furs. My father was in the business. The value of those she has on runs easily into the seventy or eighty thousand *lire*. Here she comes now, out of the banker's where American money is most often paid! Do you want better evidence?"

He had been punctuating all he said with his fingers, and now, with a final snap of arms and a shrug of shoulders, he looked up in keen triumph at his companion.

The other—slower and less excited than the narrator (probably because he was not the discoverer of the plot)—nevertheless showed lively interest. "It is very grave," he admitted at last: "But the Sansevero family is illustrious. We may not proceed against them without due consideration. I shall report the case to the chief of our secret service, and the prince must be——"

A tall, athletic young man who had been changing some foreign gold into Italian, came into the open doorway of the office. A carriage, passing at that moment close to the curb, had prevented the two men from hearing the stranger's footfall, and as the latter stood on the top step, searching in his pocket for matches, he happened to catch the name "Sansevero." At once his attention was arrested, but as the conversation was carried on in an undertone, he caught only vague, detached words. Still, he was sure that he had heard "Raphael" after the name "Sansevero, "disappearance," and then something like "secret service." But his presence evidently had become known, for as he passed on out into the street the two in blue coats were talking loudly about the excursion to Tivoli and the scenery *en route*.

Hailing a cab, he drove to the Palazzo Sansevero—where the porter informed him that neither of their excellencies was at home. The stranger thereupon asked for Miss Randolph. That a *signore* should send in his card to a *signorina* was so far outside the range of his experience that the porter stood with his mouth open, unable even to think what answer to give. As though he were a somnambulist, the man took the card and slowly read the name on its face; then he looked the stranger over from head to foot, read the name a second time, and finally entered the palace.

The young man watched his retreating figure, and then, throwing back his head, laughed long and heartily. After which he fell to studying the details of the courtyard. He noted with keen interest the deep ruts worn in the solid stone paving under the massive arches of the gateways, and glanced up at the bas-reliefs between the windows. At the sound of footsteps he turned and encountered Nina's maid, Celeste.

Mademoiselle had sent her to bid him mount to the salon. Through the green baize doors—it was the shorter way—and then, if monsieur would go straight on to the very last of the rooms— His striding pace made Celeste fairly trot along at his heels. He went through room after room. Was there no end to them? At last Nina's slight, girlish figure was seen silhouetted against a broad window at the end —the light at her back hazing the gold of her hair, like a nimbus, about her face.

She ran toward him, both hands out. "Jack! Dear Jack! Is it you, really, or am I dreaming? When did you come? Oh, I *am* so glad to see you; but what a surprise! Why did you not send word?"

For a moment a light leaped into Derby's eyes. It seemed as though Nina was looking at him exactly as he, in his day dreams, had seen her. But his prudence steadied his first impulse, and he put down her gladness as merely the joy of a person who, far from home, sees suddenly a familiar face in the midst of strangers; and they sat on the sofa just as they had sat on the railing of the veranda in the country, ever since they were children.

In Derby's account of himself, Nina could easily read the confidence that had led her father to send him to Italy. But their talk had gone little further than the barest outline of his mission when the prince and princess returned. At the sight of Nina sitting alone with a man, the princess came forward quickly with the question, "My child, what does this mean?" as plainly asked in her eyes as it could have been by spoken words. But at Nina's "John Derby, Aunt Eleanor!" the princess put out her hand with all the grace in the world, and as she returned the straight, frank look of his blue eyes, her whole expression became youthful, as if reflecting some pleasant memory of her girlhood.

"I knew your uncle very, very well!" She smiled entrancingly. It was a smile that irresistibly attracted to her all who ever saw it. "You are like him." Then she added softly, dreamingly, as though half speaking to her-

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self, "You remind me of so many things—at home!"

The next minute she had turned to present Derby to her husband, and the conversation became general. But, finally, in a pause, Nina said, "Jack, tell Uncle Sandro what father sent you over to do. Or is it a secret?"

Derby looked toward Sansevero as though measuring the man. "It is no great secret—but I would rather it was not spoken of yet."

"My ears are deaf, and my tongue is dumb." Sansevero put his hand over his ear, his mouth, and finally his heart.

"I have come over to buy, or to lease—at all events, to work—sulphur mines," Derby announced.

As though an electric current had been turned on, Sansevero sat up straight, and his levity vanished. "To work sulphur mines! Will you tell me more? I have a particular reason for wanting to know."

Derby answered willingly. "I can give you a general idea. I was forced into inventing a new method of mining on account of the quicksands, which are found all through our mines at home. Taking a suggestion from the oil wells, I bored just such a well down into the sulphur beds. Ordinarily the sulphur is brought up in powder or rock form, and refined in vats on the surface, so that not only do the miners have to go down into the sulphurous heat, but the caldrons in which the sulphur is refined give out gases that are unendurable to human throats and lungs. In our mines, the sulphur is now refined sixty or a hundred feet below the surface of the ground, and pours out in an already purified state, at the top of the well."

Sansevero looked incredulous: "But sulphur is almost impossible to liquefy. Unlike metals, it congeals again when it has been heated beyond the proper temperature. Also it corrodes any metal it touches, so that a pipe would be eaten away immediately."

"To get over those difficulties is exactly what I am trying to do by my new process," Derby answered. "The sulphur is melted by hot water sent down the pipes, followed by sand, and then sawdust—the sand to carry the heat to the cooler edges, and the wet sawdust to check the heat at the center."

Even the princess drew nearer and laid her hand on her husband's arm as Derby made his explanation. Sansevero trembled with excitement. "But according to that," he cried, turning to his wife, "our mine would be practicable!" Then to Derby: "I ought to explain to you that we have a sulphur mine in Sicily, near Vencata. So far as I know, the sulphur does, as you say, lie in a bed some twenty meters down. Above it are rock and alluvial soil. The volcanic neighborhood makes the temperature below ground higher than can be borne, yet we know that the sulphur deposit is immense."

"Give me more details. From what you say, it sounds as though this mine of yours might be exactly what we are looking for. Does Mr. Randolph know of it, or that you are the owner?"

"No; no one knows it excepting one small group of sulphur owners. I unwisely went into it on the advice of—some one who is very good at all these things; yet the best are liable to mistake. Other mines in the neighborhood, owned by friends of mine, have brought in a fortune. Ours has, so far, been a failure."

The talk lasted until luncheon was served. Giovanni put in an appearance, and Derby was pressed to stay. As di Valdo and the American met, there was a barely perceptible coldness under the Italian's good manners, while Derby's greeting showed a momentary curiosity. Two more sharply contrasted beings could hardly have been brought together. But gradually Giovanni also became interested in the mining plans, and, as the reason for the American's coming to Europe very evidently was business and not the pursuit of the heiress, Giovanni's affability became genuine.

The end of the matter was that Derby agreed to take up the Sansevero mine, commonly known as the "Little Devil"; to be worked on a "royalty" basis. Derby, representing his company, was to pay all expenses, take all responsibility, and to return to Sansevero a percentage of the market price on every ton of sulphur taken out of it.

Furthermore, Sansevero insisted upon giving him a letter to the Archbishop of Vencata, who lived about eight hours on muleback from the mining settlement. The Sicilians, he declared, were a dangerous people for strangers who tried to interfere in their established order of things.

"So then I am likely to have adventures! It sounds exciting!" The American threw back his head and laughed at the sport of it. However, he accepted the letter to the archbishop.

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CHAPTER XVI

DERBY did not realize until afterward that the entire conversation at the Palazzo Sansevero had been about his projects, and that, aside from a few generalities, he really knew nothing of Nina's winter or of her Italian experiences. He returned to his hotel at about five o'clock, and was striding directly toward the smoking-room without glancing to right or left among the attractive groups that characterize the tea hour at the Excelsior, when he was arrested by some one's calling, "Why, John Derby!"

In the crowd of persons and tables, he looked blankly for a familiar face, but, as his name was repeated, he recognized Mrs. Bobby Davis and her sister, Mildred Hoyt. As soon as Derby reached their table, Mrs. Davis glibly rattled off the names of the four or five men who comprised their party. They were all Europeans, who, in regular afternoon attire—frock coats, and flower in buttonhole—were sipping tea and eating cake. Derby was in tweeds, and afternoon tea was by no means part of his daily program.

However, he made the best of it, and also of the remarks that followed, for he was no sooner seated than Mrs. Davis turned all her powers of sprightly conversation upon the subject of Nina. Half of the nobility of Italy, she averred, were sighing—or busily doing sums—at the feet of the American heiress. There was a particularly fascinating Sansevero—he was not called Sansevero, but di Valdo (curious custom of having half a dozen names for one person!), who, it was rumored, was simply mad about Nina! People said she was going to marry him—either him or Duke something. And there were crowds of others. That was one of her suitors now—she pointed out Tornik, who was taking tea with a group from the Austrian Embassy. He was most attractive, didn't John think so? In Nina's place, she would have her head turned!

This idea seemed to be a new one to Derby. "Should you?" The question was asked so reflectively that Mrs. Davis almost stopped to think; but the habit of prattling carried her on.

"To have men like that sighing for one—I should call it thrilling, to say the least."

Derby's look questioned. "I wonder why the Europeans make such a hit with you women," he said. "Why, for instance, do you find that man over there attractive? What do you like about him?"

"Seriously?" Mrs. Davis patted her hair up the back with a little smoothing movement of satisfaction. "I don't know how to put it—it is very indefinable; but a man like that has a quality—a polish, I suppose it is, really—that is quite irresistible."

Derby looked rather disgusted. "And you think that is why Nina likes them?"

"Oh, there are other reasons—lots of them. In the first place, Nina has a bad case of '*allure de noblesse.*' In her case I don't wonder! You can't imagine anything so heavenly as her aunt's palace; it is every bit as fine as any of the galleries or museums."

As though this remark added a new link to a chain of old impressions, Derby found himself asking: "By the way—they have a famous picture gallery out in the country somewhere, haven't they?"

Mrs. Davis turned for information to Prince Minotti, sitting next to her; who, as he was not especially welcomed by the Romans, much affected the society of Americans, since to them, as a rule, a prince is a prince, and the name that follows of comparative unimportance.

"Torre Sansevero," he said pompously, "is one of the finest estates we have in Italy. In fact, the gardens are hardly less celebrated than those of the Villa d'Este, and there are a few excellent paintings. Do you ask for any special reason?"

"No," replied Derby casually. "I heard they had a Raphael that was especially beautiful; I should like to see it—that is all."

"Do you, by chance, know the Princess Sansevero's niece, from America, who is captivating Rome this winter?"

"Miss Randolph? Yes."

"Ah, then it will be easy for you to get permission to see the painting. The gallery is not open to the public, though Cook's, I believe, send a party out once a week, to see the gardens."

To Derby the suspicion at once became a certainty that, in overhearing the talk between the Cook's guide and the official, he had by accident stumbled upon something of serious importance to the Sanseveros. He was puzzling over it when, in the smoking-room, a few moments later, he encountered Eliot Porter, an American writer who was making a study of Roman life. At sight of Derby he called out heartily, "Hello, Jack, when did you come over?"

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Derby drew up a chair beside him, and briefly sketched the object of his visit.

"Negotiating with Scarpa, I suppose?" asked Porter.

"The Sulphur King?" Derby shook his head. "No, I don't think I shall need him. I have my hands on a property that promises to be what I am looking for. The duke wants to work his mines himself and in his own way. I am merely trying a scheme; if it turns out well, good! If not, I shall have tested it."

"When do you begin operations? I suppose you realize, my friend, that it is no joke to interfere with the Sicilians? They are as suspicious of a new face as a tribe of savages. Savages is just about what they are, too! And there is another element that you should not lose sight of: If you are going to upset Scarpa's methods, it is not the Sicilians alone that you will have to deal with, but also the duke himself."

"I am not going to try his property."

"No, but he controls the sulphur output. If you come into his market—well, I'd not give a *soldo* for your skin. Besides, that would be the second grudge he'd have against you!"

"Second? I don't understand——"

"He wants to marry your best girl! Oh, hold on—no offense meant. She is having a splendid time of it, if a string of satellites as long as the Ponte St. Angelo constitutes a woman's joy. All the same, my boy, put this in your pipe and smoke it: 'Ware Scarpa, don't turn your back to any one who might be in his employ, and bolt your door at night. Will you have my Winchester?"

Derby smoked on unperturbed. "It sounds as though it might be interesting. I had expected a mere proposition of machinery; the human elements always add. Wasn't it you who told me that?"

"In a book, decidedly!" and then with a sudden impulse, "By Jove, Jack, I believe it would be a good thing for me to go along with you! I might get new copy."

Derby laughed, incredulously. "Well, if you mean it, come along! I wish you would." Porter meant it enough to discuss the project, at any rate. For later, the two men dined together, and they discussed arrangements and expedients all the evening.

Derby went to the Palazzo Sansevero the next day, but again he had much to talk over with the prince, and saw little of Nina. In some unaccountable way she seemed changed; nothing definite happened to mark the difference that he vaguely felt, but Mrs. Davis's remark came back to him—"The Europeans are so finished," and he wondered whether Nina found him unfinished; he even wondered whether he was or not—which was a good deal of wondering for him.

At first, Sansevero's investment in the "Little Devil" had seemed to Derby merely the unfortunate venture the prince thought it, but when, in the course of their talk, it came out that Scarpa was the "friend" who had sold him the mine, Derby was sure that the duke had deliberately saddled him with a property which he knew to be useless. And yet every word that Scarpa had urged as a reason for the mine's value, was—taken literally—true. The mine was in close proximity to his own; the surveys, furthermore, showed the "Little Devil" to be the richest in sulphur deposit of any in the region. But if the mine was as valuable as Scarpa declared, it was scarcely compatible with all that was known of his character that, out of purely disinterested friendship, he should put such a prize in Sansevero's hands, while he bought up for himself less valuable mines at higher prices. Derby kept his opinions to himself; but his blood boiled with indignation and, mentally, he resolved to beat Scarpa if it was humanly possible.

As Derby was leaving, Nina deliberately went from the room with him. "I want to speak with John a few minutes," she said to her aunt. "We are both Americans, you know," she added, laughing. In the adjoining room she motioned him to sit beside her, but he stood instead, leaning against the window frame. She looked up with something like apology. "Am I keeping you?" she asked quickly. "Are you in a hurry?"

Almost with the manner of Mr. Randolph, he pulled out his watch. "Not especially. I have an appointment with the Duke Scarpa—but not for half an hour." She had not noticed before the nervously hurried manner of her countrymen. There were many things she wanted to talk to John about—but she might as well have tried to carry on a restful conversation at a railroad station, when the train was coming in.

"With Scarpa?" She tried to hold his attention. "What are you going to see *him* about?"

Derby seemed preoccupied.

"I don't think I'm very sure myself—further than that he wants to buy my patents,

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which I have no intention of selling, and I want to rent his mines, which he has no intention of renting. Rather asinine, going to see him! Still, as he insists—" There was an eagerness in Derby's face inconsistent with the shrugging of his shoulders.

But Nina's thoughts were not on the processes of mining just then, though they were on Scarpa. She looked at Derby appealingly.

"Jack!"

"Yes, Nina?"

"Do you know what I think?—Aunt Eleanor won't say a word; she hides it all she can, but she must have lost almost her entire fortune. Jack, do you think that Duke Scarpa could be at the bottom of it?"

Derby gave her a glance of keen interest, but he expressed no surprise and asked her no questions. As a matter of fact, the gossip of the Cook's guide had partly prepared him for Nina's revelation about her aunt's fortune, and he had his own theories about Scarpa. "Quite likely," he answered dryly, "but it is also quite likely that we shall get the better of him—" Then, with a sudden change in his manner he looked at her steadily. "But perhaps you don't want us to get the better of him?"

"Do you mean——?"

"I hear he is very devoted—and he has not only the handle to his name that you women seem to be keen about, but he is too rich to be after your money." Derby had no sooner said the words than he regretted them. But seeing Nina color, he misinterpreted her feelings, and spoke under a sudden flash of jealousy. "And I suppose the title of duchess is irresistible."

Nina was deeply hurt. "That is pretty blunt," she said, the pupils of her eyes contracted as though the sun blinded them. "Have you ever seen the man you speak of? No? Well, you would not say such a thing if you had. I *hate* him!"

Derby seemed fated to blunder. Again he made the wrong remark. "Hate, they say, is next to love."

His lack of insight, so palpable in contrast with Giovanni's keenness of perception, was too much for Nina's new sensitiveness. She suddenly congealed, and stood up, very straight, with the little upward tilt of the chin that indicated fast approaching temper.

Derby knew this symptom well enough, but he had not the slightest idea that his own obtuseness was the cause. Without analyzing, he accepted her starting up as a signal to leave, and promptly said good-by. "Good-by, then!" Nina said frigidly; and, turning on her heel, she abruptly left him.

Under the spur of her anger against him, the words framed themselves in her mind—"How unfinished he is!" But down in her heart there was an ache, deeper than could have been caused by mere irritation, or even disappointment. Never before in her life had there been a breach between John and her. She felt it was all the fault of his own density—or was it lack of feeling?

She went to her room to put on her riding habit, for she was going to the meet. Then, as she dressed, the thought came to her that John, a foreigner, and the most venturesome person in the world, was going off to Sicily, into the very center of one of the wildest districts. And gradually fear for him made her forget her resentment.

Just as she was leaving her room a big cornucopia of roses was brought in, to which was appended the following note:

"If we weren't such old friends and you didn't know what a blundering fool I am, I wouldn't dare to apologize for this morning. Judge me by intent, though, won't you—and forgive me?

"JACK."

Nina broke off a rose and fastened it to the lapel of her habit; but the note she tucked in between the buttonholes. Suddenly humming a gay little song, she ran through the rooms and corridors to join her aunt and uncle, who were waiting for her to motor out to the hunt, the horses having been sent ahead with the grooms.

At the meet the scene was really animated, for the day was perfect, and the Via Appia was a bright moving picture of carriages, large and small, big motors and little runabouts, the road dotted here and there with the brilliant scarlet coats of those who were to hunt and the bright colors of women's dresses in the various conveyances.

There was apparently much lack of system: the huntsmen chatted aimlessly with persons in the carriages; while the hounds scurried around according to their own inclinations, paying little attention to the snap of the whip. The Contessa Potensi, who had appeared in a pink hunting coat, was the cynosure of all eyes. The innovation created quite a stir, and no little admiration. She bowed to Nina with unusual civility, and made a formal acknowledgment of the

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pleasure of riding with her. Yet shortly after, when she joined a group of friends a short distance farther on, she was laughing and glancing back as she spoke, in a way that left little doubt that she was making disparaging remarks.

Sansevero and Giovanni had mounted their hunters, and now joined Nina, but that gave her little pleasure, for the contessa immediately returned. Nina was glad when Donna Francesca Dobini and the young Prince Allegro cantered up. Donna Francesca was soon talking with Sansevero, leaving Nina to Allegro—an attractive youth, but light as a bit of fluff.

As for Giovanni, she felt that he was as unstable as the dead leaves which the wind at that moment was blowing around and around. They were graceful, too, those leaves, and Giovanni was fascinating, agile, charming—but in case one counted upon him seriously, where would he be? Smiling sweetly, no doubt, at some other woman, and telling her that her eyes were twin lakes of heaven's blue, or forest pools in which his heart was lost forever.

The contrasting image of John Derby came sharply to mind. John was going to Sicily to do a man's work in a man's way. A little later she noticed Tornik, who was cantering ahead of her: his figure was not unlike John's—he was strong and masculine. She wondered aimlessly if they might be in any other way alike. Supposing, in some unaccountable situation she were to be thrown upon his chivalry for protection, what would he do? Shrug his shoulders and look bored? Or detail a company from his regiment to stand guard over her? The idea made her laugh.

"You are gay this morning," observed Giovanni, light-heartedly joining in her laughter.

With a quizzical little expression Nina looked at him—"I wonder if you would be amused if you knew why I laughed."

"If it gives you pleasure—it is delicious, whatever it is!"

All the softness went out of the girl's brown eyes; they glittered curiously. "Yes," she said, "that is just what I thought." After which ambiguous remark she returned to her former gayety—"Come," she said, "let's go fast; we shall be the last!" Urging her horse, she galloped across the fields.

She would have been at a loss to understand her own vacillations of mood that day: she seemed to feel an unaccountable revulsion against every one. The gesticulations of the men around her, their airs and blandishments, annoyed her. Not an hour earlier she had found John dull and flat by comparison with Europeans. Now suddenly they were effeminate dandies, and John alone was a real man.

But the exhilaration of jumping brought her to a more equable frame of mind, and at the first check she and the Prince Allegro were in the lead. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes bright from the long gallop.

They had stopped on a knoll out on the Campagna, and Nina remained apart from the other hunters, walking her horse slowly, while Allegro went over to the carriage to get a handkerchief for her from the Princess Sansevero. She drew in deep breaths of the fresh air, as she gazed out over the rolling hills to the snowclad tops of the Albanian mountains glistening in the sunshine.

Then suddenly a deep, oily voice jarred through her wandering thoughts: "You are very pensive!" exclaimed the Duke Scarpa, appearing beside her.

Nina started violently, for, besides his unexpected appearance, there was something in this man's personality that always sent a shudder through her.

"The Marchese di Valdo has been telling me that I am very gay," she answered, not so much to give the duke the information as to contradict him.

"Then I am doubly sad, since you are gay with others, and absent-minded when I come." A lurking familiarity in his smile made Nina wince. He ranged his horse so close that his boots brushed against hers, and she pulled aside quickly; he did not move close again, but he checked her attempt to pass him, keeping between her and the other riders.

"Why are you so cruel?" he murmured. "Diana never had so many votaries as Venus."

"I am not interested in mythology," said Nina, her heart fluttering with fright. "Please allow me to pass—I want to join my uncle."

"Sweet, pale little Diana,"—he leaned over in his saddle and purred the words at her—"where mythology failed was in not marrying Diana to Mars. Exactly as—you are going to marry me!"

The fifth instalment of **The Title Market** will appear in the June number

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THE PATRIARCH'S PROGENY

By HARRIS DICKSON

NOT in the brave days of old, but in the year of grace, 1908, Bob Murdock sat upon the broad balcony of his plantation home. About him lay the clearing which his father's father had carved out of a wilderness in the fertile delta of the Mississippi. White fields of cotton glistened in the morning sun. Beyond lay the dark green thickets of cane, a wall of mighty oaks, and the impenetrable recesses of the swamp.

Dressed for the saddle and the field, the young man waited while a negro boy led around his limping horse. "Sam, what's the matter?" he demanded. "Who has been riding Dick?"

Sam turned his head evasively away; but he would not tell tales.

"I knew it," said Murdock to himself. He walked to the end of the gallery and called peremptorily, "Ransom! Ransom!"

Presently an old negro man came shuffling around the corner of the house. One glance at the horse and he knew what the trouble was. With his gray head uncovered, he stopped at the steps, before the wrathful master of Reveille Plantation. Murdock read him like a book, and knew that for the hundredth time Uncle Ransom was guilty. Ninety-nine times had Ransom been forgiven; the end of patience had come. The planter gazed at him steadily without saying a word. Uncle Ransom stood first on one foot, then on the other. He lifted his eyes and tried to smile.

"Uncle Ransom, you rode Big Dick twenty miles to that festival Saturday night; you kept him out all day Sunday and nearly killed him Sunday night. How many times have I told you to let my horses rest on Sunday?"

"Yes suh, Marse Robert, dat's so, but——"

"How many times have I told you if you didn't quit that, you and I couldn't get along together on this place?"

"Dat sho' is the trufe, Marse Robert. You p'intedly tole me dat— But you knows a nigger, he jes' nacherly forgits."

"Every negro on this place believes that he can do exactly as he pleases."

"Dar now, bless Gawd, you sho' spoke a parable; dese young niggers is gittin' mighty triflin'."

"It has come to this, Ransom: Reveille is not big enough for you and me. To-morrow morning we part; you go your way and I go mine."

"Yes suh."

The old negro looked sorely troubled and bewildered. He glanced over his shoulder at the rippling lake, the open cotton, the perfectly level fields. Ransom had been born on Reveille and had never known any other home. His heart went out in supreme pity for the man who had to leave it.

"Well, Marse Robert, ef we jes' *can't* git along together—ef we's jes' *boun'* ter sep'rate, would you mind tellin' me whar'bouts you 'spects ter go?"

Bob Murdock stared at the old man, then turned and stalked into the house.

"Dar now," remarked Uncle Ransom, "sumpin sho' is pestered 'im. Here, Sam, gimme dat hoss; you doan know nuthin' 'bout hosses." He snatched the bridle and led Big Dick toward the stable.

The big house stood back a hundred yards, facing the road that ran between it and the lake. Around it clustered the water oaks, whose branches almost trailed on the ground. Originally it had been a four-room log house with a hall through the middle, and two rooms on either side, chinked with mud and whitewashed. The log kitchen, after the custom of the times, was not connected with the main building, and stood about twenty feet in the rear. Murdock's grandfather had built this tem-

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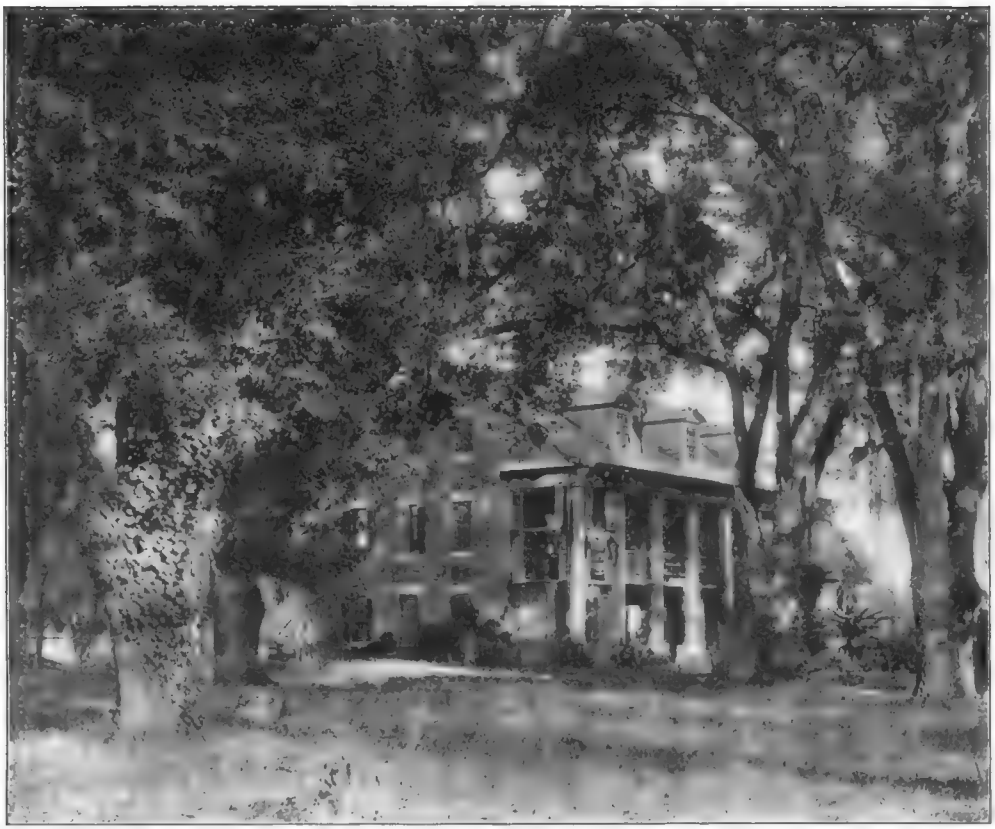

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THE "BIG HOUSE"—THE NUCLEUS OF THE PLANTATION.

porary home when he came West to settle beside the Mississippi.

Close behind the house were the old "quarters," a double row of cabins on either side of the plantation road which led toward the swamp. Forty cabins indicated that the settler had brought from Virginia about one hundred slaves—men, women, and children. These cabins were still occupied, but they had brick chimneys instead of the original mud-and-stick. Their galleries were made of good lumber, and many were newly covered with shingles in place of the old clapboards.

When the first owner of Reveille had become more prosperous and his daughters were growing up, he planned a new house. His brick masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths built it as an addition to the original log house, reproducing the home of Colonel Murdock's father in the Old Dominion. It was not a mansion—there were few ornamentations and no gewgaws; but it was big and roomy, with generous galleries and high ceilings. It had a wide hall through the center, with three rooms on either side. Below stairs to the left were the double parlors, and back of them was the dining-room, all connected by folding doors, and making, when thrown together, a ballroom seventy feet long. "The girls will surely be wanting to dance when they grow up," thought Colonel Murdock.

Across the hall were ranged a sitting-room, a sewing-room, and a library. Here the business of the plantation was transacted, and it was quite sufficient to keep the master employed. Each room had its open fireplace; wood was plentiful, and everybody loved the blazing log. One great white gable

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Photograph by A. B. Phelan.

A TYPICAL NEGRO STORE IN A SOUTHERN TOWN.

Photograph by A. B. Phelan.

THE BANDANNA IS NO LONGER INEVITABLE.

looked toward the road, four tall square pillars supporting it. A broad gallery—called neither veranda nor porch in this country—ran around the front and two sides of the house, upstairs and down.

This was the plantation nucleus. In course of time the kitchen became a laundry, and a new kitchen was built of brick, burned and laid by the plantation hands. It will be standing when modern houses have fallen into decay. The smokehouse did well enough, although built of logs, and it remained in use; but the log corncrib was replaced by a new barn in the pasture lot.

The massive old ginhouse stood as a monument of early days. The pasture fence enclosed it, and the building had degenerated into a sort of clubhouse for crippled mules. Here they met in the cool shade, bowed their solemn heads together, and debated gravely on the state of the Union. Across the road a fussy, newfangled gin had been erected beside the lake—at this season the center of plantation activity. Beyond the gin, with its gallery abutting on the road, was Reveille store, which sold everything from fish hooks to flannel shirts, quinine, provisions, and "mule jewelry."

When Uncle Ransom disappeared around the corner, Bob Murdock peeped out of the window. "Sam, put the saddle on Prince and bring him around." The stolid negro brought another horse. "Now, Sam, you go over and help old 'Lisha with his picking. He's been sick abed for more than a week, and got way behind with his crop."

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Photograph by A. B. Phelan.

ONE CABIN TO EACH TWENTY ACRES WAS THE RULE.

Murdock rode out toward the big gate through what had once been a formal garden with a cemented fish pond in the center. The beds were laid in geometrical curves and angles, bordered with narcissus and hedged with boxwood. Roses, Cape jessamine, and crape myrtle rioted in profusion. A crimson rambler had taken possession of the magnolia tree. If Murdock's mother had been at home, no blade of grass would have shown in the beds, no weed in the walks; the hedges would have been neatly trimmed like a gentleman's Vandyke. But at this season he could not spare a hand from the field.

The owner of Reveille was more than a landlord. He was a guardian-in-chief of six hundred people. He was their legal counselor, medical adviser, the keeper of their consciences, their judge, jury, and sheriff, and their supreme court without appeal. This was not the law written upon the statute book, but it was none the less his inheritance. It was a part of the patriarchal system. As the ancient lawyers used to say, it was "a covenant running with the land." The negroes knew they were not irrevocably bound by everything Bob Murdock said; but to them he represented a practical justice which was cheaper and surer than any they could find in the courts. His office was, for the most part, in his saddle, his precedents were under his hat; the force of his decisions lay in the obedience that was accorded them.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

COTTON WAS OPENING AND THE FIELDS WERE FULL OF PICKERS.

To the old-time negroes the law had given freedom, but the law could not change their instincts.

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any more than it could prevent a bear-dog from baying on the trail. They came from generations of servants whose lives were inseparable from their master's. Young Murdock came from generations of men who knew how to handle these negroes. And the newer negroes who had grown up since emancipation, fitted in naturally, with

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

A RARE AND PERFECT TYPE OF THE OLD-TIME SOUTHERN STAIRCASE.

little or no friction. It was so easy to let the responsibility rest with "the boss"; they could just drift along and not worry.

'Nias opened the big gate, and Murdock turned toward the gin. He rode on, smiling at his fiasco of the morning. Ransom waylaid him behind a clump of Cherokee roses, first being careful to see that "the boss" was in a good humor. He stepped into the road. "Marse Robert, I forgot ter tell yer dey's done put my son, Isom, in jail; I wants yer to git 'im out." Ransom expected the boss to swear, because he was getting tired of paying Isom out of jail. But Murdock only inquired: "Well, what's Isom in for this time?"

"Nuthin' 't all, Marse Robert, nuthin' 't all. A no-'count nigger got 'im into some kind o' lawsuit concernin' of a dime."

"'Concerning of a dime?'"

"Yes suh; Isom he had a nickel in de dime, an' dat yudder nigger come out on a six; yudder nigger say he made a p'int an' Isom 'sist he didn't. Dat's how come Isom ter git 'rested."

"Craps again. I thought so. Ransom, that wasn't all of it."

"No suh; doctor say dat yudder nigger warn't hurt much, jes' kinder stunned wid a stick o' wood."

"All right; remind me of it when I come back, and I'll telephone Judge Walker to look after him. He'll have to come here and pick cotton until he pays his fine."

"Yas suh; Isom would be a pretty good nigger ef he didn't love to gamble."

Murdock reined up at the store, and spoke to one of the clerks: "Billy, anything going on?"

"No sir, nobody here."

"That's right. Don't encourage the hands to loaf around here. I want them in the field."

Murdock rode on to the gin, where half a dozen wagons stood in line unloading seed cotton. Each negro watched his own load until it passed through the gin and came back to him baled for the market. There it was weighed, marked, and tagged, and a receipt given him for his particular bale. Murdock talked to every man, examining his cotton to see that it was free from trash and dirt. Then he went through the gin, lint room, engine room, press room. With experienced eye he noted every detail of the operation. Then he

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ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF THE GREEK INFLUENCE IN SOUTHERN ARCHITECTURE.

mounted his horse and rode away to the fields.

If Murdock had been asked how much land he had, he would have guessed "about 12,000 acres." It began at the lake and ran back into the swamps among the bayous and the cane-brakes. The rear was too low for cultivation, but along the lake front he had about 2,250 acres in cotton.

The system was simple. Each family rented as much land as they could cultivate —say, twenty acres for a man and his wife. For a half-grown son five acres might be added. One cabin to each twenty acres was the rule. The tenants had free hunting and fishing, free pasturage, firewood, a garden spot, fruits, and berries. They paid ninety pounds of lint cotton as rent for each acre, and drew their rations from the store until settlement day.

As the landlord's only security was the labor of his tenants, it was necessary to keep them under strict supervision. So, in addition to the oversight exercised by his excellent manager, Murdock made it a point at this season to ride over the place once each day himself.

He turned eastward from the gin toward the "Deadening Quarters." The big gray horse knew his route. He cut across the old pasture and took a bridle path which came out on the bayou near the row of newer cabins. Cotton was opening rapidly, and the fields were full of pickers working by twos and threes. Murdock stopped at each group, advised with them, sometimes following down the row on foot, with his bridle hanging to his arm.

"Here! John!" he called to a man at the far end of a row. "What do you mean by dumping your cotton on the ground? That mud and trash will take off a cent a pound."

"We jes' put dis little bit dere—jes' fer a minute."

"Go and get that canvas ground cloth. Never let me catch you putting cotton in the dirt."

When the boss had passed on, the negro grinned: "I didn't aim ter let 'im ketch me *dis* time. 'Tain't no use tryin' ter fool him. He sees everything on dis place." Then he went into his cabin and got a square piece of canvas, spread it on the ground, and put his cotton on it.

Presently Murdock came

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up behind a cabin where he heard some music. "It's that trifling Bailey," he said. Sure enough, a big black man sat on his gallery strumming a banjo.

"Bailey!" The negro dropped his banjo and ducked into the house. "Come out of there, Bailey. What are you doing at home this time o' day?"

"Boss, hit's jes' dis way——"

"Look here, Bailey, you are 'way behind in your account now, and always complaining about bad luck. Bad luck follows a lazy nigger. There's your field, white with cotton, and you fooling away time picking a banjo, while your wife is at work. Get out and go to picking. If you don't bring in 150 pounds to-night, I'll cut off your rations and put somebody else in your place." He waited at the gate until the negro got his bag and went into the field.

Farther on, a woman called to him from the door of a cabin somewhat neater than the others, with a few flowers in the yard. "Marse Robert, please come in here. My baby's mighty sick." Murdock threw his bridle over the paling and went in. The baby was sick; a pocket thermometer showed its temperature to be 103.

"All right, Maria, I'll have the doctor here in a little while." He stepped out on the gallery and called a boy from the field. "Joe, get a mule and take this order to Doctor Williams. Now, Maria, you let me know if the baby doesn't get better. Send down to the store and get a piece of ice."

Photograph by A. B. Phelan.

PLANTATION PICKANINNIES.

Down by the well he met two negroes riding along the road, both of them dressed up in their best.

"Where are you going, boys?" he asked.

"Squire Murray's court."

"What for?"

"I'm gwine ter have Jim French 'rested; he's got one o' my hawgs tied up an' won't give 'im ter me."

"No, Wesley, you are not going to do anything of the sort. You're a new hand and don't know my rules. No lawsuits on this plantation. I won't have my negroes trotting to a justice of the peace and spending their money for lawyers. I settle all disputes. Come to the store to-night at eight o'clock." Murdock turned to the other negro: "Go tell Jim French to be there. Both of you get back to the field. I can't have you wasting good weather."

At the remote end of the plantation Murdock saw a group of negroes gathered under a big oak tree. They were so intent upon something that no one noticed him. He stopped to see what they were about. A Syrian peddler had his wares spread on the ground—two or three cheap rugs, a clock, and some gaudy pictures. He was selling worthless goods on the installment plan. Half the negroes on the place would be in debt, and this peddler would be going from house to house, collecting. It meant a number of lawsuits; in the end the justice of the peace would have to reclaim a lot of property that had not been paid for. Murdock

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DARKY "QUARTERS" ON AN OLD-TIME SUGAR PLANTATION.

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

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rode out of the brush. "What are you doing?" The negroes jumped up. "Jes' lookin' at some things, boss."

"What does he want for that clock?"

"Ten dollars—'stallments—fo' bits a week,' answered a round-faced, simple-looking boy.

"That clock's worth $1.50; how much for that rug?"

"Twelve dollars—six bits a week."

"It's worth about two dollars." He turned to the peddler. "Don't you know this plantation is posted, 'No peddlers allowed'? Pack your plunder and get off. Here, Green, go with this man and show him the plantation line, down there by that big cottonwood tree. Stop at the store and telephone Mr. Barton's manager that we've passed him along."

And Murdock rode off toward the schoolhouse hid under a magnolia grove near the church. He went up to the window and looked in. The teacher saw him and came to the window. "Mr. Murdock," she said, "we wants to have a festival in the church next Saturday night. The committee appointed me to ask if it was all right. And wouldn't you help us some?"

"What do you need, Jenny?"

"We are going to have ice cream and lemonade and cake—tryin' to raise money for a Christmas tree."

"Who's on the committee?"

"Wesley Grey, Joe White, and old man Andy Patterson. There won't be no fuss."

"That's all right; and I'll give you the lemons and ice. Remind me of it so the carpenters can make your tables. And you had better borrow some lanterns from the store."

Photograph by A. B. Phelan.

THE FREEDMAN'S PROGENY.

Murdock had now reached the limit of his open land; he turned back along the bridle path that led directly through the center of the plantation. The very first cabin he came to was locked, and he saw no one in the patch that belonged to it.

"Wonder what's become of Simpson. I ought not to let him have this cabin. It's too far away. He's the kind that I ought to keep under my eye."

At the next patch he called a man from his work: "Sandy, do you know where Simpson is?"

"Simpson? He's gone."

"When?"

"Las' night. I seen de wagon when it cum an' tuk his things."

"Take his dog?"

"Yas *suh*." The negro grinned. When a negro takes his dog, that's the end of it. Murdock asked a few more questions, then wheeled his horse and galloped back to the store. "Billy," he said to the clerk, "telephone for the constable. Simpson Brown has run off."

Simpson Brown, his wife, and his boy, came to Reveille without clothes enough to cover them. They had good appetites, but did not know where the next meal was coming from. Their sole asset was their labor, which would be employed in making cotton; it could not be converted into cash until the end of the year. Meanwhile they must live. Murdock let Simpson Brown have:

Twenty-five acres of land at ninety pounds of lint cotton to the acre, market value	$225.00
Use of one mule	50.00
Store account—clothing, shoes, cash, provisions	134.35
	$409.35

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Simpson Brown and his family had already got their living from Reveille Plantation. They had eaten it up and worn it out. By reason of neglect, their crop was not as good as that of the other tenants. Simpson estimated that it would not gin out more than enough to pay his debts. There would be nothing left for him; so what was the use of fooling with it? Besides, this was cotton-picking time and labor was in demand. His family would be welcome anywhere and could get a job for cash. So he lit out.

Murdock viewed the situation from a different standpoint. He had more than a hundred families on the place. They owed him upward of $40,000. Not one of them represented a dollar's worth of financial responsibility; his only security was their labor. If they took a notion to walk off, he could not gather his crop, nor could he collect a cent. He had no recourse. The law of Mississippi realized this, and made it a criminal offense for a tenant to jump his contract

If Murdock permitted Simpson Brown to get away, it might encourage other negroes to go and do likewise. But if he prevented Simpson from moving, the injured colored gentleman would complain of peonage. So Murdock sent the constable after Simpson Brown, to enforce the Mississippi law.

The store, which had been deserted all day, began to fill with negroes when twilight fell. Tired pickers came in, just as more fortunate men go to their clubs, for human companionship. Some bought a piece of tobacco, or a bite of cheese; most of them bought nothing at all. The clerks did not try to sell; it was their business to sell as little as possible, and to keep down the accounts.

Jim French came in; Wesley was already there, for the hog litigation had to be adjusted. They could see Mr. Murdock at his desk, in the rear of the store, which was partitioned off and glazed in. That was Murdock's private office; no one entered it without his permission. The two negroes waited at the door.

"Come in, French; come in, Wesley."

Four or five others followed them in. Murdock wheeled in his revolving chair: "Now, Wesley, what's the matter with you and Jim?"

"He's got my hawg tied up an' won't give 'im to me."

"But—Mister Bob——" protested Jim.

"You shet up; conversation ain't reached you yit. Jim tuk my hawg——"

"Is that so, Jim?"

"Yas suh, Mister Bob; dat hawg busted into my corncrib and teetotally ruinated it."

"How did he get in?"

"Wesley's fence is all broke down."

"An' Jim's crib ain't got no door to it."

Murdock lifted his hand: "Is that all? Jim, how much corn did Wesley's hog eat?"

"'Bout a bushel, I reckon."

"Here's the key to my crib; go over there and take as much as you think is right."

Jim dropped his eyes and looked ashamed. "Naw suh, Mister Robert, I doan want none o' yo' corn."

"I'll pay 'im fer de corn, ef *dat's* de trouble," Wesley volunteered.

"No, boys, that is not the trouble. Here you are, two of my best tenants. I brag on Wesley's fine hogs, and I brag on Jim because he never has to buy any corn; he raises some to sell. I look to men like you for a good example; yet here you are quarreling about fo' bits worth of corn."

The negroes glanced at each other sheepishly.

Then Jim remarked: "Wes, I'll take dat hog by yo' house when I goes home."

"Never mind, Jim, I'll come git 'im—he's pestered you a heap already."

Murdock turned to his next bunch of trouble—Bailey, the banjo picker. "What do you want, Bailey? Come in." Several negroes stopped to hear Bailey's hard-luck story. Bailey stood in the doorway, hesitated, stammered, then finally got it out: "I wants to move. I ain't jes' 'zactly satisfied."

"Very well, Bailey; what about your account?" Murdock took out a memorandum book: "You owe a hundred and eighty-seven dollars at the store, besides your rent."

"Mr. Murdock, you knows I ain't got no money. I ain't sold a lock o' cotton yit."

"Yes, I know; it's your own fault. Every other hand on this place has ginned from one to ten bales of cotton, while you were picking that banjo. Your wife's a good woman, but you're not fit to throw in a gully to stop a wash."

Jim and Wesley smiled at each other—they had just been complimented. Bailey wriggled—"not fit to stop a wash"; these negroes would all be laughing at what the white folks said about him.

"Mr. Murdock, you knows I'se been sick, and it's been rainin', and that nigger Grey

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borrowed my cotton sacks, an' my foot was sore, and——"

"Never mind the excuses. If a man wants to work, he can always find a way. Everybody works on Reveille, and I don't want you to feel lonesome. From the looks of your crop, you have between eight and nine bales of cotton in the field. I'll pick that and try to make it pay your debts. Here's a receipt for what you owe me. The wagon will call at sun-up and move you off the place. Tell your wife I'm sorry for her to go; she's a good woman."

Murdock wheeled in his chair and opened his ledger.

Bailey didn't go. He hung around for a while; then he began to promise and beg. Finally Murdock said: "All right, Bailey, I'll try you another week. Next Saturday I'll decide whether you can stay or not. That's all to-night. Go to Mr. Mann and draw your rations." Bailey left.

"Well, Uncle Andrew, I'm glad to see you. Sit down."

Murdock's voice grew softer as he spoke to the old negro who came in, leading a small boy by the hand. Uncle Andrew was an old-timer, one of the remaining few.

"Marse Robert, please, suh, take dis boy in de sto' an' teach 'im sumpin'. I can't do nuthin' wid 'im. He kin sweep out an' fetch water an' run errands."

Murdock glanced at the shrinking, white-eyed little negro: "Well, Uncle Andrew, is he honest?'

Andrew scratched his head, considered a long time, and replied, "Dunno, Marse Robert—dunno *yit*. But I 'spec' he's *tolerable* honest fer he age."

"Very well, Uncle Andrew; the boy can stay here if you want him to. Send him down to-morrow; Aunt 'Cindy will take care of him at the big house."

So, every day of his life, and in many little ways, Robert Murdock discharged some portion of his hereditary obligation, and felt the responsibility of that peculiar relationship which the ante-bellum patriarchs sustained toward their people. He was not their master, but the Almighty had endowed him with greater gifts than theirs. *Noblesse oblige.*

AUNT PEGGY'S PENSION

Mrs. Hardee lived on Willow Bend. Margaret Hardee taught school, and John, who was only eighteen, helped to manage the place. Fifty years ago the dwelling had stood nearly a mile from the river. Now John could throw a rock into the water. The Mississippi, like necessity, knows no law. It had steadily encroached upon the banks and caved them in until hundreds of Mrs. Hardee's best acres had been eaten away. The gin went, and cabin after cabin: the river licked them up. This reduced the family income so that it was only by pinching and saving that two younger girls and a son were maintained at college. One by one the house servants were dismissed until Aunt Peggy alone remained. Mrs. Hardee could not send her away: Aunt Peggy refused to go, and she was much bigger than "Ole Miss."

The fat black woman persisted in being old-timey, and wore her gayly colored bandanna instead of a hat. "S'ciety" negroes sniffed at the head-handkerchief and made remarks behind her back, which they dared not repeat to her face.

One day she was sitting in front of her kitchen, peeling potatoes for dinner and talking to a ginger colored lady. "Mrs. Wiggins," the woman inquired, "what wages is Mrs. Hardee payin' you now? You know wages has riz, an' our S'ciety—" That was as far as she got. The dwindling fortune of the Hardees was a sore subject to Aunt Peggy. She couldn't allow a "yaller nigger" to come and bullyrag her about their poverty.

"Wages! Huh! I don't get *no* wages. I ain't no hired hand. Dis is my home. What use I got fer wages? Mrs. Hardee doan get no wages. Huh! I takes what I wants. Whatever *dey* has, *I* has. Now you git away from heah, nigger. Jes' 'cause you's yaller an' yo' hair's kinder straight, dat won't hinder me from bustin' you over de head wid dis skillet. Doan you come meddlin' wid me—you old tarripin, you, wid everything you got piled up on yo' back. Take dat speckled face offen dis plantation—hit looks like er dime's wuff o' dog meat, anyhow. Git out! Git out!"

A quaint little old lady came to the back door, with white hair and cap of whiter lace—as fragile and dainty as a fern leaf. "What is the trouble, Aunt Peggy? I thought I heard you call."

"Nuffin' 't all, Ole Miss. I wuz jes' a-chasin' some o' dese varmints outen de kitchen. Dey sho' is worrisome."

Old Miss vanished; Aunt Peggy went on

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peeling her potatoes, mumbling and grumbling to herself.

Presently a man came up the big road and turned in at the gate—a smart-looking mulatto. He came forward, politely, hat in hand: "Good mornin', ma'am; I'm looking for Mrs. Pompey Wiggins."

"What you want wid 'er?"

"She's the widow of Pompey Wiggins."

"I 'members Pompey Wiggins. He runned off an' tuk up wid dem Yankees what war prowlin' round stealin' everything dey could lay hands on. Ef anybody wuz *his* widder, dey sho' wouldn't own it."

"Well," remarked the man, "he was a Union soldier and his widow's got a lot of pension money coming to her."

"What's a pension?"

"It's money—so much every month, given by the government; and, besides, Pompey Wiggins has got a heap of back pay."

Aunt Peggy considered it; then she inquired cautiously: "S'pos'n you was to find her, would she git dat money?"

"Certainly."

"How much?"

"I don't know exactly—eight dollars a month as long as she lives, and about a thousand dollars back pay."

"Huh! hit's wuff more'n dat fer any 'oman ter own up dat she's de widder o' sech a triflin' nigger as Pomp. But Gawd knows I didn't mean no harm by marryin' 'im."

They talked the matter over, and the man proposed to collect her pension upon commission. Aunt Peggy was wise—she used to bite at every scheme that came along to get money out of negroes. She refused to pay the five dollars down, and declined to make her mark on a paper which he presented. The man gave her his address, and she promised to see him when she went to town.

Friday morning Aunt Peggy darkened the narrow door to Mr. Warren's law office. Warren was the Hardees' lawyer, and considered her as one of the family.

"Come in, Aunt Peggy," he said; "take that chair."

Aunt Peggy repeated as best she could what the man had told her. Mr. Warren prepared a paper, with a lot of printing on it, which she signed before witnesses.

"Now, Aunt Peggy, we ought to have no trouble proving this and getting your pension."

"Yes suh, an' won't you please pay dat man for comin' up an' tellin' me 'bout dis? But doan let 'im handle no money. Niggers is got *sech* sticky fingers."

"What shall I do with your money?"

"Jes' give it to Ole Miss; I ain't got no use fer it; she'll take care of it a heap better'n I kin."

THE JU-CEES

At the end of a winding and climbing red road, an old red brick house clung to the Allegheny Mountains. A slashing scar of red against the green—that was Chestnut Crag. The hams here had a different flavor; the apples had a peculiar fragrance; the musty old library could have existed nowhere save in Virginia. In truth, the Sinclairs lived only ten miles from the University of Virginia; and Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, was on their road to town.

The quaint, pre-Revolutionary house had got an absent-minded start. Its builder provided parlors and dining-room, library and guest chambers—but forgot a staircase. "Oh, well," he said, "it doesn't matter; we'll cut off a piece of the hall and a corner of the library." This he did, and ran a sort of stepladder to the upper floor.

Ever since that day the people in Chestnut Crag have been forgetting things and losing things. But it doesn't matter. In the bosom of the family they call themselves the "Ju-cees."

"Mammy, did you see my hat?"

"Mammy, d'you see my specs?"

"U see my gun?"

"Ju-cee my shoe?"

At one end of the colonial dining-room is an alcove for the sedate and richly carven sideboard; to the left is a linen closet; to the right a silver closet, both opening inward to the sideboard. Those doors were kept locked, and those keys were kept lost. Once a week Mrs. "Ju-cee" sent to town for a locksmith to come and open her silver closet. By reason of hammering and prying and taking the doors from their hinges, they were pretty well worn out. "Well," said Katherine Ju-cee, "there is just one thing about this house that *doesn't* get lost; that's old Tom." The big gray cat always sat at the corner of the fireplace. She tied the key around his neck. So whenever the Ju-cees wanted silver or linen, old Tom was there with the keys.

Nicholson Vane had been a student at the

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University. He knew the Ju-cees. Better than that, the Ju-cees knew him. Lots of people knew the Ju-cees whom the Ju-cees did not know. Nick visited Chestnut Crag whenever he got a chance, and came away when he couldn't help it. Now his home was in the far Southwest, and he had not seen his friends for years.

One day Nick got a telegram asking him to meet a business connection in Richmond, a Mr. Sayre, who was a "down-Easter," and had never been South. After their business was finished they left Richmond together, one bound for Boston, the other for the South. They would part at Charlottesville. Nick privately intended to stop off and visit the Ju-cees.

Sayre expressed a desire to see Monticello, the historic home of Thomas Jefferson. Nick got the horses, and off they rode. Just as they turned in at the Monticello gate, a huge old coach with great wheels and an enormous body, swung on leather straps, came swaying down the road.

"Hello, Nick!" a girl's voice called, and a smiling face popped out of the window.

"Hello, Kate! Good morning, Mrs. Jucee. This is Mr. Sayre, Mrs. Sinclair; Miss Sinclair." After chatting a moment, Mrs. Sinclair said, "Go straight on to the house; nobody there except Rush, but we'll be back in time for dinner—dinner at three, you remember." Down the hill the Ju-cees went, while the two men stood watching them.

"Mr. Vane," said Sayre, "you got me all mixed up over their name; first you called them 'Juicy' or something like that, then you said 'Sinclair.' Which is it?" Nick laughed, and told the Ju-cee peculiarities.

After inspecting Monticello, the two came back to the road, and started for Chestnut Crag. They climbed the last hill and halted in front of the stately old brick house, with its slate-floored portico and dumpy little Doric columns. Not a soul was in sight, but the rasping of a saw came from the dining-room. Presently Rush Sinclair yelled out of the window: "Oh, Jake, d'you see my hammer? I had it just a minute ago!"

Sayre could not restrain a laugh, and that attracted Sinclair's attention. "Hello, Nick! Where'd you drop from? Hitch your horses and come in." Sayre and Nick walked through the big hall and back to the dining-room. Rush did not put down his saw. He held it in one hand while he greeted them with the other.

"Wait a minute; lemme finish this," Sinclair said, and he went on with his sawing—but he did not hurt himself at hard labor. Rush was in the University football team; Sayre had been on the Harvard crew; they found no end of things to talk about in the intervals when the saw was resting.

Presently Sayre mentioned a new polo pony that he had bought. Rush showed eager interest: "You like horses? I got a peach of a hunter yesterday. Let's go see him." He laid down his tools and led the way to the stables. Uncle Jim brought out the horses, three or four of them. Sayre understood horses.

"Suppose you try him?" suggested Rush. Saddles were brought and the three mounted. "Turn out the dogs, Uncle Jim; let 'em have a run." Then they went galloping across the hills with a pack of yelping hounds. Rush was a born horseman, Sayre rode well, and—Nick kept up. Uncle Jim put the two livery horses in the stable without asking a question.

It was after three when they returned; dinner smoked on the table, and the ladies waited. Sayre forgot the afternoon train he had meant to take; he went for a drive with Kate Sinclair.

At dusk they sat around the dining-room fire, roasting chestnuts in the ashes. The mantel was a delicately tinted pink marble. A heavy slab missing from one side left an ugly hole.

"What happened to the mantel?" Nick inquired.

"We lost that piece," Kate answered, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Lost it! How did you manage to lose a thing like that?"

"It got broke. Uncle Jim took it to town in the wagon—to be matched. Maybe it jolted out and fell into the river; anyway, we never found it."

Sayre smiled politely. Nick howled.

About eight o'clock Rush happened to look out of the window. Several carriages were driving into the yard, with quite a little cavalcade of horsemen. The bell rang, but the ringers did not wait. They opened the door and burst in, a company of young men and girls.

Mrs. Sinclair sprang up from her seat beside the fire: "Oh, dear! I invited the whole town out here to-night for a cotillion—and I forgot it. Jake, go for the fiddlers. Send Uncle Jim to make the fires. Tell Mammy to get supper. Kate, you take the girls up-

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stairs so they can put on their slippers. Now don't get excited—everything is all right."

Everything was all right. Huge fires leaped up in the parlors; crystal chandeliers sparkled. A bowl of punch steamed in the hall. In half an hour they had the music. Mammy and Jinny and Sally put supper on the table—ham, fried chicken, roast potatoes, sweet milk, hot biscuit, honey, preserves—not such a bad supper.

Sayre was caught in his business suit—but that did not matter. Nothing mattered at Chestnut Crag. The cotillion lasted pretty well all night, and, as it was too late to go home, they had another cotillion the next day.

Early in the morning, Sayre, who was first to wake, turned from the bedroom window out of which he had been looking. "Come here, Mr. Vane, quick! I never saw anything like *that* before." Nick bounded out of bed and followed Sayre's pointing finger.

"You see that old colored woman—with the pipe in her mouth?"

"Yes, that's Mammy Julia."

"She's got a vile temper. Just a moment ago Miss Sinclair and another young lady came out of that door. They started toward the garden with a tray and a pair of scissors. The old woman planted herself right in the path: 'Whar you chillun goin'?' 'Going to cut some flowers for the breakfast table.' 'No you ain't, no you ain't. You ain't gwine ter step yo' foot in dat muddy garden wid dem new slippers on.' 'But Mammy—' ''Tain't no "Mammy" 'bout it. Bofe of you git right straight back in dat house.' And she took the tray and scissors away from them and drove them back in. I thought these Southern girls had some spirit."

"Mammy" and patriarch alike have almost passed from the stage. But the spirit of the patriarch still survives. In the life of the South one may see it everywhere, hiding the rough places and softening the world-old antagonism of race. The patriarch understands it, and the negro understands it; but neither could explain it to a stranger. "You see, boss," says the old darky, "he's all de white folks I'se got."

The hereditary patriarchal instinct is strong enough to make the Southern physician carry a long list of negro patients, whom he never charges a cent. The busy lawyer pushes aside the case of a wealthy client and throws himself into the defense of some trifling negro whom he knows to be guilty, because his father would have done so. The judge upon the bench makes allowances for the negro's invincible limitations. Negroes are charged with the violation of laws that have no existence in the African conscience—with the commission of crimes beyond the scope of jungle comprehension. Forgery, for instance: A negro has just learned to write; he would not know a forgery if he saw it in the middle of the big road with a bell on it—"Jess a few little marks on a paper!" When he pleads guilty, the judge finds a way to sentence him for petty larceny instead of forgery, and sends him to jail for thirty days instead of giving him seven years in the penitentiary.

White juries often refuse point-blank to convict upon indisputable evidence, solely on the ground that the negro knew no better. For example, an old darky was indicted for bigamy. He didn't know what bigamy was; he simply had had hard luck, and got mixed up in a lawsuit over his fourth or fifth wife. The judge defended him on the plea that his wife had been gone for seven years, which raised a legal presumption of her death. This is a very pretty defense, but it requires delicacy and finesse to put it over the plate. When the great day came, the rear seats in the courtroom were crowded with sympathetic friends. The darky reeled off his story without hitch or break. Then the prosecuting attorney made a stagger at cross-examination.

"Uncle Mose, your wife has been missing for seven years; what makes you think she's dead?"

"Lordy, Mr. Willie, dat 'oman writ me three or fo' letters dat she's dead. Here's one of 'em right here." In spite of this, twelve hard-headed white jurors turned the old fellow loose.

This spirit of comprehensive charity pervades the entire atmosphere of the South. It is strongest among the class of whites who once owned many slaves, and it will die when the last of the freed slaves is gone. For the hereditary instinct is not so strong in the black man's children as in the patriarch's. The old slave's sons are breaking away from his traditional attitude toward "marse" and "marse's" children. The patriarchal stage of Southern life is passing. Much of charity and comprehension and patience will be required to meet the new responsibilities that already are resting upon the patriarch's progeny.

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GRIMSDEN HOUSE

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Author of "The Great American Fraud"; Co-author (with Stewart Edward White) of "The Mystery"

Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker

TIME is of small concern to a dead man, and such I reckoned myself to be. The total numbness of my legs, both of which seemed to be broken, was strongly convincing. Then, too, I had come out of one fainting spell only to pass into another, until the will to live waned within me. So, it might have been one hour or twenty that I lay, propped amidst the shrubbery, before my mind cleared; cleared, and filled with the horror, not of death, indeed, but of dying under the vacant eyes of Grimsden House; squat and brooding in the moonlight over the secret of its continuous tragedy. No fit death-watch for a passing soul, that grisly mansion.

Voices just at moonrise, had given me hope of a more decent finis. A light carriage had stopped in the road above the embankment, and there was talk, between two men, of a deranged harness. One of the speakers I recognized readily enough by his accents as my friend, the health officer of the county. The voice of the other rasped, with a sour whine, on my recollection.

"I hold you responsible, Dr. Vernam, for the safety of the house. A hundred thousand dollars' worth of movable property left there, and the place without lock or guard."

"Guarded as never police or soldiers could guard it," was the confident reply.

"So you say," snarled the other, and with the words I knew him for Silas Grimsden, founder of that ill-famed house which I helplessly faced.

"For to-night I guarantee the place," said Vernam. "After that you may, if you choose, return and look after it yourself."

"I suppose you and the townspeople would be glad to see me the seventh one," retorted the old man.

"Of course," said the doctor, with a shade of contempt, "men like you, who despise every human law, are the very ones to live in terror of the superhuman."

"You lie!" said his venomous old companion. "I'm afraid of nothing; not woman nor devil. And, mind you, Vernam, I let no man take his liberty of speech with me."

"Move over," said the other, indifferently. "You're leaving me no room."

The wheels rattled, and I was left alone. Twice I had essayed to make myself heard, but my weakness failed to overbear their voices. Now, despite my will, I fell to musing again upon Grimsden House, overspread, as by some noisome ivy-growth, with swift-creeping legends of the countryside. Founded and built, in this peaceful valley on the proceeds of corruption, it had prospered only in the rank externals of existence. Its first mistress had sickened and died among its sullen splendors, leaving six dour, secretive, evil-eyed children. The youngest of these was older than the second wife whom Silas Grimsden had brought home. In all that house of mystery nothing was so inexplicable as her presence there. How so gracious and sunny a creature could have given herself to Silas Grimsden, the most far-reaching conjecture failed to suggest. Swiftly enough her grace faded in that environment. No sunlight of her bringing could dispel the shadows of the alien mansion. Tales of persecution, vague and sinister, spread from the remote little valley to become the topic of town discussion at Dormerskill, the nearest village, four miles away. In all these tales the entire family of six men had their part, but the ugliest whispers gave special significance to the names of Silas Grimsden, the father, and Martin Grimsden, the youngest son.

Then, at a bound, rumor took form and substance and became grisly fact. She had fled the house one bitter November night, and had come, scantily clad and in delirium, to the village, babbling of inhuman enormities. Her husband had followed her. And, in the presence of Dr. Vernam, she had cursed the

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house of Silas Grimsden to his face; cursed herself that she had sold her womanhood to him; cursed the six sons of his begetting, from Daniel, the eldest, to Martin, whom she doomed with prophetic solemnity, calling upon the God of justice to fulfill her black prayer. The mansion itself, she cried, should be the instrument of her vengeance.

"This is the madness of fever," said Dr. Vernam to old Silas Grimsden. "But you must not take her back. I will not answer for the consequences if you do so."

"My wife returns with me!" said Silas Grimsden.

So she went. And, a few months later, she died, coughing her life out in unresisting apathy. After her went the Grimsden brood. Silas Grimsden, himself exempt from the letter of the curse, had seen death take its steady toll of his seed: two in the first year following his wife's burial, the eldest in the next year, another that winter, and the fifth but a week ago, each struggling unavailingly against the fate bequeathed by the dead victim of their sacrificing. One only had thus far escaped. Martin, the youngest son, after a savage quarrel with his father, had been driven forth, with the brand of criminal upon him, a year before death had left him the lone survivor. Would he, too, come back to meet the fate of the Grimsden blood? The countryside thought so. They called Grimsden House the Seven Curses, and awaited, with hateful expectancy, the fulfillment.

Thus you may see why I misprized the still domicile as a last sight for dying eyes. At the very portals of death though I believed myself, hatred of it smoldered within me. I could have added my curse to that of Sylvia Grimsden, as I lay motionless in the midst of the terraced shrubbery.

Presently I became aware of an object moving across the sward between me and the building. It was a huge gray cat, intent upon prey. Cautiously she skirted the edge of a wild-rose tangle; then stiffened, leaped, and fled, seeking a refuge at the far side of the moonlit space. Something had alarmed the prowler. Almost immediately upon the thought, I saw two figures emerge from the tangle and approach the terrace. One, a negro, carried a bag. This he laid down within a few yards of me. His companion, a slight, swarthy man with the face of a dead devil, coughed and beat his chest with the flat of his hand.

"I'll take a look about," he said breathlessly, "while we're waiting for Bradden."

"Don' you leave me alone here, Vail!" said the negro pleadingly. "Don' you do it, man!"

"What's the matter now?" demanded the other.

"I don' like the looks o' this place nohow. An' that black cat. They ain' no luck in a black cat, places like this."

"It wasn't a black cat, you loon. It was gray," said the swarthy man impatiently. "D— a nigger, anyway! God! what's this?"

He had stumbled over the wreck of my motor car. There was the flash of a bull's-eye as he felt about in the machinery.

"Cold as ice," he said. "And here's a spider's web in the steering gear. No jerry-built job, either, but a full web. That's all right, then. I guess the owner won't be back to-night for the pieces, even if he isn't in a hospital or at the undertaker's. What a smash-up!" His voice, though of a singularly unpleasant quality, had the intonations of culture.

But the negro was not to be so easily reassured. "Le's go 'way fum here, Vail," he urged. "Somebody may be here any minute."

"So much the worse for them." Vail thrust his hand into a coat pocket that sagged and bulged into sharp angles. "Do you need a little lead to remind you that I'm 'Mister Vail'?"

"N-n-no!" chattered the negro. "I fergot."

"Keep your fears to yourself, then. Ah, here's Bradden. Well, Terry?"

The newcomer was a squat, broad-shouldered man, from whose ill-fitting coat the muscles of the professional athlete lumpily protruded.

"It's a dozzy plant," he said. "Nothin' stirrin' anywheres."

"You didn' see no woman in white clo'es, Terry?" asked the negro, fearfully.

"No, you fool!" Vail answered for the other.

"What's that about a woman in white?" asked Bradden.

"That's the talk in the town," said the negro. "They's the ha'nt of a lady walks here. Sometimes five other ha'nts walks with her, waitin' for one more. Seven Curses, they calls this house hereabouts!"

Without a word the leader of the expedi-

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tion struck the negro in the mouth, a blow of shocking power, coming, as it did, from one so emaciated.

"Do you think I'm going to have this job fall through because of your ghost-chatter?" he said sternly. "Get to business."

Shaking and sniveling, the negro yielded to the savage will. Fumbling in his bag, he selected a tool.

"It'll be an easy crack," said Bradden, reassuringly. "Window on the end, just over the sunken walk, looks best."

As the tool-man went, with wavering knees, the athlete turned to Vail. "D'ye think there's anything in that about the woman?" he asked uneasily. "I heard some talk of it, myself."

"And if there was," said Vail, between his teeth, "I'd crack that crib though all the spirits in hell guarded it."

Bradden shrank and made a swift motion of two fingers.

"Crossing yourself over the job?" sneered his chief.

"Not me, Bo. 'Twas only a bit of a 'safety' the gypsy folks taught me. *You* don't need it, bein' eddicated. You don't care fer—fer them kind of things. It's different with George an' me. The cards put it on me last time I consulted Madame Asra. 'Evil lurks fer thee in a strange house,' says the cards."

Vail cursed him viciously. "Am I always to be tied to a pack of shivering cowards?" he cried.

"Look at the cat!" said Bradden.

Clear in the moonlight the gray hunter stood. Her luminous eyes followed George, who had clambered, with the briskness of fear, along the coping to the window, upon which he expertly busied himself. Vail hurled a clod at her and she bounded, with a hiss, into the thicket.

"Probably belongs here and wants to get back into the house," he said.

"Sure," said Bradden, his fears mollified.

"There goes the window," said Vail. "Why, I don't believe it was even locked! Did you hear any noise?"

"Not a crack. What would that mean, now, d'ye think?" queried Bradden, suspiciously.

"It means it's so much the easier for us. Isn't that enough for you?"

The tone of the question did not require, indeed hardly permitted, an answer. The athlete concentrated his attention upon the house. But I could see his powerful shoulders twisting and cringing within his coat.

"Good boy, George," commented the leader. "He goes ahead well, once he gets started."

Indeed, the negro had pushed up the window smartly enough. Now he entered and was dim to the view.

Two steps he might have taken, possibly three, within the room. Not more. The waiting robbers leaped to a strangled scream from his lips. For myself, I heard the shattering of glass before I realized that the negro, his arms flailing above his head like those of a drowning man, had battered through the heavy pane of the lifted sash. Then I saw him lop forward across the sill, struggle spasmodically, and slump, without effort to save himself, into the sunken passage. For a moment thereafter, I thought I heard a light rustling from where he lay, as of a body twitching among dead leaves. Then silence. From within and without the house, silence. I turned to look at the accomplices. Bradden's sodden face expressed only a dumb stupefaction. Vail's was alight with a ghastly surmise. He stood as one straining every faculty of sense, motionless, breathless, chained to a dreadful expectancy of horror to come. No further sound or movement served to break his spell. Only, from the sill, two little blackish pools dripped and dwindled.

Suddenly Bradden gasped and turned. But Vail's grip was upon him.

"If you try to run, I'll kill you," he said. "Stay where you are and wait for me."

Revolver in hand, he crossed the open space. The cough that shook his puny body and the terror that shook his dark soul were alike impotent to check him. Almost at the same moment the gray prowler emerged. She, too, had an interest in this strange matter that was going forward. It was like to have cost her her nine lives. Vail turned upon her; his finger twittered on the trigger. But wiser counsels prevailed. He charged her back to cover; stood for a moment, with what sick and shuddering reluctance of the spirit I could well surmise, and, privately cursing himself, forced his feet onward to the verge of the sunken walk. That he should have descended into that pit was more than I could have conceived of flesh and blood. Yet so he did. The man's will must have been as rigid as steel, as implacable as flame.

In a moment he was back, his dead devil's

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SHE LEFT A VERY REAL AND TERRIBLE CURSE UPON
THE PLACE AND FAMILY THAT KILLED HER.

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A HUGE GRAY CAT, INTENT UPON PREY.

face more deathly, more devil-like than ever.

"George is done for," he said.

Bradden glared at him glassily. "Done for?" he mumbled. "What's come to him, then?"

"How should I know? There's no mark on him except his wrists. The blood was from that. Anyway, there he is. The more for us two to divide."

The athlete began to rock his great body backward and forward. "'Evil lurks in a strange house,'" he moaned.

Vail put a hand on his shoulder.

"Leave me go home!" whimpered the athlete. "Leave me go home. There's a ha'nt on this place."

"Terry, there's one hundred thousand dollars to be had in that house."

The whimpering ceased.

"Fifty thousand dollars apiece for a few minutes' work."

"Don't, Bo, don't!" pleaded the athlete, with an absurd and childish pathos. "I couldn't do it, not fer all the stuff in the world. Oh, I wisht I could pray!"

"Pray for courage, then, you yellow dog, for go you have to." Vail's voice was like a whip-lash.

"No, no. Y-y-you—you go," stammered the unmanned criminal.

"I! If I had the strength to climb that coping without retching my rotten lungs out, would I be here nancying with a chicken heart like you?"

"I c-c-can't." It was a sob of despair. "Leave the money go, Bo."

"If you can't do it for the money you can do it for your life."

The wicked, shining revolver glared, one-eyed, sure-visioned, at the craven's broad chest. Bradden, galvanized to action, took a step forward.

"Leave me look in, first," he pleaded.

"Well," with icy impatience, "look, then."

"Not from here. What could I see from here? It's that bit of a tree yonder'll give me the sight. Then I'll go in. But if I went in first an'—an' *seen* anythin', I'd drop dead in my tracks."

"I believe you would," returned his master, contemptuously. "Well, be quick about it. And remember this." He touched the revolver barrel. "You know whether I can shoot straight, for you've seen."

"Don't speak of it! Not here!"

"Up with you!"

Swinging himself into the tree, the robber peered through the window. Suddenly the sturdy little oak was become an aspen through all its leaves, with the force of his terror.

"What do you see?"

"Figures."

"Figures! What kind of figures?"

"White figures. In the middle of the room. All still. Six of them."

"*What!*" It was the merest gasping breath from Vail. Instantly he had command of himself, though I could hear his teeth grind upon the effort, and he cursed his partner with dreadful, soft-voiced threats. Driven by them, the wretched man, half tumbling from his perch, scurried across the open, and sprang to the coping. Foot by foot he dragged himself along. The point of the revolver followed him. Once he looked down into the passage where the body of his accomplice lay, and nearly fell.

"Steady!" came the cool accents of Vail. "There's not a living soul in the place, I tell you."

"It ain't the living I'm afraid of," said the wretch. He grasped the sill and turned, for one last appeal, such a face of despair as I have never before or since seen upon a human being. "I just can't do it," he moaned.

"One," counted Vail, deliberately. "Two."

I knew, with the certainty of fate, that the "Three" would send a bullet boring through that burly, cringing body, limp against the wall of Grimsden House. And the mind that still flaccidly controlled the body knew it, too. I heard a sob and, I thought, the name of God. Bradden took a deep breath, cast one look about him, and plunged within.

I covered my ears with my hands. But there was, I believe, no outcry. The athlete's mighty arms were crossed over his eyes, as he staggered back from the invisible death, against the window. The sill caught him at the knees. He toppled and went over,

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his head striking the masonry edge of the lower wall with a sharp crunch. The body disappeared in the area-way.

Despite the icy thrill of the blood that sluggishly clogged my veins, I tried to believe that this was delirium. Then, mercifully, I was delivered, for the moment, from the thought of what horror might be within the room, by an access of insensibility. When my eyes opened again Vail was out in the lawn-space, a terribly, pathetically small, lone figure in the immensity of the night. At the risk of his steady revolver I should have called out to him then, should have begged him not to pit his puny self against the smiting mystery that lurked within the walls of Grimsden House, but power was gone from my voice. My tongue clacked dryly within my mouth. Impotent to hinder, I watched him drag, as a man drags ponderous weights, his shuffling feet forward. From another side the gray cat darted — and crouched — and darted again.

Their courses converged. The man's gaze, mesmerically fixed upon the open window, took no heed of the creature until she was directly in his path. Then he spoke as one might speak to a being having full comprehension: "Six. Six figures. Back from hell. But they sha'n't stop me."

Encouraged, the gray cat rubbed against him. In a sudden fury of terror, he kicked at her. She gave a demoniac scream and with incredible agility gained the stone coping, along which she swiftly loped. Short of the sill she hesitated for a moment. The man in the moonlight stood rigid, wholly intent upon her. Her lithe body straightened, shot through the air, and crouched on the edge of the window. She craned her neck stealthily and gazed into the room.

Electrically every hair on her body bristled. Even from my distance I could see the shudder which convulsed her form. Her head rolled from side to side, her sinewy legs went limp. A spasmodic contraction of every muscle whirled her backward, and I heard the thud of her impact upon the corpses below.

Creeping, crawling, dragging himself as an animal with its spine fractured seeks, in the blind, sure death instinct, its lair, Vail toiled back across the sward. By what superhuman efforts he gained the terrace, one can

HE HAD CLAMBERED ALONG THE COPING TO THE WINDOW.

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but guess. There his cough seized and racked him, until it seemed but the mere husk of a human being that leaped with the paroxysm and lay limp on the leaves when it was over. But the instinct of escape had power over his limbs even yet. Again he moved forward. And then the intolerable thought of being left there alone, face to face with Grimsden House, gave me back my voice. That the man might kill me was a consideration of no moment.

"Vail!" I said.

His panting breath stopped with a click.

"It is a live man speaking," I said.

At that he burst into a strangled sobbing. Desperate criminal though he was, he came to me on his knees and caught my hand, fondling it, clinging to it, pouring out the terrors of his soul in incoherent babblings the night through, until, with dawn, I persuaded the broken and will-less creature to seek help.

Long weeks later we two lay, separated by a wall, in the Dormerskill Hospital. The brain fever had left me, and Dr. Vernam had promised complete recovery from my injuries, but I chafed incessantly under the weight of silence which he imposed. Words, it seemed to me, would free my brain of some part of that horror. And so, at last, I overbore his doubts and told him the story.

"Most of that I have heard in your delirium," he said, "though not so consecutively presented. The professional instinct for marshaling events in dramatic sequence——"

"Keep that for the lecture-room, Vernam," I besought him. "Tell me this one thing: Is Grimsden House haunted?"

"Oh, yes," he replied quietly. "That is, it *was* haunted."

"Was? And is no longer?"

"And is no longer," he assented.

I gazed, wondering, at my friend, for Vernam is a materialist of the materialists.

"Then you believe in the Seven Curses—" I began, but he cut me short.

"Don't go wild-ghost chasing," he advised. "Science explains all. The specter that haunted Grimsden House was, in plain scientific language, tuberculosis. That unhappy girl—you know her story—left a very real and terrible curse upon the place and family that killed her. She poisoned, in dying, the air that her persecutors were to breathe after her, so that they drew in her death with every inspiration. As she died, so died the five Grimsden sons; six deaths in all, in sure, logical succession. You are shivering."

"The six figures. In white. All in a row—" I muttered.

"Science explains again," said Dr. Vernam, smiling. "I'm coming to that. Those six figures belong to the chapter of exorcisms. To us physicians these haunted houses are shamefully familiar. I've found them in the reeking tenement districts of New York; I've found them in the remote Kentucky mountains; and I've found them on the wind-swept Indiana prairie. And always the invisible, intangible specter metes out death to the invaders of his kingdom. Sometimes I've wondered whether all folk-lore about haunted houses is not merely allegorical symbolism for the spirit of the Great White Plague."

He fell into a brown study from which I recalled him with forcible words.

"Your nerves still lack control," he observed. "Natural, perhaps, under the circumstances. Yes; I am about to continue. Old Silas Grimsden"—my friend's lips tightened and hardened—"was warned, and more than once. I warned him myself, after his second wife's death, and again after the second and third deaths in the haunted house. He only cursed me for a purveyor of new-fangled notions. It was not until I became health officer that I got my opportunity to lay that ghost. After the death of his fifth son—consumption again, of course—I found that he was planning to rent, and I determined that no other family should move into that death-trap until it was freed of its curse."

Here he launched into a disquisition upon methods of disinfection, scientifically sound, no doubt, but torturing to my impatience.

"For Heaven's sake, Vernam," I begged, "tell me *what* it was in that room, the mere sight of which blasted the life from three creatures, one after another."

"I am endeavoring to tell you. Sight had nothing to do with the matter. The victims saw nothing—at least, nothing that was in itself terror-inspiring. To resume: by virtue of the authority vested in me as county health officer——"

I groaned in bitterness of spirit. "Are you going to quote the law to me?" I cried.

"—I can disinfect premises in which there has been a tuberculous patient," he pursued evenly. "I disinfected Grimsden House,

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THE STURDY OAK WAS BECOME AN ASPEN THROUGH ALL ITS LEAVES WITH THE FORCE OF HIS FEAR.

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on the evening before your accident, as never pest-hole was disinfected before—a method of my own devising, which I had been eager to test. The formula would not interest you. In every room of the house I set a jar of my preparation, and in the large chamber on the ground floor, impregnated with the death of consumptive after consumptive, I set all my remaining canisters, six in all, I believe, each sending its bactericidal effluvium into the air until not a germ could remain alive within the scope of its powers. A particularly potent form of cyanide is the basis of the formula. Released by the action of the water which I poured into the jars just before leaving the place, it filled the atmosphere with fumes so that one breath would suffice to kill the strongest man."

A light broke in upon me. "That is what you meant by assuring old Silas that his house was guarded as no police or soldiers could guard it."

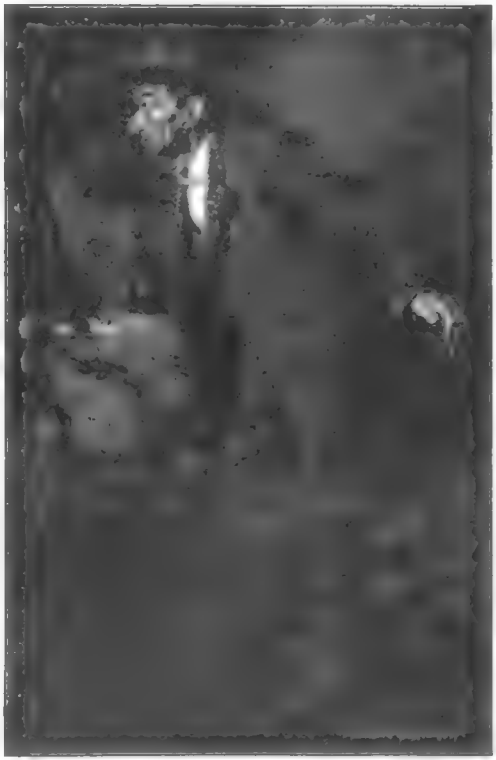
"That is what I meant. And that is why the negro found the window which he attempted unlocked. All the other windows were the same."

"So that the air could be cleared without any one's entering the house."

"Exactly. There are the ghosts of your horrified imagination, effectually dispelled. Science explains all."

"Poor Vail!" I said. "Has science explained to his satisfaction?"

"Science can do nothing for Vail. He is dying, logically enough, of tuberculosis, hastened by shock and terror. And, by the way, he has been asking for you. If he is conscious, you may talk to him now."



THE MAN'S GAZE WAS MESMERICALLY FIXED UPON THE OPEN WINDOW.

Vail was quite conscious, though life was obviously at the last flicker. "I'm going pretty soon," was his greeting to me.

I attempted the conventional thing in the way of false reassurance, but his quick, decisive gesture checked me.

"Don't trouble yourself," he said. "I sha'n't be sorry to go. A man doesn't see what I saw that night and preserve much of a taste for life."

"But I saw it, and if you will let me explain——"

"That's different," he interrupted. "There is one thing I didn't tell you that night when I babbled my cowardly soul out." Something of the vital bitterness of the man still reared and spat, serpent-like, in the accents.

"And you want to tell me now?"

"Yes."

"Shall I go?" asked Vernam.

"No. You might as well hear it, too. I'm told you're a materialist; that you believe in nothing but your science. Perhaps this will give you something to think of." He turned again to me. "You remember poor Bradden shivering with terror at the six figures?"

"Yes."

"And my almost going to pieces over it? Do you know why?"

"No."

"I'm the seventh. I'm Martin Grimsden. Tell the old man," he added in one final access of hatred, and turning away, he slept.

Above Martin Grimsden's grave I asked my friend Vernam a question:

"Does science explain all?"

If he found the answer, he has never told me.

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Straight Down the Crooked Lane

By INEZ G. THOMPSON

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

FROM a tantalizing whiff that might have signalized anybody's dinner, there grew a meaty, mouth-watering, full-bodied fragrance that took to itself an alarmingly local habitation and, beyond peradventure, a name. Rose Dillon was cooking pork chops in her room. Unless the noses of all the other lodgers were mightily at fault, she had, moreover, sliced in an onion.

They all knew about the frying-pan. She had bought it for twenty-seven cents at Wyman & Company's basement sale, two Saturdays before, declaring it to be the outward and visible symbol of rebellion. She had taken it, daringly, into the Lindstrom stronghold, the handle tucked up her coat sleeve, the pan an innocently small circular bundle in her hand. Mrs. Lindstrom was generally in the hall—in warm weather on the steps—when the suspicious characters among her lodgers were due; and clever, indeed, was she who could smuggle in groceries or utensils above pocket size. But Lindstrom's was clean, cheap, and respectable—respectable, clean, and *cheap* the order should be, for convincing climax—and they endured her tyranny because of these compensations.

"What you been buyin'?" she had asked Rose Dillon, squinting at the bundle.

"It might be a boiled dinner, or it might be Peter Pan collars," Rose had answered impudently, and kept on up the stairs. The house had waited expectantly for the using of her contraband article—but pork chops and an onion!

Upon the instant of full comprehension, there was a frightened doing away with evidences of lesser guilt, throughout the rooms. Gas was turned to mere nothings of flame, curling-irons became non-existent; handkerchiefs and "turn-overs" were peeled from their drying on panes and looking glasses; and towels were whisked frantically to dissipate such taints of sardines, cocoa, and fruit as strove, feebly, against that all-pervading savoriness. It was precaution well taken. On her terrible way to the arch offender, Mrs. Lindstrom thrust open every door and swept the rooms with microscopic eye.

"You smell that cookin'?" she challenged each. And only one of her twenty subjects failed her in the formula, "Well, I should say I did! Ain't it awful!" Leila Haines, face down on her bed, lifted her head at the irruption, but did not look around. She said: "You'll please shut my door!" And Mrs. Lindstrom, in her amazement, *did* shut it—opening it immediately to assert her position and authority.

"This is *my* house, I'll have you to understan', Miss, an' I don't take no orders or cheap talk from hall-bedroomers. If you don't like my ways you git out, that's all!" Then she slammed the door viciously, and on the floor above she raged fiercer for the defiance. But Rose Dillon, whose deed had seemed to invite attack, was aggressively on the defensive.

"Then you gimme them chops!" The listeners heard Mrs. Lindstrom make a last, desperate stand. "They been cooked in my house, agen the rules, over my gas, an' you give 'em here!"

"I'll give 'em pan an' all in your face, if you come a step closer!" Rose Dillon's scream was a half tone the higher.

"Police!" shrieked Mrs. Lindstrom. "Help! She threatened me! You be witness down there—she threatened me. Call the policeman!"

"Call the one on this beat—he's a cousin 'er mine!" the younger voice triumphed.

"I'll have the law on you!" Mrs. Lindstrom, apoplectic with fury, was deterred from violent measures only by the small frying pan, smoking hot and snapping grease, that the girl held ready for assault. "I'll swear to the judge you don't leave when I tell you—I'll take the whole house to witness

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you threatened me! I'll get you sent on the Island, you hussy, you cheap——"

"Call me out er my name again an' I'll smash yuh!" The girl was nearing hysterics. "Get outer my room now. I've paid for it up t' to-morrer, an' I don't go till—see? Now clear out—I sha'n't speak again, either!"

This was the vanquishing of Mrs. Lindstrom in her own house, before the lodgers she had ruled so despotically. All the current of her threats was now turned against the sympathetic disaffection she felt imminent; and outwardly, allegiance held. But when Rose Dillon came down, on the heels of the tyrant, an odor of chops and onion floating, enticingly, from the paper-covered tin plate she carried, heads saluted her from cracks of doors, and glad whispers hailed her.

"A-yer—you're great ones, you are," she sniffed; and further elevated her unimportant nose. "You'd take to your holes like rats if she so much as sneezed this minute!"

"Say, what cher got yer raincoat on f'r? You gettin' ready to go, *after* all, Rose—what?" Curiosity, as they noted the apparent indication, overcame resentment at her taunt.

"No, I ain't—there! Rubber some more if you don't believe it, an' see!" The heroine kicked briefly on Leila Haines's door, opened it, entered, and kicked it shut behind her. Inside, with no apology for the manner of her entrance, she put the tin plate on the trunk that cumbered the tiny room, dropped to the floor beside it, and rocked back and forth in a fit of nervous crying and laughter. The girl on the bed rolled over slowly to her side, got up, and turned the gas high; then sat down on the edge of the bed, listlessly.

"Crazy!" she rebuked after a minute.

"Oh, *I* know it—" Rose wiped her eyes on the cuff of the raincoat. "It ain't *her* made me, though,—don't believe it! I'm rattled, that's all. I brought you some chops."

"What for?"

"I got enough—I bought six. I'll will you my fryin' pan, when I go—you may get up nerve enough to scramble an egg some day."

"Why didn't you let it go at that? You could have scrambled an egg without getting found out, maybe."

Rose Dillon sat straight. "Why didn't I? *In*-deed! What do I want to eat for, anyhow! Why ain't crackers an' cocoa enough for me, three times a day an' twice on Sund'y! Why don't I eat stale hen-fruit, if I got to be a glutton—say! I cooked those chops because I wanted meat. Get that? I was hungry. Hear? What sort of a bluff you puttin' up, all of a sudden? Seems to me I remember hearin' you say you'd give a month of your life for a square meal—not so long ago, at that!"

Leila Haines put her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, not answering. The other's angry, too-bright eyes narrowed to concern.

"What's matter, Leil'—sick?"

"No—tired."

"Oh! Well—I *was*. But I'm all over it." Rose shot out her white, unshapely hands and doubled them, vengefully. "It rested me—that fight. I couldn't hold in any longer. I'm glad I did it, I'm glad I'm goin' t' leave. I blew in all my spare cash on grub—f'r once! I got meat an' real butter an' rolls an' pie, an' some potato salad at Dutchy's, an' dill pickles. There's some of it all on the dish. An' I'm goin' up now, an' eat an' eat an' eat. Just as though I was used to it. When that's gone I don't need to worry, either. I'm goin' t' make it a habit, after this—" Leila Haines looked up quickly at her pause. "Yes'm. I'm goin' where they have course dinners like you read about, ev'ry night in the week, an' where they'd think pork chops was too common to——"

"Rose—Dillon!" At Leila's ejaculation Rose laughed shrilly, caught her breath, and began to cough, one hand pressed hard under her right collar bone, where a boring pain seized her with the spasm. But when she could speak she laughed again.

"Guess I split a lung yellin' at Lindstrom. Why the frozen stare, Leil'—oh! my cuffs? Why, ain't they pretty—ain't they nifty?" She pulled and wriggled herself out of the coat and revealed a new dress of shiny black, plainly made, with broad cuffs of white linen and high white collar that set off, prettily, her whimsical face, blue eyes, fluff of brown hair, and clear skin, where the color came and went fitfully. Hers was a type that predominated on the floors of Wyman & Company. The prevailing attractiveness was accented, here and there, by a variation of noticeable beauty—like Leila Haines, for instance—but never by efficient ugliness. But the store rules insisted on no such attire.

"Rose—Dillon," said Leila Haines once more, with changed emphasis.

"Surest thing ever!" The girl smiled satirically. "After to-morrer you needn't speak when we meet, f'r I'm goin' to be one of these Thursday-afternoons-an'-one-evenin'-

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a-week ladies! There's a cap an' apron goes with this. Ain't it awful? I'm goin' t' dust an' tend door for a lady instead of sellin' her things in a store. I'm goin' t' live high in a kitchen instead of starvin' in a attic. Somethin' dreadful, ain't it?"

Her levity changed, sharply, to passionate utterance. "Leil'—that's all so. What's the reason I hate it? I do hate it. I've stood it off f'r six months. . . . I wanted to be diff'rent than my mother was—she was a cook. All my folks has gone out to service. I thought I was great when I got into a store! I couldn't be a lady—not in a thousand years I couldn't; but I wanted to be—diff'rent. An' now I'm goin' back to it. I can't stan' livin' this way. I'd die—another summer like last. I'm goin' t' quit. I s'pose I'll be glad I done it—sometime. I won't haf t' hate ev'ry woman that's warm nor ev'ry one that can have a cold drink in the summertime. I'll have food t' eat—" Her hand went to her chest again, and the ready tears of her temperament brimmed over. "What makes me hate it so, I'd like t' know. It's honest—an'—my God, Leil'! I gotter do it, anyhow. . . . I've always been—straight; you an' I's about the only ones, I guess—on our floor, anyhow. . . . But I gotter do this—now—or—go quick—that way——"

She dragged the raincoat hastily over her dress of servitude, fought back the tears, and thrust her fingers through her pompadour to prime herself for the gantlet-run back to her room. "They'll talk somethin' fierce, I s'pose," she said huskily. "But I don't care—I wanted you t' know. I can't help what you think——"

"What *I* think—" Leila Haines moved her head restlessly. "I don't know why you think *I'll* blame you. . . . I'm in the same—fix. I guess I'm going to be married."

"What?" Rose Dillon pulled herself up, holding to the trunk. "Married!—Look at her tellin' it with a face as long's yer arm! Married—Leil' Haines, you foxy—" Her congratulations broke off abruptly.

"Well, what's the matter?" Leila Haines looked full at her. "Don't I gush enough? Rose Dillon, you eat your three meals a day and be glad you did it—*you* can get out of it any time something better turns up. You'll forget how you feel now—you can do it all right. I couldn't. You and I are different. Nobody'd want me in their parlor, and I couldn't go if they did. I'm made that way. If I drop out—it's for good. I can't stand it any more than you can. Only I'm going to get married. I'm going to get married—and I wish I was dead and in my grave!"

Presently Rose Dillon recovered sufficiently to cross and put her hands on the trembling shoulders of her friend, who had thrown herself face down again on the bed. But to all the comforting words her warm heart prompted, she got no answer save entreaties to go away—to go away and forget what she had heard and the one who had spoken it. She crept out at last, subdued, and shamefacedly finding content in her own lot.

At ten o'clock, Mrs. Lindstrom, on her rounds to lower the hall gas, announced a fresh bit of discipline through each keyhole. "From this night anybody can pay ten cents if they burn my gas after shuttin'-up time. If anybody don't like it, gi' me your notice rent day." When she had creaked and banged her way down again, Leila Haines got up and heated an iron to press out the wrinkles in her skirt, which the luxurious abandon of her misery had caused her to overlook. Rose Dillon had devised the process: A very long trebled strand of picture wire, made fast to one's door hinge, passed under the handle of an old-fashioned iron, and made fast again to the headpiece of one's bed, the window-catch, or any other projection of sufficient height to insure the cord's passing over the gas fixture. A turn about some third point generally achieved a successful angle. The iron might then be pushed over the flame and allowed to hang the extraordinary time required for its heating. It was a process laborious in the extreme, and possible only in a small room. But if you were of the Wyman force and had—scruples, you were reasonably sure to be living in a hall room, or "doubling" in a larger. "Big" rooms, presumably, suggested their own means of economical evasion; and no inconvenience was frowned upon.

By the time Leila's skirt was smooth—a towel spread on newspapers, over the trunk-top, made an ironing-board of a sort—it was very late, the room stifling, and a headache blinded the girl. She threw the window wide, to let in the welcome wind, crept to bed, and shivered herself asleep, after a time, to shiver awake again in the gray morning. The unheated room was bitterly cold. When she moved, in rising to shut the window, she cried out at the iciness of the sheet where it was unwarmed by her body.

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As she turned, shaking from the draft, to put on her coat, she spied Rose Dillon's offering on the chair where she had left it overnight. She had not been conscious of hunger before going to bed; but now she realized that much of her discomfort came from want of food. By holding the tin plate with her curling-iron, she could warm the chops over the gas; and warmth and chops seemed infinitely desirable.

Through Mrs. Lindstrom's outraged halls and stairways stole, once more, the odor of pork chops with a hint of onion. On the next floor Rose Dillon, packing completed, put up her head and sniffed the air. The next instant she was in the raincoat and tiptoeing to Leila Haines's door, where she hissed, reassuringly, and rattled the knob very gently, to preclude any suggestion of a Lindstrom invasion.

"IT MIGHT BE PETER PAN COLLARS," ROSE ANSWERED.

"Good for you, hun!" She whisked in at the opened door and shut it with the agility consequent on long practice. "She'll think it's me, if she smells it; but I guess she won't—she sleeps late, Sund'ys. I knew you'd be usin' your gas, so I brought some hot cocoa—yes, you will take it, too! Gee! But it's frizzin' cold here! I'll be in t' say good by." And she was gone, nodding happiness and approval. Appetite, and food to satisfy it, meant a normal condition and contentment, to her thinking; and Leila Haines found something of that spirit possessing her as she ate ravenously of the meat, drank the weak cocoa, and rejoiced in the rolls—so superior, even in their dryness, to the monotony of crackers. But crackers were easily secreted and would keep.

It was good to have plenty to eat. If she married she could have rolls daily, and pork chops would be an occasional economy. It was a temptation. But when one wasn't hungry, it was possible to ponder whether it was right to let such a thing outweigh so very many other things. . . .

She still sat, thinking about it, huddled before the fragments of her feast on the trunk-top, when Rose Dillon rattled the knob for her farewell. She condensed it, however, to a putting in of her head at the quarter-opened door, and a bit of laughing bravado.

"No, I'll not come in. I'll see you again. . . . Want me t' make a fool of myself? Nit! By by—be good t' yerself—" Her head disappeared and she choked; but the next breath she was looking in again and laughing. "Say—mind tellin' me who *it* is?"

Leila Haines crimsoned. "You never saw him. His name is William McCausland. Della Keenan introduced us—you never knew her. She was on veilings when you were upstairs. She was Della Gorham. Her hus-

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band's a policeman. Mr. McCausland is a policeman, too."

"And he's a lucky copper, at that!" beamed Rose Dillon, withdrawing finally, though not before Leila Haines had caught the widening of her eyes and the wondering circle of her mouth.

Well—she wondered at herself. A policeman! And she was a beauty.

There was no denying it. But her delicate features, her perfect mouth and complexion, her wonderful purple eyes, and heavy ash-blond hair, were of no more avail than Rose Dillon's ordinary prettiness. Her dignity, the infinite pains she took with her speech, told against her in the class to which she belonged, and went unnoticed by any other. A few regular customers asked for her, because of her superior taste and manners in the show-room, and that gave her value, transiently, with the firm. As for all else—the recognition that she had striven for, had believed would come—well, the long and short of it was that William McCausland, policeman, was the one man who had offered her honorable marriage. In her gratitude, and because of her pity and mild liking for him, she had not refused at once, but had said she would think about it. He had asked her to take time.

"I'LL GIVE 'EM PAN AN' ALL IN YOUR FACE IF YOU COME A STEP CLOSER!"

Rose Dillon was to be a housemaid. A girl had to leave the store, sooner or later, it was said; and so it seemed. For one reason or another, they all left. But to leave for lesser employment meant giving up hope. It was hope that kept houses like Lindstrom's full, that eked out the sickening meals, that supplied Wyman & Company with their relays of pretty faces. Hope that filled the streets with girls as feverishly waiting and eager and expectant as Leila had been—clinging to their work in the notch that kept them in the eye of the great golden world that was to bring them something better than their mothers had known. It was easy enough to pick such Toilers in Illusion from the mass that worked at anything and dressed anyhow. Wyman's and its kind, with its privations and compulsory neatness, lifted one just within range of that all-potent eye of Opportunity. Housemaids stood a niche below. But with marriage—marriage on one's own level, as with descent to inferior work—one dropped into oblivion.

And at last it was something of this pitiful hope and striving that Leila Haines tried to write to William McCausland. She had decided to be fair. She told him of the temptations—within and without; the uselessness of it; finally, the alternative he offered—and of her acceptance. For she told him that if he would take her—if he still cared for her, on such terms—she would be a faithful wife and do her utmost to love him as he deserved.

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This letter sealed, she wrote another—very short and formal—in which she called him "friend William" and rejected him, with stilted thanks. She padded this, with blank sheets, to equal size with the first, sealed it, and left both envelopes blank. And at four o'clock, dressed in her smart, inexpensive street clothes, she went to meet William McCausland and give him his choice of the two.

"I WANTED TO BE DIFF'RENT THAN MY MOTHER WAS—SHE WAS A COOK."

In his uniform, Mr. McCausland was an ornament to the force that had but lately acquired him. In citizen's clothes, he was something too heavy of foot, conspicuous of hand, too threatening about his seams and buttons, and too rubicund under the unaccustomed hat. Further, he came up to the lady of his desire in the wake of such topcoats, silk hats, spats, and all-round dandiness as would have disturbed the serenity of a more settled feminine mind.

Leila frowned at his clumsy salute; then met his adoring gray eyes, saw the quiver of the muscles about his mouth and the tensity of his rather fine smile—and pitied him from her heart.

"Beaut!" he whispered as he faced about at her side. She frowned again. She had caught the tribute, more delicately uttered, in passing the elegants. McCausland eying her lovely profile, knew himself in error. In forgetfulness and mute apology, he took her elbow—a thing she had requested him never to do. She tossed her head, and his black brows met. He tightened his hold, deliberately, and they went on in silence.

"Keenan told me his woman wanted us there to supper," he said without preface, after a few moments. "I told him mebbe. I don't wanter go in any house till I hear what yuh—gotter say t' muh." It sounded brutal. How could she know that he had put in the night fighting for words to approach her rightly, to convince, to woo her——

She held out her letters, smiling up at him. "Guess," she invited.

He looked from the envelopes to her face. He did not catch her meaning, but he hungered for her smile. "Say—yuh'd make a marble man dippy, if yuh flashed that on him." He let the forbidden hand tighten. "Cut the billy-doos, Leil'—I can't wait. What—is it?"

She drew away. In the past, he had been agonizingly respectful and in awe of her. His very proposal had been a hoarse, hasty mumble of words as he had left her at Lindstrom's on their last evening together. He had begged her to wait—a little while—any time! But that manner was gone.

"Why, I've thought it over, the way you asked me to." She tried to speak lightly. "One of these says yes, the other no. We'll see how good a guesser——"

The eagerness of his eyes, watching her, changed to a hurt, angry, incredulous stare before which she turned her head. He seemed to be guided by his hold on her elbow,

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for his gaze never left her face. She drew a breath of relief when he looked away, his hand dropping to his side.

"Oh," he said indistinctly. "That's it—a game, is it?" And no more. . . . Block after block, block after block—she could have screamed to him to speak, to show resentment, to leave her; but speech seemed, somehow, impossible. And when he broke silence at last, her heart pounded with dread of what he was to say.

"I didn't get on to what yuh meant—I'm a thickhead. Lemme take the two a bit—" He took the white squares, awkwardly, glanced at them, then held them at his side and quickened his pace.

With the dusk it began to snow—tiny, firm flakes that dropped swiftly, with an odd appearance of breathless haste and heralding, dodged into crannies and corners, and lay still. After them slanted the body of the storm, making a blur and mystery of the familiar streets, blanketing the electric lights that sputtered through misty halos only to render the blinding whiteness beyond their radiance the more impenetrable.

"Dressed warm?" She started at his question, but he went on abruptly: "We'll go to Keenan's—yuh c'n get a car f'm there, home." So he meant to let her go home. He gave it up easily. . . . Well, some girl would be glad of him, appreciate him. He was a good man, a strong man. It was comfortable to be with him. When she slipped at a crossing, he caught her elbow and held it, half lifting her at the curbs. The impropriety of it was gone, queerly; she almost protested when he let go as they turned into a side street sheltered from the wind; but it was only to get a firmer hold after he had taken her letters in his great fingers and torn them to bits.

"Y' see, I done my part when I ast yuh," he explained. "It ain't up to me t' do any pickin' an' choosin' that way. I dunno what yuh said in 'em, an' it don't make any diff'rence, at that! If it was a turndown, you had a right t' tell muh. If yuh didn't *know*—why, yuh hadn't ought t' have took the chanst I might draw 'yes'—see?"

"I meant it all right when I wrote."

"Well, it wasn't the thing to take chances on," he said quietly. The rebuke stung.

"It wasn't a chance for *you*!" she spoke vehemently. "I said no, in one, and gave no reasons. You were safe that way! In the other—I tried to tell you that I was afraid I cared too much about having a home, and being taken care of, and—and things to eat—to be sure how much I cared. You could

I'M GOIN' T' TAKE YUH, GIRL—YOU'RE GOIN' T' MARRY MUH—"

have—dropped me—whichever one you took. . . . You're a policeman! I never expected to marry a policeman. I told you that. I told you that I felt ashamed of it—I can't help it if you do hate me. . . . And I told you that, in spite of my looks, you were the first man that had ever asked to marry me. . . . *Marry*, I said. . . . And I told you it hadn't been easy—living. These rich men aren't all horrid. They—some of them—are handsome and young, and they

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think—they do think they care for you. . . . A girl has hard work to—remember—sometimes. They're so clever, they know so well how to talk—" Her voice broke.

"Yes—d—— 'em—I know they do!" said William McCausland through his teeth. For a second she could not breathe.

"What—what is it you—?" She clutched his arm and swung about to face him. "D—do you mean—" she stammered, "mean that—you—think——"

"I don't think nothin'!" He stood doggedly. "I know—I knew all the time that a girl wit' a face like yourn is up against it. I couldn't leave meself think anny more than that. I didn't ast no questions. I don't now. I jest told yuh I was f'r you if yuh'd take muh. That's all—" He bent and lifted her in his arms, holding her easily, his firm cold cheek pressed to hers, the snowflakes melting between like tears. "Girl—look-a here. I *want* yuh. I've no words to say it right—I'm a dub cop. I know it. It don't cut any ice, though, to me. I gotta right t' ask the woman I want t' take muh. See? An' yuh said yes—in one o' them letters—that's all I wanta know. I'm goin' t' take yuh, girl—you're goin' t' marry muh——"

He turned his head swiftly and kissed her—hair, eyes, face, and mouth—with quick, tender mutters of the love that was beyond speech of his; then put her, gently, on her feet. She began to cry.

"Aw—dearie!" After a bewildered second his big hands were as light as a woman's on her shoulders. "Say—don't do it, don't do it. I didn't mean t' scare yuh that way—say, dearie——"

"Don't!" she cried out. "Don't—*don't* be so good to me! Wait till I tell you—you're wrong. You're wrong—about—what you think! I didn't know—you'd think—that—! You can believe me—I'll swear it any way you want. On my soul—I never—believed them. I wanted the dinners and the easy life and the pretty things—I went as far as that. . . . But never—any more. I couldn't—I never did—never that—" His arms about her caught her close, fiercely. "I've been straight," she sobbed against his shoulder, "all my life. I've—been a good girl——"

"Thank God A'mighty!" he said slowly, after a little; and touched her forehead with his lips. "It's good hearin', girl. . . . But I never ast yuh. Remember I never ast yuh—an' never would of. I know what—things mean—to a woman. I'd only been the better t' yuh—loved yuh more, somehow. I'm glad, though. . . . Girl, couldn't yuh ever care—some——"

"All of a—sudden—I do—I do care!" She clung to him. "Something has let me see it. I'm ashamed—to think I *was* ashamed. . . . You're so good—I was a fool. I do want to be taken care of—but it's all right—it's the way it ought to be—if you'll take me——"

In the empty hall of the tenement house where the Keenans lived, they stopped while she cooled her eyes with a handful of snow he brought her, and dried them on her handkerchief. Then from her wristbag she took a mirror, the size of a dollar, and a chamois skin, liberally smeared with powder, and effaced the traces of her tears. Privileged William McCausland stood in enraptured contemplation.

"Whee! That's how, is it? Say, yer as slick as they make 'em—what?"

"Well, I don't want to be a sight, do I?" she deprecated. "I suppose you'll let me keep my good looks as long as I can?" Her glance over her mirror was provocative. His arm went around her.

"Say—I don't care if yuh lost yer hair an' yer teeth an' yer shape an' the whole blamed works. I'm stuck on yer looks, all right, all right, but what gets muh is *you*. I dunno how t' say it—but it's what's *you* I want, see?"

The tears made dark lines in the powder she had not had time properly to apply. "I see you're the only man that would say so to me—and mean it," she answered. "Will—you know I'll be a good wife to you, don't you? You trust me—what I said? You believe I'll never throw it up to you that I—wished you were different?"

"No," he said in calm confidence, "you won't never do that."

Such faith frightened her a little, even while it steadied her. Before it her pitiful questioning was silenced and shamed.

"You're the best man," she said, between a laugh and a sob, "the *best* man! You're right, though,—I never will do that." It was a vow. "I'm going to be happy with you—happier than I've ever been in all my life—just in making *you* happy. I can and I will. Tell me you believe that, too!"

"Believe *that?*" His look strove against his limitations and the futility of words; but he was driven to changed emphasis. "*Believe* that—well, *say!*"

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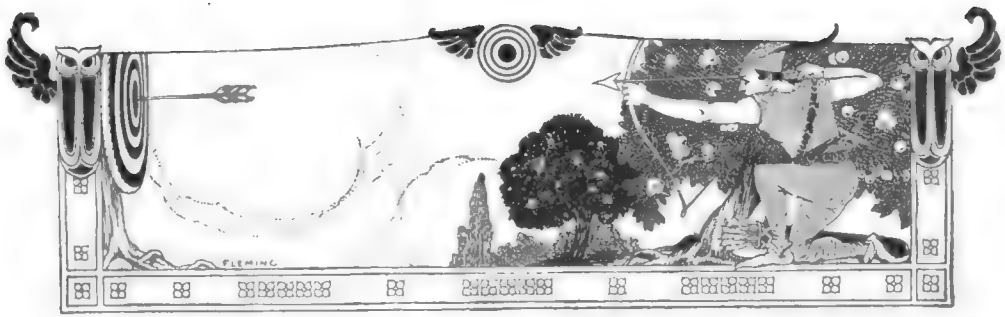

STRAIGHT TALK

FASCINATING FIGURES

Mr. Hard's article in the March EVERYBODY'S is one of the brightest magazine articles I have seen for years. He makes statistics fascinating. All women are under obligations to you for this series of articles. C. W. McC.

Evanston, Ill.

FIRES AND INSURANCE RATES

Your January number contains a very interesting and valuable article by Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, entitled, "Burnt Money." What Mr. Adams says as to the folly of the American people so far as methods of building are concerned, and the needlessly large extent of the fire loss in America, cannot be controverted. But when he comments upon fire insurance companies, their rates, etc., he labors under a misapprehension as to the true nature of insurance, and writes down some curious misinformation.

It may be admitted, at the outset, that our system of fire insurance is as yet far from perfect. While it is true that fire insurance companies are in business for profit primarily, it is equally true that underwriters in general recognize their obligations to the public in the matter of preventing fire waste. The National Board of Underwriters, at a very large expense and through numerous channels of activity, does a vast amount of work along this line each year. Individual companies devote more and more of their income to the inspection and protection of the risks which they assume. As an example, the National Board has built in Chicago the only perfectly fireproof building in this country.

Coming now to some of the specific statements made by Mr. Adams, he declares:

"Rates on really fireproof buildings are greatly in excess of what they should be, just as rates on tinder boxes, which ought not be insured at all, are relatively too low. . . . The insurance companies put a premium on bad building by eagerly issuing policies on property which, by any reputably conservative law of averages, ought to be a prohibitive risk."

This statement does not agree with the facts. In the first place, there are few, if any, really fireproof buildings. In the second place, in many of our large cities, the so-called tinder-boxes are rated quite as high as are the so-called fireproof buildings, when compared as to their relative cost to insurance companies.

Insurance rates on different buildings vary from about one-tenth of one per cent. to ten per cent., which is the same as saying that rates on the most hazardous buildings are one hundred times greater than those on the best buildings. So that, as a matter of fact, in large cities at least, it is quite possible that the structures which, on account of their inflammable features or hazardous occupancies, bear the highest rates, pay a relatively higher tax for fire insurance than do the so-called fireproof structures. Again, no "law of averages," "conservative" or otherwise, makes a bad building a "prohibitive" risk. With proper rates, the worst buildings would be desirable risks. If they are too bad, the rates will become prohibitive, not the risks. Penalties in the way of additions to fire insurance rates for bad features of construction and hazardous conditions of occupancies are steadily, day by day, doing more to bring about improvements in buildings and to lessen the fire waste than is any other one cause.

Mr. Adams goes on to say:

"How long would you continue to pay premiums to a company that insured consumptives wholesale because it needed the business? . . . The case of the fire insurance companies which write risks on all kinds of edifices, good and bad, is exactly analogous. To be sure, the rates on the bad build-

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ings are higher, but so are the general rates higher because those bad buildings are carried."

When Mr. Adams institutes a comparison between life- and fire-insurance companies, he falls into the error which most uninformed persons who treat of insurance topics make. Most life insurance companies charge all policyholders of the same age an identical rate. Fire insurance companies rate each risk according to its hazard, so that the comparison set up by Mr. Adams at once falls to the ground. Moreover his statement will not bear strict examination even so far as life insurance companies are concerned. Some of the largest and strongest life insurance companies in the country do make a practice of insuring what are known as "impaired" lives. Furthermore, it would be perfectly proper for a life insurance company to insure consumptives, provided that it charged them a rate high enough in comparison with the rates which healthy policyholders paid so that the latter would not be penalized by the insurance carried upon consumptives; and provided also that a sufficient number of consumptives could be found who would be willing to pay the enormous premiums which would have to be charged.

Many of the so-called fireproof buildings are by no means as invulnerable to the assaults of fire as Mr. Adams seems to suppose. He mentions with apparent approval the Continental Bank Building in Baltimore, and quotes as an argument in favor of proper methods of construction the comment which the architect of that building made upon its steel structure after the Baltimore conflagration. As a matter of fact, the award of the appraisers who adjudicated the loss on that building stated that two-thirds of its value had been destroyed by fire.

Nor can it be properly assumed that any of the existing so-called fireproof buildings which are either filled with combustible merchandise or are exposed by other highly inflammable structures, are immune from a possible serious damage by fire. It is true that the amount of this damage would be immensely minimized if buildings were constructed on the example of that erected by the Underwriters' Laboratories in Chicago. Finally, taking into account conflagration losses at Baltimore and San Francisco, it is probable that no insurance company which does business on a large scale has made a profit from insuring the so-called fireproof structures which are described by Mr. Adams; and this is a pretty fair indication that his statements concerning the comparative rates assessed on these structures will not bear examination.

There are other statements in Mr. Adams's article which might also call for comment, such as, for instance, the assertion that Chicago is "our best built city" and that its so-called fireproof district is "the best district in the best city in America." No one who has traveled over the enormous areas filled with frame buildings which form the larger part of Chicago would think of calling that city "our best built city." Nor will its single street flanked by fireproof buildings compare with the financial district in New York.

As intimated at the outset, it seems invidious to call attention to these imperfections in an article which is, on the whole, of such a useful nature, but because of its importance and the wide circulation of your magazine we feel compelled to endeavor to correct some of the erroneous impressions which the article conveys.

It is to be hoped that the general public will not only read but carefully heed the suggestions of Mr. Adams as to the necessity for improved methods of building construction. Especially is it desirable that existing structures should be protected against the danger of fire from without. In cities which are chiefly built of brick, such as New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, a general conflagration would become almost an impossibility were all roofs and cornices non-inflammable, and were all exterior openings in roofs and walls protected by iron shutters, wired glass, screens, etc. Since the great fire in Baltimore, many of the finest buildings, even on street fronts, have been equipped with wired glass. Only in case of an earthquake or some other unusual catastrophe, or if the water supply should be wholly cut off, could a conflagration gain headway in a city thoroughly protected in this manner. Furthermore, when it is realized that (with conflagrations left out of account) about thirty per cent. of all the losses which insurance companies are called upon to pay, both in number and amount, arise from fires which have been communicated to the property insured from other burning structures, the importance of guarding against this outside danger is apparent.

R. M. Bissell.

Hartford, Conn.

ILLUSTRATORS, PLEASE READ THIS! IT HITS YOU ALL

A feature of the story, "The Pill," in the January number of your magazine, prompts me to offer a criticism which I have long wished to make. The story represents Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne Stores as sitting on a settee during the conversation with the young lord, and the lord as having "curling" hair. In the illustration, on page 71, Mr. Stores is represented as sitting on a chair and the lord as having straight hair.

Although in this particular case the inaccuracies are slight, I mention them only to point out a place where grosser errors (perceptibly interfering with smooth reading) might occur.

H. A. D

Mt. Hermon, Mass.

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THE INAUGURAL DAY STORM

By Elias B. Dunn

The Inaugural Day storm, which attracted attention to one of the numerous failures in the forecasting of the weather by our Washington Weather Bureau—the storm which Willis L. Moore, chief of the Weather Bureau, stated was correctly forecast on the morning of the third of March, but which was not included in the prediction for March 4—originated over Manitoba on the morning of March 2. The barometer in that region registered as low as 29.5 inches, indicating that the storm would develop considerable energy.

In the early hours of that day the outline of atmospheric depression, or storm formation, extended southeasterly to northern Kansas. This oblong depression was then pointing in a southeasterly direction, and was very plainly marked on the maps issued by the Weather Bureau bearing the name of "Willis L. Moore, Chief U. S. Weather Bureau."

A similar map issued on the morning of March 3 showed this storm center to have moved southeasterly to northern Ohio with greatly increased force and the winds still increasing. The storm's outline at eight A. M. on that date extended from the Mississippi valley eastward to the Atlantic coast and from the Lake regions south to Tennessee and North Carolina, with snow falling over the Lake regions and rain and snow over the middle Atlantic States.

The general trend of the storm's center was still to the southeastward and pointing directly to Washington, as will be observed from the barometric line marked "29.5" on the accompanying map of March 3.

At that time there was every indication that the storm would increase in force, as its progressive movement was apparently diminishing, while its rotary power was becoming greater. This is indicated by the decreasing of atmospheric pressure extending from the storm center outward to the normal line of 30 inches.

It did not need a person thoroughly versed in meteorology to make a prediction, from these charts, that the fourth of March would be a stormy day in Washington. The wonder is that a fair weather prediction could have been made from such conditions.

It was evident from this map showing the snow area west to the Mississippi valley that the storm could not pass in twenty-four hours—as was absolutely proved by the disastrous results of March 4. The map of that date clearly indicates the storm center located on the coast of New Jersey and New York. The wind by that time

WEATHER BUREAU WEATHER MAP OUTLINING STORM ON MORNING OF MARCH 2, 1909.

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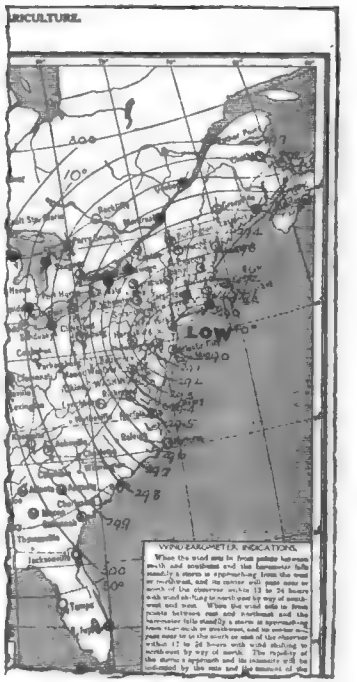
had been greatly augmented and was blowing a gale over the middle Atlantic and New England coasts.

At eight A. M. on March 4 the wind in Washington was blowing from the west, while at points north of that city it was blowing from the north or northwest. This was one of the severest storms that have ever crossed the country, and followed quite a natural course for such depressions.

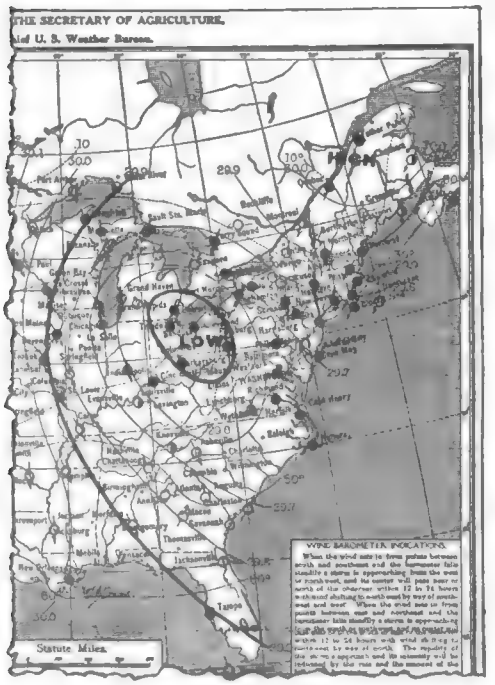
There was no high pressure over the ocean to bar, in any way, the advance of this storm and give us what the Washington Weather Bureau calls a "flare-back." Such things are hardly known. Not one storm in five hundred ever passes from the Atlantic Ocean inland, and this storm was not checked by any high pressure, as stated, as the only high pressure area within a thousand miles was over the states bordering the eastern Rocky Mountain slope.

Willis L. Moore, in one of his many contradictory statements regarding his failure, says in the New York *Tribune* of March 14:

"The Bureau anticipated that the storm center would pass over the middle Atlantic States during the night of the third, and that northwest winds and falling temperature would leave a clear day for the fourth. The center passed precisely as forecast, the wind shifted, and the temperature fell, but, instead of the northwest wind clearing the sky, as it does in nearly all cases, precipitation in the form of snow occurred and continued for twelve hours after the storm center had passed eastward. No forecaster could foresee this. Were we to forecast a fall of snow following the passage of storm centers that move from the northwest, we would have hundreds of failures charged against us, instead of an occasional one, for it is rare that snow falls in the Middle Atlantic States except with the approach of a storm from the southwest, which causes northeast winds, and it is extremely rare that any storm in this region that begins with rain ends with snow of any considerable amount. On the contrary, many storms that begin as snow end as rain."



WEATHER BUREAU WEATHER MAP OUTLINING STORM ON MORNING OF MARCH 4, 1909.



WEATHER BUREAU WEATHER MAP OUTLINING STORM ON MORNING OF MARCH 3, 1909.

This statement emanating from Mr. Moore is evidently intended to deceive. Any meteorologist in the country understands full well that storms moving at this season of the year across our country are seldom, if ever, preceded by snow which ends in rain.

On the contrary, according to the laws of nature, storms moving from the west are preceded by an east to northeasterly wind which naturally brings warmer, moist weather and rain. The wind then shifts, on the passing of the storm, to the northwest, which results in colder weather and, generally, snow for a longer or shorter period, after the passing of the storm center.

Willis L. Moore, in making this original forecast, was ready to stand in the lime light and take all the credit personally, had it been successful. Up to the day of the failure no one had heard of any other person connected with this forecast, except Mr. Moore.

After the failure he stated that he did not make the forecast, but that it was made by his able forecasters in the Bureau, and he pushes them forward to stand the brunt of criticism to shield himself—a most despicable act in a man holding a responsible government position.

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Little Stories of Real Life

SHORT LETTERS OF A SMALL BOY

By Paul West

II

BROOKDALE MASS, Oct. 26, 1880

DERE COUS. GORGE

wel how are you Gorge, I am pritty wel no I aint, that is I aint sick but I am not havving a good time, I gues I nevver am going too anny moar. I am diskouraged becawse if I do the things I want to I get punnished becawse they are the wrong things, and if I dont do what I want too do I dont enjoy my life, so whats the use?

and you sed in yore letter you had cent me those dime novvels, wel it dident do anny good if you did, becawse my mother got them and burnt them, so dont send me anny moar, they put bad idees into my hed and I am bad enuff alreddy I gues.

If I had the monney I had last week I wood run away, but I havnt, it was like his Gorge.

You kno old Brooksey, wel he has got a churtch, he bilt it a long time ago before we come to Brookdale, becawse his wife died suddintly, and he offered it to the first Presbytarriers, but Mister Lewis, Dwite's farther you kno Gorge, he's the presbytarriers minnister, he sed, no sir, nevver shal my flok worship in a eddifis rered by such ill gotten ganes. I dont kno how old Brooksey got his ill gotten ganes, maybe he was a trane robber or a pirate, I gues it was pirate, annyway when the presbytarriers woodent taik the churtch he offerd it to the babtists and thare minnister sed the saim thing, and old Brooksey got crazy, and he sed, confound you I'll shut up the old churtch and let her rot and he did. And it wasent evver opend and they call it Brooksey's folly.

wel Fred Strong and me and Dwite was down in Flints back yard cutting hockey sticks, and its right back of Brookseys churtch, and they is a stone wal between them, and we climed up the wall into the plaice back of the churtch. wel Dwite sed you stand watch and I'll see if we cant get into the old plaice, maybe they is tressure hidden thare, you kno Gorge churtches are favrite plaices for robbers to hide tressure, wel Dwite pried a windoe open and we went in.

They was a lot of cole and would, and it was awfull dark, so we went throo a door and up some stares and we was rite in the churtch, you kno Gorge the plaice whare the minnister preeches, and the pews was all full of him books and things, with nice red cushions, and they was a clock over the pulpit, and Dwite got up in the pulpit and preeched like his farther does only better, I bet he wil be a minnister some day, Dwite wil.

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And we had a fine time playing pass the contribushun box but we got scared when something went Oooo, and I sed maybe its ghosts from the graive yard, but Dwite sed they aint anny graive yard, the churtch wasent nevver started, so we looked up and it was piggons, they was flying all around the inside of the churtch.

Fred sed I'll bet they is lots of skwabs up in the belfrey so we climed up, and say Gorge youd ought to of seen them, we got all the skwabs we wanted, and Fred sed we can sel them to Hennery Hood he's the butcher and get lots of monney. We cood of got moar only Dwite sed cheesit duck fellers and we ducked becawse old fatty Dereborn was down on the strete looking up, becawse the piggons had been flying round so much he wondered what maid them do it.

wel we come down in the churtch room agen and Dwite sed say woodent the pew cushions be fine to spred out in the loft of yore farthers barn Sam, we cood lie on them and rede dime novvels, and I sed but they belong to old Brooksey, and Dwite sed wel we can just borrow them and if he wants them back he can ask us for them if he finds out whare they are.

So we took fore cushions, and they was fine, and we was just starting out the back of the churtch when whoo shood we see but Eddie Rooney, he's the town poor boy you kno Gorge, and him and his mother and all the children thay's a nawful lot of them and always a noo baby, they liv in the old howse whear Washington tied his horse and the village lets them hav it free becawse old man Rooney is mostly in jale he drinks.

"DWITE PREACHED LIKE HIS FATHER DOES ONLY BETTER."

Annyway Eddie Rooney he saw us and he sed aha I'm going to tel braking into old Brooksey's churtch and we sed if you dont tel you can hav a lot of cole, it was Dwite that sed it, Fred and me woodent nevver have bin so smart.

Wel Eddie sed show us the cole, so we showed him and Eddie sed gee how much can I hav and we sed go as far as you like, we dont nede it. And Eddie sed thanks I wont tel on you fellers then and I'll go get my brothers to help me carry it hoam. So we took the fore pew cushions over to my barn and they was dandy to lie down on. Then we sold the skwabs to Hennery Hood and he gave us forty five cents for them, and we bought a lot of dime novvels, they was fine.

Wel that nite my uncle Walter sed to my farther Sam did you see the parade this afternoon and my farther sed no what, and uncle Walter sed the Rooney family was out parading, I was going by Brookses churtch and I saw the hole Rooney family except the baby, they had whele barrers and toy waggons and a baby carridge and things and they was toting cole I wonder who gave them the cole, and my farther sed O some charytable person I gues, I bet it wasent old Brooks, that's a cinch, and I dident say annything, but I knoo.

And that nite when I went to the post offis for my mother they was still carrying the cole home and I sed to Eddie Rooney whare are you putting all the cole, and he sed in the parlor, it's most full alreddy and we aint got haff the cole, say it was mitey nice of you fellers to give us that cole, and I sed O that's all rite.

wel the next morning Dwite came by our howse, and he sed hello Sam they's a terrible axident down to the Rooneys, and I sed gee what and he sed I dont kno lets find out, so we went down to the Rooneys howse and you coodent see it hardly, it was all caved in and they was a big crowd around it, and fatty Dereborn and some men was rooting round in the rooins, and all the Rooneys was crying except the old man he wasent thare he was in jale, and when fatty Dereborn

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found the cole he sed no wonder the howse colapsed, whare did you get so much cole, and Missus Rooney sed Eddie found it, and they ast Eddie and he told whare but he dident give us away if he wood of we wood of hit him good. And evveryboddy sed it serves old Brooksey rite, the stingy thing, and Missus Rooney sed I told Eddie to kind of scatter it around a littel and not put it all in the parlor as the flore was week, but he did and now O whare shal we lay our heds.

And Deecon Chase he sed we shal hav to divide the famly up for the pressent, I will taik the mother and baby, and some other peeple sed they wood taik Hub and Balty and Mike and Mamy Rooney, I wanted my mother to taik Eddie becawse I like him better than annyboddy in town except Dwite the minnister's son, but she woodent, she sed I was enuff trubble by myself goodness knows.

"WE DIDENT MENE TO SHOOT BUT IT WENT OFF."

But I dident care becawse the next day my uncle Walter brot me home a flobert riffle 22, my mother sed O Walter the child shal not hav it do you want him to merder some one, but my farther sed O let him hav it, it wil teech him dependence, and my mother sed wel you look out for him then, and they did, the next afternoon my farther and uncle Walter showed me how to shoot it but all they gave me was blank cartridges which aint as much fun as a sling shot.

wel I was drilling with my riffle out in the yard and Fred Strong saw me and he sed I'll get my big brother Loo's riffle he has one and we will drill together, so he did and he came back and he had a lot of reel cartridges he had found, and we loded our riffles, but we dident point them at annyboddy only Deecon Thomases big angorry cat Punch, he was in our catnip bed and we dident mene to shoot but it went off they both did and Punch just let out a yel and so we skinned him and hung his pelt up to cure.

And then all the cats in the nayborhood it seemed like they all came around and we plaid they was buffaloes I kno it was rong but annyway we did it, and we got a nawful lot Gorge, and skinned them all and hung them up longside of Punch on the back of our barn like trappers do.

The next day Fred sed what shal we maik out of them, woodent yore mother like a nice fur cote, and I sed she has one, and I sed I tel you lets maik a nice carridge robe for yore farther, so Fred sed that wood be fine, so we did.

wel we sowed the cats skins together and say Gorge they looked fine, all cullers you kno Gorge, not just one culler, and we neded a lining so Fred took the red lining out of his farthers buffalo robe, and we put that on and then we took the new robe over to his barn and hung it over his farther's stall. I dont mene that Gorge, his farther doesn't have a stall, it is a horses stall.

wel by and by Freds farther came hoam, and Fred sed now he wil find it when he goes out to taik a ride, and Freds farther yelled to my farther who was home too say Torrey come and taik a spin with me behind my new trotter on the milldam and my farther sed Im with you, so they went out to the barn and I sed to Fred lets see what theyll say.

So we wated and then we herd some loud words and they came to the barn door and Freds farther sed Fred, and my farther sed Sam, and we went in and sed what sir.

and they sed you kno mitey wel what sir, did you do this, and we sed why yes sir, and they sed you merderous young rascals do you kno what you hav done you have shot up about two hundred and 50 dollars worth of angorry cats thats what youve done, come

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hear. So they took us into some stals and say Gorge you know what you got when your farther caught you smoaking wel say that was esey.

Wel when we had told them all about it, they wasent much to tell, my farther sed no wonder old Deecon Thomas was asking evveryboddy had they sene his tortus shel angorry, I gues we'd better see him and settel without asking anny questions, so they went to his fense he lives next door and he came out and my farther sed hello Deecon has your cat caim home, and Deecon Thomas sed no I wonder why, and my farther sed come over hear and you wont wonder, so the Deecon caim over and my farther and Freds farther spred the robe out on the driveway and Deecon Thomas gave one look and yelled O thare is my Judy too, third from the upper left hand corner, O who has perpetrated this fowl dede and Freds farther sed cut out the trajjedy deecon how much do you estermate it wil cost to replaice the dere departed, and the deecon sed fifty dollars, and my farther sed gee.

wel I dont kno who told them but in a minnut it seemed like evveryboddy in Brookdale was thare picking out thare cats, they was old man Warren and Ike Towns' mother and the Cushman twins and lots moar, and they was saying thare's Cleopatra, poor dere thing, but how changed, and I wood kno my Angelica annywhare, three from the lower row counting from left to rite, and crying and blaiming me and Fred something awfull, youd think it was peeple wed shot not just cats.

and my farther and Freds farther they wood say pass rite this way and pick out youre feelings and dont crowd, give evveryboddy a chanct, nevver you mind the boys thats our lookout whats going to be dun to them, how much did you say, what, twenty dollars for a mangy old cat like that who had about ate of her nine lives alreddy gone, all rite we wil send checks, good bye.

Then they throo our carridge robe over the fense into old Brookseys yard and then sed now you young gents wil plese come with us, and they took us into the barn and we got anuther doase worse than the furst, it was awfull Gorge.

And they took our riffles away of coarse and broak them, and then Loo Strong he's Freds big brother he licked Fred for taking his riffle which was no good now.

wel so no moar for this time, yore aff. cous.

SAMUEL TORREY, JR.

p. s. I am sorrey yore mother ses you cant kepe a dog, if she knoo Jocko she wood of let you have him, he is a good dog, so I wisht you cood taik him.

THE BIRTHDAY LUCK OF BILL THOMAS

By Alice Louise Lee

WHERE'VE I been? Well, hold on a minute till I ketch my breath a bit. I ain't had all the wind that's naturally comin' to me since yesterday, along of goin' down to Scranton with old Bill Thomas.

Yes, I don't need to be told 'twas April Fool's day, and I don't need to be reminded, neither, that the fools ain't all dead yet. They won't be so long as Bill Thomas hangs out here below. But what can you expect of a man who was born April first and has had to own up to a birthday on that date for fifty-odd years since? It's a poor day for a man to begin his reputation on, but I can say this for Bill Thomas—he's always been faithful in livin' up to his!

Why, right from the first Bill got all balled up. You see, there was seven boys in the family already, and when Bill Thomas come pokin' around instead of a girl, his mother felt so out of sorts over it that she kept him in curls and aprons till he was eight years old, and Bill used to set out behind the barn and snivel by the hour because he wa'n't a boy!

Now that's only a fair specimen of the way he's been fooled ever since.

Yesterday it was just the same, only different. All right, I'll go back to the beginnin' and give the story straight. Day before yesterday Bill come over to my house all worked up. He'd got hold of an idea, and they're uncommon scarce articles with Bill Thomas. The idea had appeared along with a letter from young Bill Thomas.

Young Bill's old Bill's son, though how on earth they ever come to get mixed up that way is more'n I can figure out. Young Bill's smart as a whip; but then he was born some time along in the winter and ain't hampered by such a birthday as his dad had.

He travels for shirts, young Bill does; he's

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just got a place with a big firm in New York—and this letter was all about that. He'd got his swath to cut yet with the house, he wrote, and he was in hopes to cut it next day in Scranton. They'd just got word of a big gents' furnishin' store that was stockin' up there, and young Bill was hopin' to make his everlastin' reputation as a big seller of shirts off of it.

Now as bad luck would have it, old Bill Thomas had sold a horse years ago to the owner of that gents' furnishin' store and so claimed acquaintance with him. His first name's Levy. He's got a few others tacked on to it, but they're Roosian and I always cut 'em out. First trip he made through the Corners, Levy come around with a pack on his back sellin' all-wool goods at cotton prices, and makin' so much money off 'em that the second trip he was ready to invest in a horse, and Bill Thomas had one just raised from the dead that he was willin' to sell cheap.

I'll never forget the time that horse was resurrected. 'Twas one all-fired hot day in July. Bill come over at noon for me to help dig its grave. Of course I went. You can't refuse to help a neighbor in trouble even if it is hot enough to bust the thermometer. The horse was stretched out on a stone boat 'longside the spot Bill Thomas had marked out for a grave. 'Twas an uncommon long horse and took an uncommon amount of diggin' to fix up its last restin'-place. Ten feet long and six deep we dug that hole. It was sundown before we struck hard pan. Then we climbed out and looked around.

"Tombstones in Jerusalem!" yelled Bill Thomas, starin'; but I never said a word. I started for the barn.

You see, there was a fair-sized slice of landscape layin' in sight, but that horse wasn't in it. The blamed critter at the last minute had concluded to live and was up in the barn fillin' up on oats.

Right then and there Bill Thomas looked him over and saw there was so much of him to fill up that he sold him to this Levy.

Now Bill, he reasoned like this: He said he'd sold Levy the horse that drawed the wagon that held the goods that made the money that bought the store that was needin' to be filled up with shirts, and he knew if Levy knew that young Bill Thomas was old Bill Thomas's son, he'd swell up with gratitude and order all the shirts from young Bill's house. So old Bill allowed he was goin' to Scranton next day to give Levy that valuable information, and he wanted me to go along to back 'im.

I ain't no great talker, but I did say a few things with an eye to coolin' off his enthusiasm. I reminded him that that horse wa'n't a good subject for thanksgivin' and that if Levy swelled up at all 'twould be with somethin' else beside gratitude; that it must 'a' taken all he could make in a year buyin' oats enough to even off that animal's sides, and when they was evened, no two straps in its old harness could meet around the beast.

But when once an idea does squeeze into old Bill's cranium, it has such an all-fired amount of room to rattle round in and makes so much noise that he can't hear reason. He jumped around like a chestnut on a hot stove. Said he'd show me that he knew what he was talkin' about; said we'd go down on the milk train and that 'ud give him a chance to see Levy before young Bill Thomas got there. So there was nothin' to do but go along with him. A man can't give a neighbor the go-by, even if he's bound to make a dod-blasted April fool of himself!

We started yesterday mornin' for the deepo on the seven o'clock stage. Bill Thomas said he was glad he was goin' to do some one some good that day, for he couldn't do himself any if he stayed at home. Said he had rheumatism in his jaw and left arm.

He had a napkin tied around his chin and up under his hat, with some cotton battin' stickin' out along the sides, and he smelt like a camfire bottle. Said he'd keep his jaw sort of close and warm until we reached Levy's, and then he'd untie it and let it swing on shirts, rheumatism or no rheumatism.

When we got on to the cars I see there was only three seats where we had a ghost of a chance to locate. One was half full of girl, and another, a step or two farther on, was chockfull of drummer. I never seen so little room left in a car seat in my life, and he didn't look very hefty either. One elbow struck the arm of the seat, the other nearly poked into the window, while his knees bulged out into the aisle. The seat opposite him was turned over and held two of the biggest, fattest, cheekiest-lookin' satchels I ever see.

I set down 'longside the girl and let Bill Thomas tackle the drummer. I knew Bill was bound to make a bigger fool of himself than usual on account of the day, so I thought I'd rather turn him over to the drummer

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than to the girl, she bein' one of your *grinny* sort of critters.

Bill moseyed along down the aisle, steppin' on his own feet as usual, and stopped beside the drummer, sort of clearin' his throat and rubbin' his jaw. The drummer was so busy he didn't see 'im, but so far as I could make out, his industry consisted principally in lookin' at his watch and tryin' to push the train along faster than it was goin'—a fool job, for even the engine can't do much more'n budge that milk train.

Finally Bill Thomas leaned over and took hold of one of the satchels. Says he: "Is this seat taken?"

The drummer snapped like a mud turtle, and Bill jumped so high that every one laughed and the grinny girl stretched her mouth till I thought it wouldn't ever shut up. The owner of them satchels was in the smoker, says the drummer, in an extry loud voice, and was liable to come back any minute.

Well, Bill Thomas believed him and let the satchels alone. He stood there in the aisle all the way to Scranton tryin' to keep his balance goin' around curves, and succeedin' part of the time.

Before we'd reached Summit every one on the car was snickerin', and that girl alongside me had double and twisted fits of grinnin' and sayin' to herself so's everybody exceptin' Bill Thomas could hear, "April fool! April fool! Ain't he a good one!"

Well, I hemmed and hawed till my throat was raw tryin' to ketch his eye and tell him them satchels belonged to that drummer, but he never looked around once between Montrose Junction and Scranton. I see he'd clean forgot me. He was thinkin' of shirts. Every once in a while he'd sort of loosen the napkin and limber up his jaw so's it would be in workin' trim when we got to Levy's, but 'twas just the same to him as if I was back at the Corners.

When the train was bumpin' into the deepo in Scranton, that drummer took in his knees and elbows, sort of simmered down to his rightful size, grabbed on to them overgrown satchels, and started for the door.

He was in a towerin' hurry and didn't let nothin' stop him. He mowed a clean swath through the aisle, leavin' children, umbrellas, and bandboxes swappin' ends.

Well, when the drummer shot out of his pew it woke Bill Thomas up, and what'd you suppose that fool did? He stared a second, and then rammed his hat down over his ears, pocketed his red worsted mittens, give his trousers a hitch, and took after him down the aisle neck and heels.

Now Bill ain't spry on foot anyway, and the motion of the train didn't help him any. Part of the time he favored the perpendicular and part of the time the horizontal, but he didn't give up the chase, all the time grabbin' for the drummer's coat collar. The train jerked up just as they reached the door, and that lost him his balance just as he was closin' in on that coat collar. But the milk train bein' strictly an accommodation train for passengers, never leaves undone what it hadn't ought to do, so's soon as it stopped it backed up a foot or two like lightnin' and stayed backed up. But Bill Thomas didn't. His head took the drummer in the small of the back and they cleared the car platform of everything, includin' the brakeman, in about a second.

When I got out, there was the worst mix-up goin' on ye ever seen. Bill Thomas was on top, yellin' somethin' about a thief and satchels and the smokin'-car that nobody could make head nor tail of, because the drummer was yellin' so much louder. An' 'bout a hundred boys was dancin' around and tryin' to grab on to their legs.

Just then two policemen come runnin' up and rooted the drummer from under Bill Thomas. I tell you he was worth lookin' at. His shirt collar and hat wa'n't there, and his overcoat was frazzled on one shoulder, and his glasses and nose was busted, and his temper—well, I give up on his temper. The more he handed out, the more he had left, and Bill wasn't far behind him.

He yelled at the policeman to arrest Bill Thomas for assault and battery, and Bill Thomas yelled at 'em to arrest the drummer for makin' off with another feller's satchels. Said he said they belonged to a man in the smoker and that he had witnesses to prove it. Then he rolled his eyes around, rememberin' me.

I didn't want to get mixed up in no such foolishness, so I was hidin' behind the policeman that was stuffed out with the most pillows; but what did that grinny girl do but step up and tell the policeman that she had heard the whole business and was willin' to swear that the drummer had, on his own word, stole the satchels.

Then she put her hand as far over her mouth as it 'ud go, and grinned and grinned and kept sayin', "April fool"; but whether

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she meant Bill Thomas or the drummer I couldn't make out!

But after she'd spoke the drummer drew in his temper right then and there and begun lookin' at his watch. He said he'd drop the matter if Bill Thomas would. Said the satchels was his and proved it. There was his name, John Holt, on the satchels and all over him from the inside of his overcoat to the letters in his pocket. So they patched the thing up and the drummer called a cab and drove away to get patched up himself.

We had to stay in the gents' waitin'-room for an hour for Bill Thomas to get over the nose bleed, and then we started for Levy's.

I done my best even then to stop Bill. I argued with 'im all the way there. But he said he was bound to go. Said Levy needed shirts and young Bill Thomas needed to get rid of 'em, and he knew Levy was busting with gratitude for that resurrected horse.

When we got on to the street-car he allowed he'd come out of the fracas some stiff, and when we got off the car he allowed he was some stiffer. We had to climb two miles of stairs to reach Levy's office, because Bill Thomas is afraid of elevators.

When we'd climbed up one mile Bill groaned and loosened up his jaw bandage. He said young Bill Thomas ought to rejoice and be exceedin' glad he had such a self-sacrificin' dad. Said he didn't know how he was ever goin' to get down the stairs when he once got up 'em.

Well, mebby he didn't know, but Levy did. I never seen a man step off livelier'n Bill Thomas when he was booted out of that office.

It seems that along with a big gents' furnishin' store Levy had got hold of a lot of useful English, and it broke loose the minute he set eyes on Bill Thomas. He didn't remember Bill's name, but he hadn't forgot the horse.

Why, Bill didn't have a chance even to get to shirts. He didn't get anywheres except two feet inside the door. 'Twas just as I told him it would be, only worse. The minute he come in sight, Levy had all the points of that horse, includin' its appetite, on the tip of his tongue, but they didn't stay there long.

Levy said he'd always hankered to meet up with the seller of that horse and tell him what he thought of him—and then he told. Bill Thomas wa'n't left in much doubt. He didn't have time to think of his stiffness till we reached the street corner, and even then when he leaned up against a lamp-post to rest, he kept his eyes glued on to the door of that gents' furnishin' store as if he suspicioned mebby Levy hadn't got rid of all of his thoughts yet!

"Tombstones in Jerusalem!" swore Bill Thomas.

He wiped the sweat off his face with his mittens and left a red streak across one eye. His breath was clean gone, and I guess neither of us could see very straight, for young Bill Thomas run into us before we sensed it was him.

Well, I never seen young Bill just as he was that afternoon. He had all the spirits that his pa and I didn't have. He couldn't stand still a minute, and he shook our hands till my arm rattles at the elbow yet. I don't believe Dewey felt half so tickled when he busted up the Spanish fleet as that boy was over his afternoon's job, for he'd sold the shirts to Levy. Said his firm had never got such a big order before; an' that his salary'd go up like a rocket. The order'd been given not an hour ago. Said he wouldn't have stood any show of gettin' the order if another man Levy was lookin' for had turned up when he agreed to. Levy wa'n't the patientist man on earth and wouldn't wait any longer for the other feller.

Just then a cab tore past us with the horse kickin' up the cobblestones at every jump, and before it could stop in front of Levy's out bounced our drummer with his satchels, and got over the sidewalk in two steps. He had on a brand-new hat and collar and had a piece of black court-plaster zigzagging up the side of his nose.

Young Bill Thomas fairly danced. "That's him!" he yelled.

"Yes," says old Bill Thomas, "that's him!" and he streaked his red mitten across the other eye.

"It's Holt," says young Bill. "It's the man Levy expected to buy of. Thank heaven he didn't land in here an hour earlier!"

Well, at that old Bill squinted up to the top of the gents' furnishin' store and says he piously: "Yes, son, heaven and your dad surely fit on your side to-day," and then he fetched me a wink and says, "Come on, neighbor, if we're goin' to look up the *hog market* it's time we hustled!"

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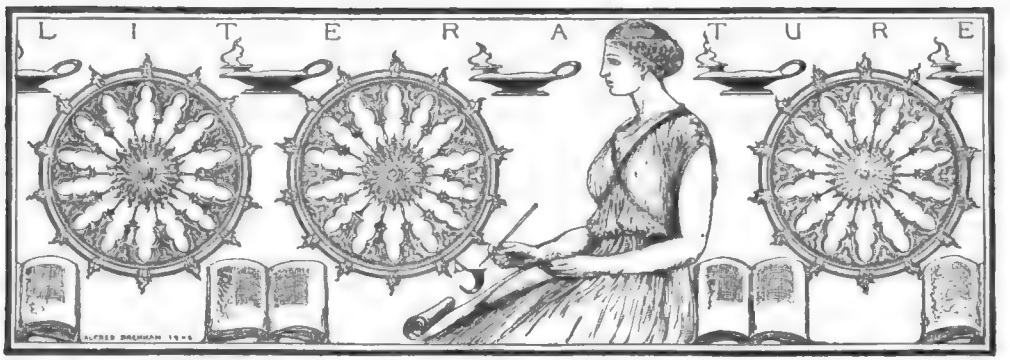

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

If this paragraph should catch the eye of the friend—his identity has quite slipped my mind—who some weeks ago recommended me to read H. G. Wells's "Tono-Bungay" (Duffield), I beg him to accept the acknowledgment of my indebtedness. He saved me from tiptoeing, with averted head, past a pleasure that I had mistaken for a duty. I had, to be frank, assumed that this volume with the queer name and the earmarks of fiction was some new deal in futures, in which Mr. Wells had gone heavily "long" on human perfectibility and put up his imagination as margin; while, as a matter of fact, it is an out-and-out investment transaction in the common stock of our day and generation. Mr. Wells, besides being an optimist, an enthusiast, and an engaging writer, has always shown himself a close observer of life. It is, indeed, this last attribute that has made him so successful and persuasive a speculator. But his intimate acquaintance with things as they are, his frank facing of the sources of illusion, and his big-hearted sympathy with human foibles, come to us as something of a surprise and as a very concrete opportunity for enjoyment, in this exceptional novel. "Tono-Bungay" is a story of wild-cat commercial promotion, founded on a lucky patent medicine, and told (with an assumption of autobiographical genuineness never, I believe, excelled) by a nephew of the Napoleonic chemist who conducted the campaign. It treats of a sensational career; a career offering a dozen themes for exciting fiction and a dozen occasions for romantic exploitation. But it lets us look at all this, as it were, from behind; with the color scheme of the pattern reversed, as we see it on the backs of woven fabrics; so that instead of its being the startling and exceptional that stands out, it is the homely hopes, and disappointments, and petty vanities of very human beings that we see, set off against a background of the unusual. In its breadth, in its simplicity, and in its constant impingement on life, "Tono-Bungay" is a big book.

I am afraid that our books, like ourselves, are incorrigible snobs. Watch a "best-seller," forced to touch elbows on a railway news-stand with a fifty-cent, paper-covered copy of a work that has seen better days, and see the airs that it puts on! And as for its attitude toward cheaper editions, it actually doubts whether real ink flows in their veins. And yet, I am informed that there are as many layers in the social fabric of fiction as there are outside it; and that, quite unknown to Literary Murray Hill and the Upper Fifth Avenue of dollar-and-a-half novels, a complex world subsists, ranging from the shabby gentility of fifty-cent reissues and the respectable middle classes of twenty-five-cent "libraries," through the tenement districts of five-cent "companions," to the slums of the penny dreadfuls. Of course we don't know what may have been doing in literary circles less exclusive than our own, but it is a long time since, in our clique, we have met the Death-bed of an Atheist. Members of this family used, I believe, to move in good society, but it was before our day; and if we now encountered one of them in questionable company we should undoubtedly pass without

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speaking. But "Loaded Dice" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Ellery H. Clark, with excellent illustrations by F. Graham Cootes, is issued at $1.50. Which makes a difference. Mr. Clark's hero, besides being an atheist, is a libertine, a murderer, a stock gambler, a charming fellow, and—at the moment of his edifying end—governor of his state. As he is something of a novelty, and as the author introduces him to us with a certain contagious enthusiasm—not as though he wanted to get rid of him, but as though he wanted us to know him—meeting him may prove an amusing experience.

Miss May Sinclair's "The Immortal Moment" (Doubleday, Page) is one of those very occasional books that not only will stand a second reading, but deserve one. This statement has no reference to that enviable, if commonly feminine, ability to repeat imaginative experiences by retracing an intellectual pathway. I once knew a dear little white-haired woman who, for many years, in alternate winters re-read Scott and Dickens from *caviare* to coffee; and only the other day a young lady informed me that she was just finishing "Amos Judd" for the eighth time. To most of us, however, it is denied to recapture even an emotional enjoyment. And it is exactly because the path that Miss Sinclair has here traced for us offers such distinct, even if complementary, vistas "going and coming," that we can retrace it with profit. "The Immortal Moment" is the story of a Peri at the gates of Paradise; a woman before whom, for a moment, the door of Life swings open and in whose face it slams again. It is at once the story of this woman and a study of her. In its small group of intimately related characters, in the almost episodal nature of its situation, and in the rapidity of its action, it is a short story expanded, rather than a novel. But it is so constructed that almost every sentence points at once forward to the development of the tale and backward to the explanation of the woman; and as Kitty Tailleur—"Mrs. Tailleur," by courtesy of a hostile ignorance—is the creation of a clear-eyed but divinely tender comprehension, the secondary implication of these sentences is even better worth the seeking than the first.

One of the unsolved problems of the ages has been how to eat one's cake and have it too. The scientist, the sportsman, the artist, and the small boy have each wrestled with this in their respective fields. The astronomer has longed for a lens that would magnify the mountains of the moon, but take no note of eddies in the air. The horseman has hoped for a thoroughbred that should be unbeatable at five furlongs and yet do a mile and a quarter in two minutes flat. The novelist and the playwright have dreamed of drawing life as they saw it and yet tempering cynicism to the sentimentalist and giving to tragedy a happy ending. But since Daniel,

> "Of whom their fill the lions ate,
> And left him still immaculate,"

we have had to be content with compromises. Now, however, comes J. C. Snaith, in "Araminta" (Moffat, Yard), with a brand-new device—a device as simple as it is saucy—for thus combining the incompatible. The novel deals with a coterie of selfish and self-seeking old worldlings in the West End of London, and with Araminta; with their characteristic and crafty plans as to her future; with her own guileless preferences in the matter; and—with the result. And Mr. Snaith, writing in a singularly happy vein, plying us with intimate asides, admitting us from the start to a chatty fellowship of mutual understanding, leads us to where we can see with unmistakable clearness the inevitable outcome. And then, with a sly wink to his realistic readers and an indulgent smile for his sentimental ones, he brazenly adds a final chapter that gives the lie to circumstance and leaves "everything for the best in this best of all possible worlds."

A party of us happened, recently, on a Sunday afternoon, to stop before the giraffe's comfortable apartments in the Bronx Zoo. The giraffe was at home, and, his head in the clouds and peacefully oblivious of his surroundings, he was chewing his cud. Suddenly he became aware of our presence. His jaws paused midway in their rhythmic swing, he appeared to swallow involuntarily, and, while he fixed a pair of mildly startled eyes on us, I saw a small round ball travel down the long column of his throat. He made it painfully evident that we had interrupted his train of thought, and I was just beginning to feel guilty in regard to his digestion, when the little ball started on a return journey. Up it came, and up, and up, like an elevator in the Singer tower, until, when it reached the cupola, the poised jaws resumed their even motion, the startled eyes returned to their abstract gazing, and we were relegated to the company of negligible things. I confess to a feeling of envy. It must be delightful to be a ruminating animal. It is even helpful, at proper intervals, to meet one. And that is why a volume of good essays is so excellent a companion now and then. For in literary natural history, the essayists are the ruminants. They neither pursue the dramatic nor pounce upon unsuspecting situations, but browse in peaceful pastures, and then, chewing the cud of introspection, extract sweet juices from their fodder. A finished essay is the quintessence of soliloquy. And this, to come down to

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cases, is why Samuel McChord Crothers is so welcome a visitor on our bookshelves, and why his new volume, "By the Christmas Fire" (Houghton, Mifflin), with his essays on "The Ignominy of Being Grown-Up" and "On Being a Doctrinaire" is such delightful company. Your carnivore fictionist, having caught a doctrinaire, would rend him limb from limb. Mr. Crothers turns his idea this way and that, lays it aside and resumes it; is, indeed, conscious of your presence, but gives you plainly to see that it is his own cogitations that concern him, and not your instruction. And he sends you away envious of his poise and soothed by the encounter.

They say that good wine needs no bush. But I believe, myself, that, like many another venerable misstatement, this saw has survived the conditions that suggested it. For one thing, it dates from a period when there were fewer sample rooms to the block than there are at present. At any rate, a green branch hung over O. Henry's "The Gentle Grafter" (McClure) will be appropriate even though it be superfluous. O. Henry, who, beneath the mood of the moment, is always serious, assumes at times the tragic and at times the comic mask. In these latest tales he is at his most amusing and outrageous best. Reading him is like putting on the gloves, verbally, with a feather-weight champion whose foot-work is so rapid that he is all over the ring at once, and who is in, out, and away again before you have a chance to guard. He has a trick of feinting with dictionary English and then landing a left-handed slang that is unequaled. And he is past master at following up an advantage. He will jolt you with an amazing simile and, while your head is still thrown back, will uppercut you with an epigram; and he ends each round by placing an unexpected and decisive *dénouement* on the point of the jaw. The stories in "The Gentle Grafter" all have to do with the experiences and the observations of Messrs. Jeff Peters and Andy Scudder, gentlemen whose wits support them. There are fourteen of these tales and, contrary to the rule that usually governs peach baskets and story books, the ones at the bottom are as good as those on top.

In these days of surgery and psychological novels, we have done so much delving into the in'ards of human nature that a genial general practitioner, or a writer who deals wholeheartedly with the outward manifestations of kindly instincts and homely pathos, is become more than ever *persona grata*. To drop for a moment into the vernacular, "they can have *us*." And thus Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln in "Cy Whittaker's Place" (Appleton) "gets us." We have become vastly familiar with the fiction of feminine New England. It has been variously and most skillfully done for us. It has, indeed, almost developed into a department of letters. But the fiction of masculine New England has been scarce; and "Cy Whittaker's Place," although differing from its mate in being at once bigger, homelier, and more obvious, is of that species. And it's mighty human.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Government of England" (Macmillan). An extended treatise, by Professor A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard University, upon the theories of the English constitution and the practical workings of the English government, imperial, colonial, and local. A valuable and readable work that recalls James Bryce's celebrated treatise upon our own institutions.

"Simeon Jetlow's Shadow" (Century). An unusual and rather attractive story of a financier, behind the scenes; written by Jennette Lee and marked by the same qualities of simple and direct vision and personal outlook that made "Uncle William" rise above its limitations.

"Florida Enchantments" (Outing). A profusely illustrated record of sports, pleasure, and foot-loose wandering in the Everglades and along the coasts of the Southern peninsulas by A. W. and Julian A. Dimock. Hunting and fishing, houseboating and exploring, Indians, alligators, bee-hunters, and moonshiners figure in the narrative; and while the authors seem to have been less emotionally responsive to experience than Charles F. Holder ("The Log of a Sea Angler"), they are none the less interesting.

"Sappho in Boston" (Moffat, Yard). The story of a chance acquaintance between a Boston woman and an Englishman, in which the somewhat flat and forced character of the concluding chapters is more than balanced by the clever construction and brilliant dialogue of those that precede them. The book is published anonymously.

"The Death of Lincoln" (Doubleday, Page). A bit of matter-of-fact among many volumes of other import. This book, by Clara E. Laughlin, gathers together, from all available sources of record and information, the true story of Booth's plot and of the events following its execution. It forms an interesting bit of history.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

GENTLEMEN: In your April issue I am surprised to see a photograph of one of our Nevada giraffes. You cite several publications in a labored effort to prove that it is dead.

It seems strange that a reputable journalist should not have perceived at once that the photograph is of a member of the vast herd of giraffes which roam the Southern Nevada valleys, and was taken while the animal was in the act of reaching for a bunch of dates in the date palm forest near Las Vegas, Nevada.

The picture should, as may be readily understood after this explanation, be printed this way.

Yours very truly,
C. P. SQUIRES,
Editor *Las Vegas Age*.
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA.

A lady employing a colored man asked him his name.

"Mah name is Poe, ma'am."

"Poe? Perhaps some of your family worked for Edgar Allan Poe."

The darky's eyes opened wide with great surprise.

"Why—" he gasped, pointing a dusky forefinger to himself, "why, Ah *am* Edgar Allan Poe!"

A young New York broker of convivial habits fell in with an old school friend who had gone on the road.

"Whenever you're in town come up and bunk with me," he urged his friend as they separated. "No matter what old time it is. If I'm not there just go ahead and make yourself at home. I'll be sure to turn up before daybreak."

Soon after this the salesman arrived in town about midnight, and, remembering his friend's invitation, sought out his boarding house. There was only a dim light flickering in the hall, but he gave the bell a manful pull. Presently he found himself face to face with a landlady of grim and terrible aspect.

"Does Mr. Smith live here?" he faltered.

"He does," snapped the landlady. "You can bring him right in!"

"Pow'ful fertile country daoun theh in Texas," said the Colonel. "Yes, seh! Why, seh, I know spots daoun theh where the trees grow so close togetheh that you-all couldn't shove youh hand between theh trunks. And game, seh! Why, seh, I've seen Fehginyuh deeah in those same forests with antlehs eight feet spread! Yes, seh!"

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At this point some meddlesome idiot asked the colonel how such deer ever managed to get their antlers between such tree trunks.

"Thet, seh," said the colonel, drawing himself up with squelching dignity, "is *theh* business!"

A Texas tradesman has this pertinent sign in a conspicuous place in his store:

> Man is made of Dust.
> Dust Settles.
> Be a Man!

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me!" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me!"

During the recent financial depression in England, Pat and Mike enlisted in the British army. After their first drill the captain, thinking the circumstances opportune for a little lecture on patriotism, demanded eloquently: "Soldiers, why should a man die for his king and country?"

This struck Pat as a proper question. Turning to Mike he said:

"Faith, Moike, the Captain is roight! Whoi?"

The guest glanced up and down the bill of fare without enthusiasm.

"Oh, well," he decided finally, "you may bring me a dozen fried oysters."

The colored waiter became all apologies.

"Ah's verry sorry, sah, but we's out ob all shellfish 'ceptin' aigs."

"Are you related to Barney O'Brien?" Thomas O'Brien was once asked.

"Very distantly," replied Thomas. "I was me mother's first child—Barney was th' sivinteenth."

The opposing candidates resorted to blows. Friends rushed in to separate them. Each struggled to get at the other. Candidate No. 1, seeing the extremely violent efforts of candidate No. 2, cried out: "More of you men hold Swanson! One man can hold me!"

Once upon a time a child who was asked on an examination paper to define a mountain range, replied, "A large-sized cook stove." The same method of reasoning seems to go with older growth. A recent examination paper at the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale contained the question, "What is the office of the gastric juice?" And the answer on one paper read: "The stomach."

"Fust time you've ever milked a cow, is it?" said Uncle Josh to his visiting nephew. "Wal, y' do it a durn sight better'n most city fellers do."

"It seems to come natural somehow," said the youth, flushing with pleasure. "I've had a good deal of practice with a fountain pen."

An officer, at a state camp, decided to see for himself how his sentries were doing their duty. He was somewhat surprised at overhearing the following:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend—with a bottle."

"Pass, friend. Halt, bottle."

The cat was being pursued by Patrick around and around the kitchen. A sudden turn in the chase landed it "kerplunk" into the crock containing the pancake batter. It scrambled out barely in time to escape a blow from the poker wielded by Patrick, and shot out into the yard.

"Lave the poor baste go," begged Biddy, seeking to make peace. "The batter ain't hurt in the laste. Every place he touched it has stuck to him."

In "Straight Talk" for February was printed the following from H. R., of Waterloo, Ia.:

"I read over the jokes in 'Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree' every month. This month I found one which seemed very funny to me."

That was bad enough. But when a member of your own family, so to speak— Well, here's what happened:

"Here's a peach of a story," said the "Chestnut Tree" man to one of EVERYBODY'S editors the other day, "but I have a feeling that we've printed it before."

"Is it really very funny?"

"Yes, it really is."

"Then I don't believe we have."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

Several Wall Street publications have undertaken to reply to our attacks on Margin Gambling. We reprint one of these replies in full and quote from others, in order to show our readers how little the most ardent defenders can find to say in support of Margin Gambling. We apologize to Wall Street for reprinting the article from the "Ticker." It is so weak as to hurt the cause it champions. We could almost make out a better case ourselves for their clients. But the "Ticker" has elected to be personal while attempting to be logical, and has aimed to discredit the articles in EVERYBODY'S *by discrediting the editor and the publisher, and this constrains us to submit the case to our readers for their judgment of our trustworthiness.*

THE *Ticker*, a Wall Street publication, follows a significant portrait of Henry H. Rogers in a striped coat, with an attack on EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE for its attack on Margin Gambling. In the course of the article the *Ticker* says:

"As for Erman J. Ridgway, president of the Ridgway Company and chief owner of EVERYBODY'S, we have a letter in this office containing the following: 'When you get me in the field of finance, the babes in the woods were sophisticated compared with me. I know absolutely nothing about finance.' (Signed) E. J. RIDGWAY."

We print below a letter from Mr. Wyckoff, publisher of the *Ticker*, and Mr. Ridgway's reply from which the above excerpt was taken.

"September 14, 1907.

"MY DEAR MR. RIDGWAY:

"Our mutual friend, D. Trowbridge Mallett, suggests that I call upon you for the purpose of presenting a new magazine called the *Ticker*, which I am about to issue.

"A rather crude advance copy of this publication has been sent you under separate cover. A number of the features in this magazine were suggested by Mr. Mallett, who has been of vast assistance to me in whipping the proposition into shape, so I might say that Mr. Mallett and I would highly appreciate your candid opinion of it as it stands.

"After all, our critics are our best friends, and the more you can rip this up the back, the more weak spots you can help us locate.

"Thanking you in advance for your kind attention in the matter, I am,

"Yours very truly,

"(Signed) R. D. WYCKOFF."

"September 18, 1907.

"MY DEAR MR. WYCKOFF:

"For several years I have been trying to find some way to square matters with my good friend Mallett for the many favors he has extended to me along the route. When I read your letter I said to myself, 'Here is an opportunity to begin to get even with him.' But, when I began to look through your prospectus, I realized how thoroughly incapable I am of criticizing or even suggesting. The more I experiment with the publishing business, the less I seem to know about it. When you get me

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into the field of finance, the babes in the wood were sophisticated compared with me. I know absolutely nothing about finance.

"In school I made a mess of algebra and trigonometry. To this day I have not the slightest idea what they were driving at. I feel much the same before the subject of finance. I know something about the kind of finance matter that appeals to the popular audience. I suppose there is no subject under the stars that gets so quick a hearing as the subject that concerns the dollar in a man's pocket, how to get it there, how to get the most for it when he gives it up, and how to catch the thief who steals it from him.

"But, as I understand your publication, it is addressed to people more or less expert or who wish to become so. Frankly, I would not know how to approach these people, how to appeal to them, how to get a dollar a year from them. Mallett knows the trade publishing game down to the ground. Anything that I might say must appear infantile if not asinine to him. I cannot tell you how sorry I am to fall down at the first opportunity Mallett gives me to reciprocate.

"Sincerely yours,
"E. J. RIDGWAY."

Favors, like sins, come home to roost. I little thought when accepting favors from my friend, Mallett, that the price would be so high. I submit it is a bit unusual to take an excerpt from a personal and a friendly letter and try to use it against the friend, even if he be only a step-friend. However, it is done, and I'm hoping that our noticing the *Ticker* will give it some advertising and further assist in discharging my obligation to our common friend, Mallett.

My letter is as true to-day as it was in 1907, or nearly so. I could not have read the mass of material published by us and others on Wall Street since, without learning a little. But for all practical purposes I do not know finance. One of our editors thinks he knows a lot about it. I have my doubts.

In my judgment, there are not a hundred men in America who clearly understand finance. To most men it is a mysterious world—vast, uncharted, confusing. Once in a century a Hamilton is born. Or a Morgan. Listen to the complex and contradictory opinions of even the experts in times of panic, and you realize how little is really known about finance. Morgan, if he would, could devise a system that would absolutely protect legitimate investors. Personally, I should like to see J. Pierpont Morgan President of the United States. What a benefactor he could be if the spirit only urged him! Finance is "the science of monetary business or affairs; the system by which the income of a nation, state, or corporation is raised and administered; pecuniary management in general: as, the study of political economy and finance; the system of finance pursued by an administration, or a bank, corporation, or other company." Assuredly I do not know finance; but on that account must EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE be prohibited from running articles about Margin Gambling? If EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE printed only the things I personally know, it would have a quick finish and I could go back to the farm. Mr. Cosgrave and his associate editors—all of us combined—don't know enough to get up a magazine every month for three million people "out of our own heads." We should almost be afraid to try it just once. (Maybe we will.) We couldn't know personally everything that goes into a magazine. We lean heavily on the men who write the articles. On their honor.

Their honor. Some time ago we received an article about "Death Valley." None of us had ever seen Death Valley. We don't know that the statements about it are true, but we believe they are. The man who wrote the story had seen it and felt its horrors, and he was an honest man, and we bought the story to hand on to you.

BY ITS FRUITS WE KNOW IT

These men who are writing the stories of Wall Street, that other Death Valley, have seen it and felt its horror, and they are honest men. It does not take a financier to see the misery made by Margin Gambling. That is what EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is trying to make plain. Trying to save foolish people from themselves. Trying to convince them of the odds against them. Trying to persuade the decent men in Wall Street to turn the rascals out and make the business respectable. Trying to direct the vast sums tied up in pure gambling into channels that will make opportunities for more people in honest toil. So that when a business man or manufacturer or builder or legitimate promoter goes to the bank for money to develop his business and give employment to more needy people, he will be accommodated and not discover, as at present, that millions are needlessly tied up in worse than useless gambling. We

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don't have to know finance. We know the fruits of Margin Gambling. Common sense tells us it is wrong. Every man in Wall Street knows conditions are not as they should be, and the honest ones there are more eager than we to have them righted.

YOU LOSE NINE TIMES IN TEN

I know a lot of Wall Street men and lots outside who have played the market. It is true I have never bought nor sold a share of stock on margins or otherwise in Wall Street, but I know personally scores who have, and they have given me their experiences. I know personally once prosperous merchants on Broadway and the avenues who are now reduced to small lofts on side streets because they would play the market. I remember them in their prosperous days patronizing a branch office of a Wall Street house, leaving their business in the best hours of the day to the management of clerks while they hung over the tape. Fools, you say. Yes, and they say worse of themselves. But how did they begin to gamble, and what beguiled them to ruin? Listen to *Moody's Magazine* in an editorial on our series:

"The thing to be criticised is not the mechanism of the Street but the herd of get-rich-quick stock-market followers who are always ready to be slaughtered at the shambles. If some method could be devised for reducing this element of the population to smaller dimensions, then we would have far less criticisms of Wall Street morality in general."

Moody's finds fault with us for trying to "reduce this element"; again *Moody's* says:

"A man who is conservative in his own line of business and who knows what a risk is in the field which he is familiar with, will go into Wall Street to get rich quick and take the most absurd and ridiculous risks with his money."

And again:

"Undoubtedly 90 per cent. of the men who come into Wall Street and buy or sell stocks on a margin ultimately lose their money."

Here is a financial authority saying the same thing, but it insists that nobody is to blame save the victim and has no pity for him, while we believe some of the blame lies otherwhere and do pity the victims. Mr. Henry Hall, in *Moody's* for March, answering EVERYBODY'S "The Poison of the Street," says:

"Marginal trading in Wall Street will be relieved of most if not all the dangers imputed to it if the speculator will follow a few simple and safe rules. He needs, first, to resort to every reliable source of information to make sure of the broad trend of the market, and the actual value of the particular stocks he would like to buy. If he is in doubt, there is only one safe thing for him to do, sell out and stay out, keep his money at command, and buy only when he is sure that it is safe and wise to do so."

There it is. Sell out and stay out until he is sure. How be sure? What is reliable information? How determine the actual value of a particular stock? Harriman won't tell him. The big fellows find use for all they know, and the public is tricked and snared deliberately. A little further along in his article, Mr. Hall says, "But the market is full of turns, shake-outs, and false moves." Of course it is. That's exactly what we are trying to show our readers. If we can persuade them to stay out until information is made reliable, until the big fellows will tell the truth about the properties they manage and not set traps and tell lies; in other words, until they make the business of buying stocks as safe as buying other things (and it should be)—if we can persuade a large number of people to stay out of the market, it will surely hasten the day when a man can buy stocks and feel reasonably sure of their value. So you see there is something to be said for the victims. They are to blame certainly for gambling and overreaching themselves, but so are the men who are willing to take advantage of the greed of weaker men to ruin them withal.

Here is the *Ticker* article, with EVERYBODY'S answers to *their* answers included. And at the end is a series of questions which the *Ticker* propounded to me and which I have tried to answer.

EVERYBODY'S vs. WALL STREET

An Attack Characterized by Dense Ignorance and Supreme Hypocrisy

"The announcement of the February EVERYBODY'S contained the following:

"'We have a story in this number on Margin Gambling. This will be followed up by other articles to the same end, and we cheerfully predict

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that twenty years from now the man who asks you to put up your money on a margin will be greeted with the same humorous contempt as the man who to-day asks you to speculate as to which of the three shells conceals the missing pea.'

"Securing a copy of the magazine, we found the article, labeled 'The Poison of the Street,' by Frederick S. Dickson.

"Before Mr. Dickson starts to unbottle the Poison, the editor of the magazine comes forward with the following introduction:

"'The author of this article was manager of the Cleveland branch of the defunct Stock Exchange firm of A. O. Brown & Co., whose spectacular downfall wrought so much ruin and disaster. A lawyer by profession, he it was, as trustee for the creditors, who steered the great Everett-Moore Syndicate of Cleveland through the sloughs of a seventeen-million-dollar bankruptcy back to prosperity. He is president of the Associated Western Yale Clubs, succeeding President-elect Taft. What this man has to tell about the methods of the New York Stock Exchange must be accepted as the truth.'

"It is highly considerate of the editor to thus warn the reader that the Poison was prepared by one who naturally holds a strong grudge against the New York Stock Exchange. Did he not lose his job as a result of the Brown failure, and did not everyone connected with that firm blame the Stock Exchange for the firm's own misdeeds?

"Expert knowledge of Stock Exchange methods is not acquired at the Cleveland end of a telegraph wire. Lawyers who are at all prominent and successful in their profession do not retrogress to the managership of a stock broker's branch office. However, Mr. Dickson's ludicrous presentation of the case against Wall Street in behalf of EVERYBODY'S, plaintiff, contains much evidence as to why the Cleveland Bar lost one of its most brilliant luminaries.

"After reading his argument we cannot believe that personal ability alone secured Mr. Dickson the trusteeship in question. Nor would the presidency of a hundred clubs equip him to intelligently apply the Poison label to a bottle the contents of which he judges by hearsay and assumption.

"The fact that the editor of EVERYBODY'S insists upon the acceptance of this article as the truth, proves that he also knows nothing whatever of Stock Exchange methods.

"As for Erman J. Ridgway, president of The Ridgway Co. and chief owner of EVERYBODY'S, we have a letter in this office containing the following:

"'When you get me into the field of finance, the babes in the wood were sophisticated compared with me.

"'I know absolutely nothing about finance.

"'(Signed) E. J. RIDGWAY.'

"If both the editor and the owner of EVERYBODY'S are devoid of financial knowledge, how do they justify their decision that Wall Street needs attacking? Have they any other motive than an ambition to become muckrakers-in-chief or is theirs that miserable trait which prompts the bully to jump on a man who is already being pummeled?

"The article itself proves that the author is presuming upon the ignorance of both the management and the readers of this deluded publication.

"'It's a mean bird that befouls its own nest.' Why did not Mr. Dickson tell us about the 'Poison of the Street' when he was drawing a salary from A. O. Brown & Company?—the salary which was being paid him out of commissions received from his friends and clients.

"His picture of the firm which buckets its customers' orders may illustrate the A. O. Brown method, but we defy anyone to prove that such practices are followed among representative New York Stock Exchange houses.

"Here are some of the most brilliant extracts from the Poison Bottle, all of which tend to show how thoroughly equipped Mr. Dickson is to explain these matters to the public.

"Mr. Dickson says:

"'Practically all the trading in small lots is done through floor traders and specialists.'

"The facts are that floor traders never handle orders for odd lots. They seldom execute even hundred-share orders for anyone but themselves. The business in odd lots is all done through 'Odd Lot Houses.'"

EVERYBODY'S ANSWER

Our critic obliges us to elaborate at some length the simple statement that "Practically all the trading in small lots is done through floor traders and specialists." The unit of trade on the Stock Exchange is 100 *shares. A small or "odd" lot is any number of shares less than* 100. *A "specialist," is one who makes a specialty of dealing in a certain stock. He is always on hand with orders both to buy and to sell. A general broker who receives a limited (limited as to price) order to buy Union Pacific at* 180 *when it is selling, say, at* 181, *cannot stand in the Union Pacific crowd for an hour or more waiting for the stock to sell at* 180. *He has other things to do, and, besides, the stock may not sell at* 180 *at all. He leaves the order in the hands of the specialist. That being the custom, orders over and under the market accumulate in the hands of the specialist. He is a kind of broker's broker, dealing continually in odd lots, full lots and quantities, with and for all comers.*

Thus it happens that when you give your broker an order to buy an odd lot of stock "at the market," that is, at the best price without delay, he will ninety-nine times in a hundred buy it from the specialist. It is unlikely that he should meet a seller offering just the odd amount of stock that you want to buy, but the specialist deals in any amount on the instant. That is what he is there for. If you should give your broker a "limited" order to buy an odd lot one or two points below the current quotation, he would simply leave it with the specialist for execution.

In the majority of cases the specialist is also a speculator—a trader. There is no rule against his trading for himself. It is notorious that he does trade for himself, and that he very often trades unfairly against the orders entrusted to him for execution. You can never tell at what point the specialist leaves off being a specialist and becomes a trader, with the advantage of knowing on which

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side of the market the unfilled orders preponderate, nor the point at which he changes back from trader to specialist. The transitions are imperceptible. It is a scandal that this type of man is both trader and specialist. Everybody complains against it. Not infrequently it happens that the specialist invites a trader, one who is a trader only and not a trader-specialist, to help him clean off his book. The book may look somewhat like this:

Buy			*Sell*		
500 *shares at*		70	100 *shares*	69	*stop*
500 "	"	70⅛	200 "	69	"
200 "	"	70¼	50 "	69	"
300 "	"	70⅜	30 "	69	"
			20 "	69	"
			600 "	68⅞	"
			100 "	68¾	"
			100 "	68⅝	"
			300 "	68½	"

A "stop" or "stop loss" order is one to be executed at a certain price, if that price is touched, and not before. Here the specialist has orders to buy 1,500 shares from 70 to 70⅜, and orders to sell 1,500 shares from 69 to 68½. He invites a trader to come in. The trader offers 500 shares at 70, and the specialist buys; 500 at 70⅛, and the specialist buys; 200 at 70¼, and the specialist buys; 300 at 70⅜, and the specialist buys. His orders to buy 1,500 shares from 70 to 70⅜ are now filled. Then, if nothing happens to spoil the fun, the specialist and the trader between them drop the price to 69. Here they change places. The trader buys, and the specialist sells, until the selling orders aggregating 1,500 shares from 69 to 68½ are all executed and the book is cleaned off. There are three odd lots included, but they would appear on the tape altogether as 100 shares sold at 69.

Besides the specialists, a part of whose function is to keep a market for odd lots, and who sometimes do it in the way we have illustrated, there are "odd lot houses," so called, which cater to the small buyers and sellers. On the floor these houses buy and sell in units of 100 shares and then split the certificates into odd lots as their orders require. Such houses regularly charge an eighth over the current quotation to buy an odd lot, or sell you an odd lot an eighth under the current price.

And the above transaction boils down to this, if the boiling is conducted by any of the horse-trading rules which govern ordinary business: The buyers of the 1,500 shares have paid $2,055 more than the sellers have received for the 1,500 shares which the buyers bought.

Who got the $2,055 which was dropped out in the trade? Why, the sure-thing brokers, the "traders" who worked the trick—for it was solely by a trick that the buyers paid $2,055 more than they should have paid and the sellers sold at $2,055 less than they should have sold. And don't forget that the brokers or traders interested in the deal got, in addition to the $2,055, the regular Stock Exchange commission of one-eighth for buying—$187.50—and one-eighth for selling—$187.50—or $375 in all, and that this $375 was all that the buyers and sellers believed, or had any reason to believe, that the brokers received for their part of the entire transaction.

Put this through just one more boiling, and the crookedness of the business, so far as it applies to this one phase of the Stock Exchange gambling game, stands out unmistakably. "A" employs a cattle-dealer to buy for him $105,225 worth of beeves and agrees to pay him a commission of $187.50 for the job. "B" employs another dealer to sell for him the same bunch of beeves for $103,215.50. The dealers "get together" and "put up a job" and between them "whack up" $2,055, and then blandly send in their bill for $187.50 apiece. Result: In the beef case, if the dealers are caught they go to jail; while in the Wall Street game they receive the congratulations of their fellows, with a blue ribbon of the Smart Specialist Club.

THE "TICKER" SAYS:

"'The Lamb is permitted, 'asserts Mr. Dickson,' to succeed in his operations only until he has made enough to make it worth while for a professional to get up and take it from him.'

"This means that if you start trading with $1,000 and make $20,000, the professional trader knows at once that you have been guilty of success; also that you are long 1,000 Union Pacific and 1,000 full shares of Pennsylvania on a ten-point margin. In spite of the laws of supply and demand and the opposition of Harriman, Rockefeller and the whole Street, this 'professional operator' depresses the value of $200,000,000 worth of Union Pacific and $300,000,000 worth of Pennsylvania for the sole purpose of taking your $20,000 away from you. No other $20,000 will do but yours, and the shrinkage in values, amounting to hundreds of millions, is but a trifling incident in the affair."

EVERYBODY'S ANSWER NO. 2.

While Mr. Dickson's sentence may have conveyed to the uninstructed the somewhat erroneous impression of personal contact between professional operator and "lamb," as between the shell man and his audience, only one who wished to haggle over terms would pick him up on it. It is a fact that professional operators are often determined in a course of action by knowledge of conditions existing in commission houses that have a large public clientele. When houses of that character are discovered to be carrying a great many stocks on margin at high prices—which is a state of affairs found only after the lambs have been making money very fast on a rise in prices and are enthusiastic "bulls" at the top—it is considered excellent tactics for the professional "bear" to enter those houses and sell through them the stocks in which the public is most extended.

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It is generally very agreeable for the broker. Instead of having to borrow the stocks as the bear sells them short, he quietly delivers out the stocks he has been carrying for his customers. He continues to charge his customers interest for carrying their stocks. What happens in this case is that the broker lends his customers' stocks to his bear client, and the bear client is attracted by the fact that the broker has the custody of a great many margined stocks and is willing to make that use of them.

When the lamb is heavily long of stocks at high prices it is evidence enough that wise people have been selling out. By the state of the lamb's account and the degree of his temporary success, the bear operator judges the extent to which the wise people have been selling, and when, at what he believes to be the psychological moment, he takes the bear side of the market against the lamb, he is doing precisely what Mr. Dickson tried to phrase in fewer words. Though the professional bear operator has no personal acquaintance with any foolish lamb, he is playing directly against him on the theory that shearing is best when the wool is thick. It is a legend in Wall Street that Addison Cammack, the great "bear" operator, always preferred to sell stocks through houses that were "long" of them for the public.

THE "TICKER":

"'The bucket-shop man will take orders on a margin of one or two points. The Stock Exchange man demands five or ten. The bucket-shop man takes margin orders on five shares or even less, while the Stock Exchange man refuses to carry less than 50 or 100 shares on margin.'

"From this we learn that the value of either establishment increases in proportion to the smallness of its margins and quantities. Anyone who would accept one share orders and a half-point margin would out-Carnegie Andrew. The minimum trade in practically all bucket shops is 10 shares. About half the commission houses represented on the New York Stock Exchange will take orders for 10 shares and up on margin."

This is mere quibbling.

"'For every $1 lost in a bucket-shop, thousands of dollars are lost through legitimate Stock Exchange houses.'

"Mr. Dickson is conversing through his Dunlap. The figures have never been compiled. To do so would be absolutely impossible."

Another quibble: Dickson re-stated a Wall Street truism. Even the Ticker *will not deny that the volume of trading in the legitimate Stock Exchange houses is several thousand times greater than that done through the bucket shops. If the actual losses through each could be computed and published both would inevitably be put out of business.*

"'When your broker is in the market against you, you are certain to lose, because his resources are greater than yours.'

"This means that if *anyone* takes the opposite side of the market to you, and has greater resources than you, he will win and you are bound to lose. The fact that your opponent is a broker does not influence the market price. Hence, according to Mr. Dickson, it is a mere matter of resources. Moral: Never go long of a stock while some one with more margin is short of it. Shrewd of Mr. Dickson to reason that out."

Our reply No. 2 covers this.

"'Values in 1907 shrank from no cause at all except the desire to discredit the President.'

"Overlooking the stupid assertion that the 'cause' was a 'desire,' were there not some other conditions which at least slightly contributed toward the panic of 1907? The ex-lawyer says not. We'll leave it to the office boy."

The Ticker *violates the text. Mr. Dickson did not say exactly this. However, though we do not believe that a desire to discredit Mr. Roosevelt was entirely responsible for the panic of October, 1907, many prominent men have so asserted. Mr. Roosevelt himself accused Wall Street of having created the panic to discredit his policies.*

"'That the machinery of the New York Stock Exchange is used daily to serve the selfish purposes of a single man, or, rather, of a group of men acting as one, possessed of preponderating wealth, and of almost unlimited power, is known and believed of all men who know aught of the inner life of Wall Street. It is quite unnecessary that this man, or this group, should be given a name, for it matters not at all what the name may be, if the thing exists.'

"Does any reader suppose Mr. Dickson would pass this opportunity of naming the Bogie if he could? We have studied the habits and methods of all the great operators and magnates at close range and have yet to find this individual or group; nor have we been able to locate anyone who knows of his or their existence."

If the Stock Exchange is not used for this purpose, why is manipulation? If Mr. Dickson's statement is untrue, what are financial writers supposed to mean when they speak of a Harriman market, a Morgan market, or a "26 Broadway" market?

"'If a big operator gets in the way of a bigger one, the weaker is as ruthlessly ruined as is the lamb by the little operator.'

"This teaches us that the ruination of each other is the chief occupation in Wall Street. Operators do not ask, 'What can I buy?' but 'Whom can I ruin?'"

If our critic were familiar with the literature of

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Wall Street—which it seems he is not—he would know of many bitter contests between men of power, proving Mr. Dickson's assertion to the letter. What, for instance, was the contest for the control of the Northern Pacific in 1904, ending in the Northern Pacific panic, but a duel between big operators?

"'If an average of 836,400 shares are dealt in per day, this means $8,364,000 risked in gambling contracts. Allowing one winning trade out of four and figuring that the unsuccessful gamblers lose half their margins, the gross losses in one day would be $3,186,500.'

"How about the hundreds of floor traders who never take more than a fractional loss, and the thousands of investment purchases which are made daily? As a rule, the outside speculator carries his losing ventures for weeks and months before taking a loss. Brokers' books prove this. In a year like 1908, when stocks were advancing, the probable result of the majority of days was many millions' profit to the public. Mr. Dickson is doubtless basing estimates on results obtained by the clients who operated under his guidance."

These are but tentative figures and as such are easily manipulated. If our critic knows of a trader who never took more than a fractional loss, he is the only man in Wall Street who ever heard or knew of such a trader.

"'There is no question whatever that there is not on the Street enough stock available for delivery to satisfy the demands of a single day's business.'

"There is a certificate of stock available for *every share* of stock which is sold. Ninety-five per cent. of these deliveries are made before 2.15 P.M. on the delivery day, immediately following their sale. The other 5 per cent. are made up of certificates coming from out-of-town parties by express or otherwise or that are undeliverable on account of closed transfer books, etc."

Why, then, is there a Clearing House, where it is possible for ninety per cent. of a day's business on the New York Stock Exchange to be balanced off?

"'Were the use of the ticker made unlawful, all gambling brokerage offices would be forced to close their doors.'

"Twenty years ago the Stock Exchange stopped the ticker service. Messenger boys carried the quotations. Not a single brokerage house closed its doors. Speculation did not cease."

If it made no difference to speculation, why was the expense of tickers reincurred? A ticker costs $240 per year.

"Having thus thrown off these oracular sparks, which are more the result of friction than inherent brilliancy, the Poison Bottler proceeds to name the antidote:

"'Let the law, then, while in general prohibiting margin trading, also particularly prohibit the broker from lending any additional sum beyond the bank loan. Make it clear, also, that the ownership of the stock is wholly in the customer, and that it will be grand larceny for the broker to use this collateral for his own advantage. Such provisions as these would make the prohibition against margin trading instantly effectual, and nothing short of this would. Let the law compel him who would sell short to describe in writing and with particularity the thing that he would sell.'

"The advantage of entrusting the solution of this question to a trained legal mind is apparent to all.

"We trust, however, that His Eminence will permit a layman to call his attention to these clauses in a certain decision handed down by a tribunal located at Washington, D. C., U. S. A., and known as the United States Supreme Court:

"'In no just sense can the broker be held to be the owner of the shares of stock which he purchases and carries for his customer. * * *

"'The certificate of shares of stock is not the property itself, it is but the evidence of property in the shares. * * *

"'Nor is the right to repledge inconsistent with ownership of the stock in the customer.'

"It is to laugh!"

We refer to answer No. 2, and ask any fair-minded man whether it is right that a broker should make such use of customers' stocks as is indicated therein.

"The Dicksonian code evidently would read: 'If you buy 100 shares of stock at par ($10,000) and your broker will loan you $9,000 on it, you are gambling. But if your broker will only loan you $8,000, your action is legitimate.' Applied to real estate: If the title company will loan but $8,000 on a house, its owner would be gambling if he borrowed $8,500 elsewhere."

The Dickson code would read just this way. If the distinction between gambling and speculation does not lie in the amount of margin, we know not how to define the difference. A man who should operate in highly speculative real estate on a five per cent. margin would be a gambler. A man who should operate on a fifty per cent. margin would be a speculator, according to our lights.

"Mr. Dickson's obstacle to short selling has also been anticipated and forestalled by the Supreme Court, as follows: 'A certificate of the same number of shares, although printed upon different paper and bearing a different number, represents precisely the same kind and value of property as does another certificate for a like number of shares of stock in the same corporation.'

"As there is no difference between selling short stocks and pickles, imagine Mr. Heinz of Pittsburg having sold a quantity of the latter for delivery in November, 1909, furnishing the following specifications regarding said pickles:

"'In accordance with chapter 41144 of the Laws

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of 1909, I hereby describe 50 cases of my best brand of pickles. The plants which are to bear said pickles have not yet been put into the ground, but I have reason to believe said pickles will be green and contain the usual number of warts.'"

The man who sells for future delivery goods that he intends to produce is not in the same class with the man who sells goods he does not own and could not possibly produce and could not possibly finally deliver unless he got them away from the man to whom he had sold them. And right here is the nubbin of the future delivery business: A man who sells for future delivery that which he later expects to produce is not sitting up nights devising scarecrows to frighten those to whom he has sold into throwing over what they have bought, at a less price than they paid for it. While the men who know that they cannot secure for delivery what they have sold except from those who own it, make it the principal part of their business, by hook or crook—largely crook—to frighten the owners of the class of goods they have sold into reselling to them at less than the price they received.

"Finally, Mr. Dickson lets himself out with this contradiction of all that he has previously said:

> "'Buying more stock than one is able to pay for is no more evil than buying real estate subject to mortgage or borrowing money for the extension of a manufacturing plant or the development of a railroad.'"

All that Mr. Dickson says is that gambling is gambling in one place as in another.

THE "TICKER" CONCLUDES:

"Can you imagine a worse bungler than this man Dickson? After a bull-in-a-china-shop pleading of his fatuous case, he turns to judge and jury and says, 'Er—er—I think I must have been mistaken in my foregoing remarks. Permit me to withdraw.'

"We wonder if he handed back his retainer?

"A small boy with a bundle of newspapers under his arm rushed down Park Row and yelled to another kid:

"'Hey, Chimmie, dey's a hell of a war in der papers!'

"It seems there is a hell of a war against Wall Street and that the seat of this war is centered in magazines like EVERYBODY'S, whose editorial staff (which does not understand) is hiring literary thugs (who do not understand) to make the public understand that everything pertaining to Wall Street is dead wrong and needs adjusting immejit.

"We suggest that the following motto be hung in certain Ohio clubrooms, in the headquarters of EVERYBODY'S, and Every-Other-Body's Magazine:

> YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN TO SOMEONE ELSE A THING YOU YOURSELF DO NOT UNDERSTAND

"EVERYBODY'S most recent attack is through the medium of newspaper advertisements offering prizes for stories of deception and loss 'through the heartless trickery of Wall Street.'

"We predict that 90 per cent. of these stories of loss will describe ventures made at the instigation of that arch trickster, Thomas W. Lawson, whom Wall Street regards as a financial outlaw and whose power as a false prophet and a wheedler of the people's savings began with the admission of his wretched story into the pages of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

"In the whole history of Wall Street no black sheep ever led so many lambs to slaughter as this same Thomas W. Lawson, advertised and made possible by EVERYBODY'S.

"The tale of the Lawson campaign, could all the facts be gathered, would be a story of loss such as 'would move even the stones of the street to rise and mutiny.' This, we understand, is the kind of story for which a prize dangles.

"One thousand dollars in prizes is a mighty small amount to offer the public in view of the millions and millions it has lost through the Black Sheep whom EVERYBODY'S has championed.

"The advertisement says: 'Perhaps you yourself—perhaps your father or your husband, your brother, even a widowed mother, has fallen victim to one of its gilded traps and has dropped the family's little hoard into some great financier's purse.'"

THEIR QUESTIONS—OUR ANSWERS

We should like Erman J. Ridgway to take the stand and answer the following questions:

1. *Is it not true that at least one of the owners of* EVERYBODY'S *made a large amount of money on information furnished him by Thomas W. Lawson on the eve of the so-called Lawson panic?*

There are one thousand owners of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE—holders of stock and bonds. I do not know of one who made money out of the so-called Lawson panic.

2. *Is it not likely that many a "widowed mother," having bought Amalgamated at a high price on Lawson's advice, sold it during the Lawson panic, thus falling into the Lawson-Everybody's gilded trap, and dropping "the family's little hoard" into the purse of the owner of* EVERYBODY'S?

The answer above applies also to this question. Furthermore, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has never in its text nor in its advertising pages advised, nor permitted to be advised, the purchase of stocks recommended by Mr. Lawson, or Mr. Rogers, or Mr. Harriman, or anybody else. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, from the start, has tried to show the public that the game is not played fairly and that the public is almost certain to lose

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its money in Wall Street. Mr. Lawson, in a letter following this controversy, answers for himself.

3. *Has short selling always been an "evil," or has it only become one since said owner of* EVERYBODY'S *made his turn on the short side of the market?*

Said owner of EVERYBODY'S did not make his turn on either side of the market. Our attack is directed at all Margin Gambling, not only at short selling. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has no control over the actions of its stockholders. The editorial management is democratic. Nothing appears in the magazine except by a majority vote of the Board. The Board voted unanimously to attack Margin Gambling. The vote is not by stockholdings, but nearly four-fifths of the stock is represented on the Board.

4. *When you and your associates bought* EVERYBODY'S *from John Wanamaker, did you not know that he had lost something like* $300,000 *in trying to make the magazine a success?*

We understood that the price we paid him did not equal what he had spent in establishing the property.

5. *In paying* $90,000, *more or less, for the magazine, were not you and your associates gamblers of the worst type?*

Oh dear, no. It was a gamble, as is all business, and marriage, and the weather; but we had more than an even chance to win. You see, we had money back of us. We had experience. There was no hidden information, there were no manufactured rumors, no sudden turns. We had the whole thing in our own hands. Even you, *Ticker*, ought to see that difference.

6. *If current reports were true and less than* 10 *per cent. of this amount was paid in cash, were you not gambling on less than a* 10 *per cent. margin?*

There wasn't any cash paid. So you see, *Ticker*, it was less than no margin. Another subtlety of finance.

7. *When you suspended publication of "Ridgway's," a weekly, did you have in cash all the* $500,000 *which this ill-starred venture is said to have cost?*

When we suspended *Ridgway's* we didn't have any cash—that's why we suspended.

8. *If you had only* $450,000 *in cash, do you realize that you were carrying "Ridgway's" on a margin?*

You probably mean when we "began" publication—for this question and the preceding one—instead of when we "suspended." When we began we had, and in sight, a quarter of a million. We spent that and something over $100,000 besides, and quit. As the result proved, that was nothing like so good a gamble as our purchase of EVERYBODY'S. We started *Ridgway's*, not to make money. We would gladly have spent $100,000 a year of the earnings from EVERYBODY'S to keep it going. With it we could have answered you, *Ticker*, in three days instead of having to wait three weeks. But we couldn't swing it. Not, however, because somebody tricked us or swept the market out from under us. We had every chance a white man could ask. But it was too big for us—then.

9. *Is it more immoral to speculate in stocks than in magazines?*

Have we ever taken the position that it is immoral to speculate? You wouldn't try to manufacture positions for us, would you, *Ticker?* We are ag'in Margin Gambling because it is not fair to the gambler. If you have any influence, turn it that way, *Ticker.*

Erman J. Ridgway, self-acknowledged Babe-in-the-Woods of Finance, the Ticker *dares you to print beside your "prize" stories:*

The percentage of victims who mention Lawson or his stocks.

We are not yet ready to print the prize stories, but we have tried to answer the questions honestly, and we hope it will suit the *Ticker* quite as well to have us print them here. Six out of forty-nine of the victims mention Mr. Lawson or his stocks.

OUR QUESTIONS

Now, Mr. Wyckoff, we have answered ten questions of yours seriously and honestly. Will you do as well by three of ours?

1. Before launching the *Ticker* were not you and Mr. Mallett in the brokerage business?

2. Did you not give up the brokerage business because one of you was unhappy over your customers' losses and unwilling to continue in the business?

3. Will you tell the public how many customers you had and what percentage lost money with your house?

A letter from Mr. Lawson in which he replies to the *Ticker*, follows:

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MY DEAR RIDGWAY:

Take the tip of an old fighter: War is not hell, but heaven—when the cause is good. It's the camp-trailing harpies who give it its hell tag.

I have just read—the Lord forgive me such a dissipation of time—the hare-lipped remarks of the *Ticker* anent EVERYBODY'S "Poison of the Street."

Knowing your own and your magazine's inclination, I assume that you will not attempt to flag its journey sewerward. If I'm right, you, in my opinion, are wrong. While *Ticker's* criticism *is* drool of the dreg sort and while its two purposes are *prima facie*—to show the System, by whose trough-feeding it lives, that it has some excuse for existence, and to get into controversy which will advertise it—you should take note of what it prints, at least to the extent of derricking it into the open by its trouser seat. Bear in mind that while any of the great bed-rock principled publications perched on the top round of the public's ladder of favor, can always find sage excuse for declining to come down and participate in a promiscuous skunk hunt, all such publications owe it to their patrons, the public, to keep at all times live-wired to their job; and unless I vision the times skewgeedly, EVERYBODY'S duty is to keep the great, big public from consciously or unconsciously giving ear to any of the numerous, and at just-the-present-time active, moving-picture and word shows of the System.

"A TIME TO SPEAK"

When Roosevelt sailed away to Africa, the System took up a hole in its "business is business" belt, and proceeded to get the public back on to the old trolley, which during the past four years has been badly tangled. At any cost the System proposes to get its lines into the old-time working shape, and one of the first moves will be to "queer" the reputation of the "seeing Wall Street as she is" guide, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Dignified silence, high-toned beneath-our-notice ignoring of such stuff as appears in the *Ticker* and others of its ilk may be all well and good at certain times and under certain conditions, but, in my opinion, these certain times and conditions do not blanket the case in front of us.

You will recall we had an argument at the beginning of the insurance crusade. You all thought it unwise for me to spend effort and money crucifying every made-to-order publicity fake of the System's. I thought differently, and, the day came when you saw the light—the day when the System's publicity heelers were sanitariumizing, exiling, suiciding, and confessing at a gait that dazed one trying to keep pace with the shadow-dodging procession.

A lie is wondrously rapid in its growth; incubated in a System conservatory and given the franchise of the highways, one the size and quality of a louse at birth will be found front-ranking with kangaroos and glippergips before it has shed its swaddling clothes.

Perhaps you would rather I did not butt in on this affair of yours and the *Ticker's*, but I risk doing so; if I were you I would reprint the entire article. Then I'd sail in, at the same time letting it be known that I would reprint any and every answer they care to make. The more sewerage and hard names they hurl your way, the bigger the type and the choicer the space you should allot their muck. Let your readers know the sort of sand and masonry your breastworks are made of. You owe it to them. You owe everything to your readers. Let them have the other fellow's side of the shindig; show them how he fights, and then the public will see the System as it is and be able to judge for themselves the quality of the medicine you are ladling out to them.

LET THE PUBLIC DECIDE

History and the fellows who get this world's hair-pulling set-tos second-hand have a tough time—because of the low-down cussed meanness of the human critter when it comes verdict time—in getting a true slant on the conditions as they existed. Each side tells it his way, and it is this more than any other thing that accounts for the "a plague on both your houses" decisions that are so common nowadays in the reform wars which are necessarily fought with pen and ink.

Take my part of the *Ticker's* mud. I'd rather have the world examine it than not. If my work, "Frenzied Finance," and all the rest of it, good, bad, and in-between, won't stand God's bright sunlight, then the sooner the public and I know it, the better both for the public and for me. None of us is infallible, and it may be that some of us are not what we profess to be. If we are not, how in the name of all that is worth striving for, are the public or we ourselves to know it unless through the letting-in of daylight? Take this case before us. You go out into the big open and, after hustling around, you find a lot of material, and you work overtime sorting it out, and you finally select Dickson's bunch for the real thing—the best to do the work you are trying to do—protect and benefit the people—and you pay for it, and you print it, and you advertise it, and—it does the trick.

Then you get damned for what you have done by the ones whose undoing of the people you have halted, and then along comes the *Ticker* and tells you that you have not been doing what you thought you were doing, but that in fact you have been playing a meaner game than the one you thought you were exposing. Do you follow me? All right, then what should you do? One thing, of course. Let the big public decide what's what—for don't forget that the public

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WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

Continued from page 736

won't know what the System is trying to do by what the *Ticker* and its sort tell them, for they don't know such magazines exist. But you're always in communication with the great big public, while *Ticker* has the power to get direct to only a handful of System heelers. As I have so many times said to you, the great big, long-eared, bug-brained public which the cunning chap is so sure are "dead easy" never make the mistake of sizing important things falsely. None of us can pea-and-three-shell the public long. God Almighty in his infinite wisdom seemed to have noted how "dead easy" they would be, and he endowed them with that simple crude "oh-no-you-don't-Mr.-Cunning" instinct which in all ages has proved the Wellington of over-night-made Napoleons. The history of all times reads the same: in every important set-to between General Cunning and the public, the General has been finally hung by the heels, while big, simple public whistled and grinned from its comfortable seat on the stump.

The gist of the *Ticker's* charges separated from the preponderance of indescribable word-slush is:

1st. Dickson did not know his subject and therefore did not state true.

2d. The fact that he was manager for Brown's office in Cleveland shows that he had no standing as a lawyer.

3d. Brown's office was not representative of the Wall Street office generally. Therefore what they did in Brown's office is not a sample of the Wall Street custom.

4th. Ridgway does not know the finance game.

5th. EVERYBODY'S made a lot of money through Lawson by selling stock short on advance information in the Lawson panic.

6th. Lawson's work is all to the bad.

Here are the facts:

1st. Did Dickson's article state true?

It did absolutely. I do not plume myself unnecessarily when I say I know the stock game in each and every one of its essentials and its ordinaries to the minutest details. For forty years I have played it actively and successfully. Of course, there may be a difference of opinion as to "successfully." As I use it, I mean I have been successful because I had graduated from my apprenticeship in the finance game before the veteran Keene had even appeared in Wall Street. Because for years I have bought and sold more stocks and handled more deals than any other half score operators. Because at the present time, at the end of forty years, my accounts are in twenty-eight representative New York and seventeen representative Boston Stock Exchange houses. Because I have testified in the different courts on all phases of stocks and finance as an expert. Because I have written more on finance and stocks than all other writers combined. Because while doing this I have so preserved my solvency and physical and mental manhood that I may look all men in the eye and say, "I have asked no favors—I battle for the down and I don't give a —— for the up." And because while this is admitted by all, the up are compelled to seek my services when they get tangled in their own game. That is what I mean by "successful," and I unqualifiedly say, as a successful student of the game, that the Dickson article was not only true, but one of the fairest and best put of any of a like nature that have appeared within the past quarter of a century; and this notwithstanding such ridiculously immaterial technicalities as "traders do not actually buy odd lots."

2d. The management of the A. O. Brown office in Cleveland might well have been accepted by any lawyer of ability and standing if such lawyer was actuated by a desire to make money, for an able lawyer in such a position could have made more money in a year than some of the ablest lawyers make in a lifetime.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

3d. Up to the time Brown's office "couped" itself out of business I had never done a dollar's worth of business with it, nor had I even a speaking or sight acquaintance with any members of it, but as soon as it split itself on the ridgepole of financial publicity I sent for its leading spirit and in a forty-eight hour investigation I became possessed of its "innards," past and present. With these "innards" and other information in my possession, I believe I am well inside the facts when I state that the house of Brown was a fair sample of fifty per cent. of the biggest houses of Wall Street, that is, it was a fair example up to the time when it executed its coup. It must be borne in mind that until its failure, A. O. Brown & Company was acknowledged to be one of the three biggest commission stock-gambling houses in the world and the one biggest wire house in Wall Street, that is, judged by the number and gorgeousness of its offices, number of employees, and the thousands

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of miles of special wires and the scores of offices they connected up, and the general office expense. And its power and credit were so great that on the day it "busted" and astounded the world with its daring coup, although bankrupt, it was able actually to buy and sell through the thirty principal Wall Street houses stocks worth $125,000,000—stocks which called for the handling of $125,000,000 upon the following business day. And they did all this buying and selling in a two hours' session of the Stock Exchange.

WHERE LAWSON STANDS TO-DAY

4th. Thank God, Ridgway does not know the finance game. If he did, there would be no EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. To understand the finance game requires a long lifetime of work, study, and hell-tempering. Very few men do understand the finance game. The man who wrote the stuff in the *Ticker* showed he did not understand the apprenticeship stages of the finance game. In my opinion, formed with a knowledge of the game and an acquaintance with Ridgway, he does know the game just a little better than 29,900,000 out of the 30,000,000 Americans who play it, and this should at least be an eye-opener to those 29,900,000 who, while thinking they know should be made to realize that they have not one hundredth the facilities possessed by Ridgway for knowing it.

5th. No owner of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE ever made through, by, or because of any knowledge I gave to him, or ever made in *any* way to my knowledge, a dollar in the Lawson panic by the purchase or sale of stocks or anything connected with stocks.

6th. Unquestionably many men and women have lost money through Lawson's stock market advice. Unquestionably many more will lose. Unquestionably the public have made hundreds of millions of dollars more than they have lost through Lawson's advice on stocks, and as a result of these profits less these losses, Lawson has, at the end of forty years of giving advice, the largest number of followers he has ever had—a number many, many times greater than any other individual, corporation, or firm in the world. And unquestionably this is because:

1st. Lawson never has given and never will give any advice he does not believe is sound and that he does not or would not himself follow.

2d. Lawson's part of the finance game is to show the world the actual workings of the game, so that the world, when it sees it, will knock the game into ten billion splinters.

3d. Lawson makes no bones of showing the people that until he has got them through to the final stage of their education they must necessarily from time to time lose. While at the same time he as clearly shows that the profits they should make while being educated will much more than offset their losses.

The above is the status of Lawson's relation to the great battle of the people against the System. It has been his status for years, and will be while breath lasts. At certain stages Lawson, being human, may weary or mutiny, but he surely will be found fighting until the end. If Lawson were more than human, the people would suffer no losses by his advice, for he would always win, and the people would always benefit, and there would be no System; but, being human, his efforts at best are limited.

When Lawson scores against the System, the people applaud, for they benefit. When the System scores against Lawson, he suffers both from the System's punishment and from the profuse damning of the people for whom he fights, and this is as it should be, for suffering is the fruit of failure. But as Lawson knew before he enlisted that the game was one where the chances were many for his losing, and that any victory of his would be the people's, not his own, Lawson should have no kick coming at any outcome.

If you, my dear Ridgway, suffer chagrin and humiliation because the people have lost upon Lawson's advice, think of how Lawson must suffer when he gets them in wrong. But that which keeps Lawson on the firing-line should at such times console Ridgway: Lawson with all his knowledge of the game, all his long lifetime experience in finance and business, believes from the bottom of his soul that the only way the people can be educated to action against the real evils of the stock-gambling game is by actually taking a hand in it, personally fingering its cursed profits, and wallowing in the poisoned luxuries which they create, personally suffering the hell which its gambling losses entail. He believes that in no other way can the people exist in their battle with the System long enough to acquire the necessary education to enable them to destroy the evil.

THE DOOM OF THE SYSTEM

It should console you, my dear Ridgway, to know that each day the people are nearer the System's throat, that each day we do make headway, even though oftentimes the people temporarily lose money, and that when the final round-up comes, the benefits which the people receive by the destruction of the System will be so great that the losses they have made through Lawson will be as fly specks on the ceiling compared with the stars in God's great blue. For, regardless of what the *Tickers* of the System say, you should not fall into the error of doubting that those who fight for the people in this battle are making headway. As sure as the great sun will rise over the world to-morrow, so sure is the goal in sight, and that is the doom of the System.

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

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The New Alliance against Stock Jobbery

EDITOR'S NOTE.—There is a new boom in the stock market. Within ten days, in the highly speculative securities prices have jumped 2 to 7 points. The total sales for the week ending April 3 were over 5,250,000 shares. All this in spite of exposures and indictments and a tariff in the making.

Through a variety of agencies the public's attention has been riveted on the methods in vogue within the nation's mart. Governor Hughes's Committee of Investigation has been at work examining into the systems of trading on the Exchange. A series of failures of general stockbroking concerns has disturbed confidence in the honor and good faith of those practising within these institutions. And on top of all this, prices soar; millions of shares change hands, and apparently "the game" goes on as merrily as ever.

Has all that the crusaders and the propagandists have said and done to educate people to the madness of this gambling furore been of no account? Let us see: In the past the stock-market manipulators, in rigging their traps for the public, have had substantial assistance from financial editors of most of the New York daily papers. When a bull movement was under way, we have found in the departments devoted to Wall Street suggestive paragraphs and editorials setting forth the excellent reasons behind the advance, the improvements in conditions justifying it, and full representation of the brood of tipster rumors circulated to incite the average reader to plunge in the hope of easy money. Behind the big stock advance of past years, there has ever been a calculated campaign of newspaper publicity. To-day we find the financial editors stern critics of market manipulations, commenting coldly on the performances of the Wall Street powers, and warning the public against their traps. To-day there are several parties in Wall Street, and the adventurer who essays tricky movements not based on sound financiering, finds himself called to bitter account and his flimsy undertakings ruthlessly exposed. Take, for instance, the comment of the financial editors of the leading dailies on this most recent boom. Let us begin with The Evening Post, *long the bitter critic of unscrupulous manipulation, and follow through the series printed below. How little encouragement is here extended to the manipulators! The motives of the dealers are ruthlessly set forth even in their own organs. Surely a significant change for the better, marking an advance in morals from which the public can hardly fail to reap advantage.*

The Evening Post, New York, Thursday, April 1, 1909

"On the Stock Exchange, it was again evident to-day that a concerted movement of wealthy speculators to drive up prices and stimulate excitement was in progress. It encountered abundant selling orders to-day; under which, at intervals, the market gave way. The very familiar tactics of 1908 and 1906 were pursued, however, and as fast as one stock, on which the speculation had been pivoted, gave way, another was selected for the full force of the bidding-up process. Thus, when Union Pacific was wavering, 'Steel common' was abruptly taken in hand, and put up to 51 as against 49¼ at yesterday's closing and 44⅞ on Saturday. Later on, Amalgamated Copper was the pivot. It was again a matter of comment that genuine outside buying orders were conspicuously lacking; but that has commonly been left, by people such as appear to be sponsors for the present demonstration, to come, if it comes at all, when the 'large men' have inoculated the 'small men' with the fever of speculation. The public will possibly be on its guard. It would be superfluous, at this juncture, to discuss the relation of prices to real conditions; that is the last consideration which our Captains of Speculation allow to intrude upon their plan of campaign. The first objective point is to make people think prices are going higher, no matter why; the second, to make people believe that conditions are different from what they are. Inductive reasoning would be fatal to such a programme. Around the close, an effort similar to yesterday's was made to stir up particular excitement, and the market as a whole ended strong."

The New York Times, Friday, April 2, 1909

"The real cause of the day's rise was once more found in a purely technical condition of affairs within the stock market, rather than in external circumstances, under which head are to be placed trade and transportation affairs. The duration of this process depends exclusively upon the size of the short interest in the market. When this interest is exhausted the movement must come to a temporary end, at least unless in the meantime public interest has become so aroused as to provoke a buying movement to replace the failing short covering. Granting this to be the real explanation of the immediate cause of prices on the Stock Exchange, nevertheless it cannot be successfully denied that business conditions throughout the country are not improving in such fashion as to justify a far more optimistic view of securities markets than was possible even a fortnight ago.

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"The worst that may be expected in the way of tariff changes is known, and business men are accordingly free to negotiate trades with some degree of certainty as to future modifications; the reduction in prices of steel materials has beyond question stimulated buying of certain products of the steelmakers, notably structural steel; mercantile lines are reporting a volume of business which is slowly overtaking the high records of 1907, and as a result of the quickening activity in all these lines railroad companies are experiencing decided improvement in their traffic receipts."

The Globe and Commercial Advertiser, New York, Thursday, April 1, 1909

"Nothing that developed in the day's outside news could be fairly said to have had any important bearing upon this market movement.

"But the real impulses were derived as they have been now for two weeks past from the broad considerations concerning the political and business outlook to which reference has so often been made.

"The stock market, immensely gratified with the changes at Washington, has set about discounting industrial prosperity the signs of which are only faintly apparent to the average observer.

"This is the whole significance of the present price movement."

New York American, Friday, April 2, 1909

"Sheridan's ride into Winchester was not more dramatic than E. H. Harriman's ride into Wall Street. The stock market bulls were barely holding their own when the great chieftain started from the Pacific. As his steed of iron came thundering across the continent his legions in Wall Street grew braver and braver. Every thousand miles nearer that Harriman rode made the market stronger. . . . Harriman's victory has been won because he was backed by unlimited money. The bear party made the mistake of believing that prices in Wall Street must reflect conditions in business. They forgot for a moment that this is the United States of America, and that, no matter what conditions may prevail at the moment, there is certain improvement in the near future. Harriman, fresh from a view of the unlimited wealth of the West, was not afraid to spend his last million dollars to back up his judgment. He happened to catch a short interest of enormous proportions, and the advance caused by covering of the professionals inspired purchases on the part of investors.

"On the part of the steel interests it has been an instance of grossly misinterpreting the temper and condition of the stock market as distinguished from the steel and iron market. Practical railroad men are notoriously bad speculators, the worst in the Street. They judge current conditions, the earnings of their companies to be immediately reflective on the Bourse. The same stand has been taken by the steel people with the same results. Steel men and railway operators may now compare notes and console one another. The exchange is an unreliable reflector of the up-to-date position of corporations; it has an irrepressible tendency to discount things far in advance."

The Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin, Friday, April 2, 1909

"Rapid progress was made yesterday in manufacturing a speculative furore, but thus far the excitement is largely confined to a few city blocks in the neighborhood of Wall, Broad, and New Streets. The manipulators did all that could be expected of them to make the market attractive to hesitating outsiders. They turned over stocks to the extent of more than 1,100,000 shares, nor did they neglect bonds, sales in which exceeded $6,500,000. Prices, too, were painted in radiant colors. An advance of almost 2 points in United States Steel common on sales of fully 180,000 shares is no mean achievement for one day, and the performance is not belittled by recalling that a trade war is now raging and that tariff schedules are in the melting pot. Coppers were handled with equal effect; Amalgamated, a 2 per cent. stock, was marked up to 76½ in a metal market that has not been more demoralized in years. The manipulative railroad issues likewise received attention. Union Pacific soared to within 8 points of the high price reached during the frenzied speculation stirred up by the theatrical declaration of the 10 per cent. dividend in 1906. New York Central, although it is still beset by financial troubles, was made to sell much higher, and some one had the temerity to suggest that the dividend would shortly be increased; this, however, may have been inspired by the date. Extensive profit-taking followed a high opening, but the market gained a momentum that could not be easily checked. Specialties vied with standard stocks in rising to new heights, and with few exceptions the list closed higher during very animated trading—sales in the last hour approached 400,000 shares, or more than the average daily total a week or two ago. The public did take some part in the advance; commission houses executed quite a few buying orders, and there are not awanting signs that many outsiders will join the merry melee."

The Wall Street Journal, Friday Morning, April 2, 1909

"A factor to which considerable importance was attached was the probability that those in charge of the tariff measure in the House would be able to force it to a vote at an early date, and the impression was conveyed in good quarters that business, already improving, would receive an important impetus from the removal of uncertainty on this very important question."

New York Daily Tribune, Friday, April 2, 1909

"The present upward movement began to gather force when Mr. Harriman started on his homeward journey from California, and the Street called it a Harriman market. This great railroad man and financier reached New York last night, and his arrival may be used as an argument for running the week out in an old-fashioned bull manner in order to attract a public buying interest, but the public need not become excited over the speculative community's gratuitous suggestions that Mr. Harriman will make over the industrial affairs of the country in a night, restore business to a normal basis at once and whoop up stock values so that every Tom, Dick, and Harry may have an opportunity to acquire rapid fortunes. Stocks are far above the bargain level."

The Wall Street Summary, April 2, 1909

"It was hard to find any reasonable incentive for the aggressive buying as there were no developments in the way of news on which it could have been based."

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